# THE ORIGINAL WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOLUME III.

9467

# THE ORIGINAL WORKS
## OF
# WILLIAM KING, LL. D.

ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS;
JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY
AND KEEPER OF THE RECORDS IN IRELAND,
AND VICAR GENERAL TO THE LORD PRIMATE.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO THREE VOLUMES:
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

He, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain.

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# USEFUL MISCELLANIES:

## PART THE FIRST.

### CONTAINING,

I. A PREFACE of the Publiſher of the Tragi-comedy of JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

II. The Tragi-comedy of JOAN OF HEDINGTON. In Imitation of SHAKESPEARE.

III. Some Account of HORACE'S Behaviour during his Stay at TRINITY COLLEGE, in CAMBRIDGE. With an ODE, to entreat his Departure thence; together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of TRINITY-COLLEGE Buttery, by a Well-wiſher to that SOCIETY.

[IV. An ANSWER to CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS's Sermon upon *Quis Dives ſalvetur*.]

# THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is many years ſince, that this Tragi-comedy of Joan of Hedington came to my hands, when the truth of the facts were freſh in memory. However, it is hoped that time has ſo far buried ſome of them in oblivion, that now it may ſeem a fable; and that a murder like that of hanging-up of Joan, would never be attempted to be committed, by a perſon of breeding, in ſo polite a town as that of Hedington.

I have been credibly informed that, ſoon after its compoſition, the parts were given out to ſeveral ingenious perſons for action. But that deſign failed, becauſe ſome decorations for the ſtage were wanting, and the muſick between the acts, which was to have been very long, was not fully perfected. I have had information likewiſe that the Prologue was not written by the Author, or rather Authors, of the Play, but by a perſon of good elocution and graceful preſence, who was to have ſpoken it; and would, by his delivery, have equaled Roſcius, Alleyn[a], Burbage, or Betterton.

The Prologues of the Ancients were introductory to the Play, and ſeldom pretended to wit; but gave an account of the Author of it, and whether it were of his own compoſure, or a tranſlation; and inſiſted moſt upon entreaties for the good-nature, attention, and ſilence of their audience:

[a] Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, born Sept. 1, 1566, was in high reputation in 1592, as appears from an Epigram of Ben Jonſon. Haywood calls him — "Proteus for ſhape, and Roſcius for a tongue." He was one of the original actors in Shakeſpeare's plays, a principal performer in Jonſon's; maſter of the Fortune Playhouſe near Whitecroſs-ſtreet, and keeper of the king's wild beaſts. He began to build the College at Dulwich in 1614; which he finiſhed, at the expence of ten thouſand pounds, in 1617. He met with many difficulties in the eſtabliſhment of his foundation, it being oppoſed by lord Bacon; but obtained the royal licenſe, June 19, 1621. He died Nov. 25, 1626; and was buried in his own chapel.

*Date operam, et cum ſilentio animadvortite,*
*Ut perno ſcatis, quid ſibi* Eunuchus *velit* [b];

" Attend, and liſt in ſilence to our play,
" That ye may know what 'tis the *Eunuch* means;"

is the concluſion of the Prologue to that celebrated Play of Terence, which gained the repeated applauſe of Rome. And to the ſame purpoſe, though in more words, is the concluſion of the Prologue to Phormio: only in the latter he complains that one of their Plays, which was Hecyra, was not ſuffered to be acted, by reaſon of the diſturbance and noiſe of the ſpectators:

*Date operam, adeſte æquo animo per ſilentium:*
*Ne ſimili utamur fortunâ, atque uſi ſumus,*
*Cùm per tumultum noſter grex motus loco eſt* [c],
*Quem Actoris virtus nobis reſtituit locum,*
*Bonitaſque voſtra adjutans, atque æquanimitas.*

" Give ear; be favourable; and be ſilent!
" Let us not meet the ſame ill fortune now,
" That we before encounter'd, when our troop
" Was by a tumult driven from their place;
" To which the Actor's merit, ſeconded
" By your good-will and candour, has reſtor'd us."

The Prologues of all the Plays of Terence ſeem to have been written by the Actors; at leaſt not to have exceeded their capacity. In that of Hecyra, the principal Actor, Lucius Ambivius Turpio, upon his own account, entreats their ſilence, that he might be encouraged to ſtudy new parts, and purchaſe freſh copies for their diverſion:

*Meâ cauſâ cauſam hanc accipite, et ſilentium date,*
*Ut lubeat ſcribere aliis, mihique ut diſcere*
*Novas expediat, poſthac pretio emptas meo.*

[b] To theſe quotations from the Comic Poet we have annexed the beautiful tranſlation of his happieſt imitator.

[c] Alluding to the diſturbances on the firſt attempt to repreſent the Hecyra, or " Stepmother."

" — When firſt
" It was preſented, ſuch a hurricane,
" A tumult ſo uncommon interven'd,
" It neither could be ſeen, nor underſtood:
" So taken were the people, ſo engag'd,
" By a rope dancer." COLMAN.

" Admit

" Admit this plea for my ſake, and be ſilent;
" That other Poets may not fear to write,
" That I too may hereafter find it meet
" To play new pieces bought at my expence [d]."

The Epilogues of the Ancients were of a more conciſe nature than their Prologues, and came up even to a Lacedæmonian brevity. Thaïs and Bacchis, or Myſis and Phrygia, the ladies or chamber-maids of thoſe times, were not forced to change their cloaths, and after the Play come to regale the audience with an Epilogue, not becoming the modeſty of their ſex. Nor did Lucius Ambivius Turpio, or Lucius Attilius Præneſtinus, preſume to huff and threaten their audience, and to throw lightning and thunder amongſt them, as has been done in theſe latter ages, and been very judiciouſly reflected on by Mr. Bayes in his " Rehearſal." The Epilogues of three Comedies of Terence, the Eunuchus, the Heautontimorumenos, and Phormio, proceed to no farther an extent than that of theſe four words, *Vos valete et plaudite*, " Ye, farewell; and clap your hands!" But that of Hecyra curtails this exuberance, and is content with two, *Vos plaudite*, " Clap your hands;" and thoſe of Andria and Adelphi condeſcend ſo far as to have only one, viz. *Plaudite*, " Clap your " hands [e]."

The

[d] From the two prologues to the " Hecyra," and ſome paſſages in Horace, we may collect that riots, parties, &c. were as common in Rome as in England; and that a firſt night was as terrible, and the town as formidable, to Cæcilius and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio (the Actor who ſpoke this Prologue, and probably the Manager of the Company) as well as the eſteem which Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the Town-criticks of thoſe times, who could liſten to ſuch a plea urged by the Actor, and ſo candidly acquieſce in all that he ſaid in his own commendation. We have ſeen indeed, and it is to be hoped ſhall ſee again, an Acting Manager in our time, to whom modern Authors have as much reaſon to be partial as Terence to Ambivius; but, though he has helped out many a lame Play with a lively Prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make ſuch an addreſs to the publick as this before us. COLMAN.

[e] All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. *Donec* CANTOR, *Vos* PLAUDITE, *dicat*, ſays Horace. Who the *Cantor* was, is matter of diſpute. Monſ. Dacier thinks it was the whole

The Prologues and Epilogues of our antient Engliſh Poets were probably of the like compoſition, though ſome of them were made by the Authors themſelves; but moſt ran upon the ſame ſubject. I ſhall proceed no farther at preſent upon this point, becauſe I deſign a compleat Diſſertation concerning all the Prologues and Epilogues that have come to my hands, to ſhew the priſtine ſimplicity of them, and the licentiouſneſs that has daily crept in upon them in ſucceeding ages.

I have been aſſured that one of the Authors of this Tragi-comedy uſed often to lay before him the Prologue of Ben Jonſon to his moſt applauded Play, called, "The Fox[f];" which does not yield to any Comedy of any other nation whatſoever, for the juſtneſs of thought, propriety of expreſſion, and the true painting of the characters; and may be ſaid to be the moſt excellent, as to the variety of incidents, the ſeveral cataſtrophe's, and the compleat working-up of the whole deſign. The piece is what I have thought fitting to lay before the Reader; it being remarkable for the number of the verſe, and the quaintneſs of the expreſſion.

## The PROLOGUE to "THE FOX" of BEN JONSON.

"Now, luck yet ſend us! and a little wit
"Will ſerve, to make our PLAY hit;
"(According to the palates of the ſeaſon)
"Here is rhyme, not empty of reaſon.
"This we were bid to credit, from our *Poet*,
"Whoſe true ſcope, if you would know it,
"In all his *Poems* ſtill hath been this meaſure,
"*To mix profit with your pleaſure*;

Chorus; others ſuppoſe it to have been a ſingle Actor; ſome the Prompter, and ſome the Compoſer. Before the word *Plaudite*, in all the old copies, is an Ω, which has alſo given riſe to ſeveral learned conjectures. It is moſt probable, according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that this Ω, being the laſt letter of the Greek alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the tranſcriber, to ſignify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books; or it might, as Cook ſuppoſes, ſtand for Ὠιδὸς, *Cantor*, denoting that the following word *Plaudite* was ſpoken by him. COLMAN.

[f] In which, *Burbage* figured as the principal Comedian.

" And not as ſome (whoſe throats, their envy failing)
" Cry hoarſely, *All he writes is railing*:
" And, when his PLAYS come forth, think they can flout them,
" With ſaying, *He was a year about them.*
" To theſe there needs no *lie*, but this his *creature*,
" Which was two months ſince no feature;
" And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
" 'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it:
" From his own hand, without a *co-adjutor*,
" *Novice, journeyman*, or *tutor.*
" Yet, thus much I can give you, as a token
" Of his PLAY'S worth, No eggs are broken;
" Nor quaking cuſtards with fierce teeth affrighted,
" Wherewith your rout are ſo delighted;
" Nor hales he in a *gull*, old ends reciting,
" To ſtop gaps in his looſe writing;
" With ſuch a deal of monſtrous and forc'd *action*,
" As might make Beth'lem a faction:
" Nor made he his PLAY from jeſts ſtol'n from each table,
" But makes jeſts to fit his *fable*;
" And ſo preſents quick *Comedy* refined,
" As beſt *Criticks* have deſigned,
" The *laws* of Time, Place, Perſons, he obſerveth,
" From no needful *rule* he ſwerveth.
" All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth;
" Only a little ſalt remaineth,
" Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till (red with laughter)
" They ſhall look freſh a week after."

In my opinion, the moſt remarkable paſſages in this Prologue may be applied to the Tragi-comedy of " Joan of Hedington." For, in the firſt place, if a Poet takes care " to mix profit with " pleaſure," and endeavours that his " rhime be not empty of " reaſon," a " little wit" will make his Play " hit," and gain it a deſerved ſucceſs. In this performance, the main deſign is to promote an univerſal good, by expoſing vice, and ſhewing the dangers it leads perſons into, either of loſs of limbs, or life itſelf; and when virtue is the chief aim, all good people will be *pleaſed* to ſee the contrary to it diſregarded. And, ſince the diction is eaſy and proper, there is no occaſion for points, puns, quibbles, old jeſts, or forced expreſſions; ſince our preſent age, like that of

Auguſtus, is more inclinable to reliſh the natural beauties of Terence, than the mean pretenſions to wit that were uſed by Plautus, and afterwards exploded by Horace. The Prologue goes on, that it was objected to the author of "The Fox," that "all he wrote was railing;" whereas indeed he "drained all gall "from his ink, and left only a little ſalt." So, if perſons will do irregular actions, it is not a lampoon to tell them of it, and reprove them with ſome ſmartneſs; and this is ſo far from reflection, that it ſhews the irregularities of a very few are diſcountenanced by a larger part, and ought at leaſt to ſhame thoſe decaying members into a compliance with better examples. When the Prologue ſays, "the Author was not above five weeks about his "Play;" ſomething might likewiſe be ſaid of this, that the working it up did not coſt ſo much time as the birth of an elephant, or the production of the famous Oration of Iſocrates. Laſtly, the Prologue takes notice,

"The *laws* of Time, Place, Perſons, he obſerveth,
"From no needful *rule* he ſwerveth."

And in this Poem it may be remarked, that, notwithſtanding the ſhortneſs of it, it ſtill keeps up to the *rule* of Horace:

*Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior Actu*
*Fabula, quæ poſci vult, et ſpectata reponi.* Ars Poet. ver. 189.

Which is,

"The Play which you deſign ſhould often pleaſe,
"Muſt have Five Acts, and neither more nor leſs."
Mr. CREECH's Tranſlation.

Then as to the *time* of the action, I have ſeen none (except "The "Adventures of Five Hours [g]," and ſome few Tragedies in imitation of the French) that can come near it; for the whole ſpace of time does not ſeem in probability to be of greater extent than that of Maſter Churchwarden's fetching up the cows, and his wife's milking them. The *place* for the performance of the action is comprehended in the ſmall vicinage of Hedington, in which ſtreet every body ſees every body, and every body knows every thing. There is no running from thence to Cowley, ſo to Hinkſey, and then back to Marſton, as we have parallel inſtances in moſt of Shakeſpeare's Tragedies. Then for the *manners* of the perſons, they are entirely carried on throughout: Mother Harris and Mother Franklin do not talk like Mr. Cole; neither do

[g] A Tragi-comedy by Sir William Tuke; printed 1663, Folio.

Father Clerkenwell or Mr. Atſon approach the ſpirit of Mr. Pindar; for, as Horace has it, ver. 236.

*Nec ſic enitar Tragico differre colori,*
*Ut nihil interſit, Davúſne loquatur, et audax*
*Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;*
*An cuſtos famulúſque Dei Silenus alumni.*

Which verſes are admirably improved by Mr. Creech [h], who indeed has been a ſecond Horace, if not a ſuperior genius to him, and had done greater wonders if he had received the lights which have been given ſince his deceaſe to that Author, and lately communicated to the Publick [i].

" They muſt not make all Perſons talk alike,
" The *city valet*, and the *country Dick*;
" The *chamber-maid* grown impudently bold,
" When ſhe has robb'd the *lecher* of his gold:
" The *downright farmer*, and the *dowdy ſot*,
" Or elſe the *briſk companion* o'er his pot."

Here are great notices of the ſignificancy of the Latin tongue, not to be found in any Commentator except Mr. Creech.

Davus is to ſignify a *city valet* and a *country Dick*.

[h] Mr. Thomas Creech was born at Blandford in Dorſet, in 1659, ſon of Thomas Creech, gent. educated at Sherborn ſchool, entered at Wadham College, Oxford, 1675; took the degree of A. B. 1680; M. A. 1689; and the ſame year was elected probationer fellow of All Souls. In 1701, he was preſented by his college to the living of Welling in Hertfordſhire. He was a good philoſopher, divine, and poet; but, through ſome diſappointment either in love or in his expectations, laid violent hands on himſelf before he had taken poſſeſſion of his living. He publiſhed Lucretius in Engliſh, 1682, 8vo; in Latin, 1695, 8vo; a Tranſlation of Horace, 1684, 8vo; of Theocritus, with Rapin's Diſcourſe of Paſtorals, 1684, 8vo; of Manilius, 1700. He tranſlated the Lives of Pelopidas in Corn. Nepos and Plutarch, and that of Solon in the latter; with his Laconic Apophthegus, Eſſay on Socrates's Demon, and the two firſt Books of Sympoſius, the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, and ſome Poems of Ovid and Virgil. He was alſo author of ſeveral verſes and tranſlations in the Miſcellany Poems.—On his father's monument in Blandford Church, this Poet is called " The learned, much-admired, and " much-envied Mr. Creech." See Hutchins, Hiſt. of Dorſet, vol. I. p. 83.

[i] Dr. Bentley's Horace was firſt publiſhed in 1711.

Simo

Simo ſignifies a *careful father*, who would hinder his *ſon* from following ill courſes; and a *lecher*, that will ſuffer himſelf to be *robbed* by a *chamber-maid*.

But Silenus is a perſon that can appear under different capacities, as that of a *downright farmer*, a *dowdy ſot*, and a *briſk companion*.

But, before the Reader can know whether the perſons in the Play preſerve their characters, it may not be improper to let him ſee who are principally concerned in the action.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Mr. Pindar, a young gentleman, and a great diſputant, who had made a progreſs in moral philoſophy, and has a notion of friendſhip as an heroic virtue, and therefore is very faithful to Mr. Cole; but he has no great inſight into caſuiſtical divinity, which makes him undertake a murder to pleaſure his friend.

Mr. Cole, a Weſt-country gentleman, who is of an amorous temper, and very eaſy nature, as appears by the indulgence he ſhews to Mrs. Frances, and the tenderneſs he bears to her mother.

Father Clerkenwell and Mr. Atſon, two North-country brawny fellows, very powerful at their ale and tobacco.

The Churchwarden, a conſiderate diſcreet perſon, and very compaſſionate; though ſomething negligent, in not having preſented the enormities of the perſons living in his pariſh.

#### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Mr. Warburton, a deceaſed lover of Mrs. Frances Harris.

Mr. Hopman, a fictitious name.

Crendon, a famous bag-piper, not admitted.

### WOMEN.

Mother Shephard, a prudent perſon in her way of ſelling ale, virtuouſly inclined, but ſuffering her cuſtomers to run into exceſs out of hopes of her own advantage.

Mother Franklin, a perſon that concerns herſelf with little but the offices of her function; which are, brewing and bottling of ale: and at the ſame time very neighbourly.

Joan

Joan of Hedington, a countrywoman, and an ancient pariſhioner in Hedington, of a calling which, though diſcommendable, yet has been made uſe of in all ages. She ſeems ſpirituous, and, if her employment would ſuffer her, not diſinclinable to virtuous courſes; at leaſt, ſhe deſpiſes the more vile practices of others of the ſame profeſſion.

Mother Harris, one of the ſame calling with Joan; who, though ſhe pretends to more gentility, yet has not the ſame plainneſs and ſincerity as the former.

Mrs. Frances Harris, a jilt.

## SCENE, *HEDINGTON.*

*Time of Action, from bringing up Mr. Churchwarden's Cows, to the end of milking them.*

I muſt confeſs, that I have been ſomething negligent as to the Chronology of the Play, and the year when the tragical attempt was made upon Joan of Hedington. But a learned perſon may eaſily compute it; for it was two years after the blazing-ſtar, and four months, ſeven days, twenty minutes, and fifteen ſeconds, after the great cudgel-playing at Cowley wake, which is the Olympiad of that country, where John Paſmore of Hedington won the hat and feather; and when this is ſettled, it will be eaſy to find the names of the Churchwardens; but whether the Churchwarden here mentioned were the upper or the lower one, will remain a difficulty for Criticks to determine; which I ſhould be proud to do, if I had a convenient opportunity.

I have no certain account what became of Mr. Pindar; but, if the raſhneſs of his attempt were not alleviated by the impatiency of his friendſhip, according to poetical juſtice, he ſhould not go unpuniſhed. Mr. Cole had no other than honourable deſigns; and, having afterwards married Mrs. Frances Harris, retired into the country, where they paſſed their time eaſily, with a moderate fortune.

As for Clerkenwell and Atſon, in probability they would go Southward; but, as they were good-for-nothing perſons, ſo neither is it of much concern what became of them.

Mother Shephard and Mother Franklin continued many years in their honeſt calling, and one of them may be alive ſtill; for I have

have not as yet any account of their Epitaphs, which I generally collect from all parishes once in ten years.

Joan of Hedington, whether by the bruises she might have received in the struggle she made for the last efforts of life (as will appear in the Play, when she was tied to the beam by Pindar), or by the concern she might have for the affront she had received after having lived so long in the neighbourhood, or being agitated by the Furies, ran distracted, and in that violent condition disclosed the secret transactions of her life; but undoubtedly what she then delivered was like a sick woman's dream, inconsistent with itself, incoherent in its parts, and a mixture of some grounds of truth, veiled with a cloud of fabulous inventions, raised from an irregular imagination: so that no great observation could be made from what she said. However, it gave occasion to a Poem, called "Joanna Furens;" which, being a rhapsody of Latin and "English, came but to few hands, and has since perished.

Having been already longer than I at first designed, I shall make my remarks upon the Play much shorter than I would have done otherwise.

Revenge and Friendship are two great bases upon which a Play may be built; and they apparently have the predominance in this Interlude. The provocation, the injury, the thirst after *revenge*, and the accomplishment of it, and that by the help of *friendship*, run through the whole contexture.

The Drama is opened by Mother Shephard and Mr. Churchwarden, two grave persons; as is that of the Adelphi in Terence:

*Senes qui primi venient, hi partem aperient:*
*In agendo partem ostendent.*

"Part the old men, who first appear, will open;
"Part will in act be shewn."

Mitio and Demea, the two brothers, were in the first Scene to display their own characters, and to continue them throughout. So Mrs. Shephard, in the first Scene, declares her dislike to vice; and, having been an exact observer of the whole transaction, concludes the Play with a very remarkable and useful piece of morality.

It has been objected to this Play, that the Scene between Mother Harris and Joan of Hedington has too much freedom of language, which they are pleased to term *scolding*. But to this it may be answered, that both of them preserve their characters, for ill words

words will follow ill deeds; and it may be further ſaid, that, in the Tragedies of the Antients, both Greek and Latin, there are examples of greater intemperance in ſpeech, ſcolding imprecations, and ill language; and that theſe perſons ſpeak more like Princeſſes than Medea or Hecuba. In Terence's Andria, the ſcolding ſcene between Myſis and Davus is the moſt artificial of all that Comedy, which, though not the wittieſt, is eſteemed one of the moſt nicely wrought pieces of that Author. The whole turn of the Play depends upon it; and Davus (ver. 801) commends himſelf for it, in theſe words:

*Paulum intereſſe cenſes, ex animo omnia,*
*Ut fert natura, facias, an de induſtriâ?*

" Is there then
" No difference, think you, whether all you ſay
" Falls naturally from the heart, or comes
" With cold premeditation [k]?"

Scolding muſt be ſcolding; and there are no other words it can be put into but thoſe of Nature. Joan and Mother Harris had their nails to fight with: but it would have been ridiculous to have introduced them with their helmets and launces, like Joan of Arc or the Amazonian Hippolyta.

It has likewiſe been objected, that, Joan of Hedington's calling not being commendable in its own nature, the Author ought not to have made her juſtify herſelf ſo far as to ſay, " ſhe had been " honeſt in her calling." But for this there is an example in the Adelphi of Terence; where Sannio, though he confeſſes,

*Leno ſum, fateor, pernicies communis adoleſcentium,*
*Perjurus, peſtis.*

" Well, I am a Pimp [l],
" The common bane of youth, a perjurer;
" A public nuiſance,"

has

[k] The words of Davus to Myſis in this ſpeech have the air of an oblique praiſe of this ſcene from the Poet himſelf, ſhewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is ſuſtained. COLMAN.

[l] This ſeems (ſays Mr. Colman) to be a tranſlation from Diphilus, from whom this part of the fable was taken.

" No calling is more baneful and pernicious,
" Than that of a Procurer." WESTERHOVIUS.

The Procurer was a common character in the Comedy of the Antients; but, if

has ſaid juſt before,

*Leno ſum.* AESCH. *Scio.* SA. *At ita ut uſquam fide fuit quiſquam optuma.*

"I'm a Procurer [m]. AESCH. True. SA. And in my way
"Of as good faith as any man alive."

It has been further ſaid, that the ſoliloquy of Joan of Hedington in the ſecond Scene of the firſt Act, and her expreſſions in the ſecond Scene of the third Act, are too lofty for her character. But this criticiſm will wholly vaniſh, when theſe lines of Horace's Art of Poetry [n] are thoroughly conſidered; and it will be allowed that Comedy upon occaſion may admit of elevated expreſſions.

*Verſibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult:*
*Indignatur enim privatis ac propè ſocco*
*Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ,*
*Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.*
*Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,*
*Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.*

Which is thus tranſlated by Mr. Creech, with his uſual improvement and brightneſs:

"A *Comic* Story hates a *Tragic* ſtyle,
"*Bombaſt* ſpoils *humour*, and *diſtorts* a *ſmile*,

---

if we may pronounce from their remains, we may venture to ſay that the character was never ſo finely painted in any part of their works as in the following lines of Shakeſpeare:

"Fie, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
"The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
"That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
"What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
"From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
"From their abominable and beaſtly touches,
"I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live!
"Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
"So ſtinkingly depending! Go, mend, mend!"

*Meaſure for Meaſure.*

[m] He ſays this to Æſchines, to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the Romans at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republick from their traffick in ſlaves. It was forbidden to abuſe them, on pain of diſinheritance. COLMAN.

[n] Ver. 89.

"And

" And *tragical Thyeſtes'* barbarous feaſt
" Scorns *mean* and *common words*, and hates a jeſt:
" Let every ſubject have what fits it beſt.
" Yet *Comedy* may be allow'd to riſe,
" And rattle in a paſſion or ſurprize."

I hope it will give no offence, that Mr. Cole, Act II. Scene 1. amongſt the terrible things which he ſuppoſes to be at Shotover, declares that he ſhould not be frighted if *camels* were there; whereas a camel is an innocent harmleſs creature. But it muſt be conſidered, that the notion that he had raiſed to himſelf of a camel was impreſſed upon his imagination from the ſight he had had of them in old tapeſtry hangings, and might therefore think they had a phyſical terribility equal to their bulk. But I muſt refrain; and omit the defence of particular expreſſions, various readings, &c. and beg the Reader's kind acceptance of theſe endeavours, as being, &c.

A, D. 1712.

THE

# THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

SCENE, *HEDINGTON.*

In Imitation of SHAKESPEARE.

## THE PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, we here preſent you with a Play,
The product of a country holiday.
'Tis uſual now with Prologues to be witty.
But we are not; good faith, the more the pity!
Our Play won't make you laugh, nor make you cry,
For 'tis a perfect Tragi-comedy.
We have no hopes for this our homely treat,
But that, for being ſhort, you'll think it ſweet.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The High Street in* HEDINGTON.

*Enter* Mother SHEPHARD *and the* CHURCHWARDEN.

Mother SHEPHARD.

INDEED, Mr. Churchwarden, as I was ſaying before, this ſame Joan of Hedington is a naughty woman.

CHURCHW. I cannot help it, Neighbour.

M. SHEP. She does not keep a civil houſe, and is a diſgrace to the town; for Gentlemen dare not come to my houſe to drink, for fear they ſhould be thought to go to Joan's.

CHURCHW. Have you good ale, Mother?

M. SHEP. Yes, that I have, marry.

CHURCH. Why then, people will come, for all Joan, I warrant you. But I muſt go fetch up the cows. Ha! here are Gentlemen a coming.

M. SHEP.

M. SHEP. He! a pox on them! They are going to Franalin's. However, I have got ſome good North-country cuſtomers ſtill; and here are two of them coming.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Father CLERKENWELL *and Mr.* ATSON.

M. SHEP. You are very welcome, Maſters: I am glad to ſee you.

F. CLERK. Have you got good ripe ale, Mother?

M. SHEP. Yes, indeed, Sir: but I have but a little.

ATS. How much?

M. SHEP. A dozen and a half.

F. CLERK. What is that between us two? But come, let us go in. Waſh the two-quart mug, for I am a-dry; two of them may quench my thirſt a little for the preſent. Stay, give us a quarter of tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The High Street.*

*Enter* JOAN OF HEDINGTON *and* Mother HARRIS.

JOAN. MARRY come up, you are ſo proud with your black bag°!

HARRIS. Well, it was none of your money paid for it.

JOAN. But your daughter's did. You are ſo proud of that minxs, and think to ſpoil my cuſtom!—But I would have you to know that I am ſounder than e'er a Harris of you all.

HARRIS. You ſounder! I would have you to know, I ſcorn to let ſuch pitiful rogues come into my houſe as you have to do with.

JOAN. I would have you to know, I have as good cuſtomers come to my houſe as any woman in Hedington—no diſgrace to you, Goody Harris.

M. HARRIS. Sure you might have had a Miſtreſs under your girdle when you ſpoke to me, huſſey.

° N. B. Joan wore a Hat, and Mother Harris a Hood. KING.

JOAN. Huſſey me no huſſey, Mrs. Slopdawdry. I will pull your black bag for you. I am a better woman than yourſelf. I have been an old Pariſhioner here, and gone to church, and all the town know I have been honeſt in my calling; and to be abuſed by ſuch a goſſip as you, that are come to put off your pocky ware in our pariſh!

M. HARRIS. No more pocky ware than yourſelf.

JOAN. You lye, you Whore. I'll tear your eyes out.

[*Fall a fighting,* JOAN *beats* Mother HARRIS *off the Stage, calling her* Whore *and* Bitch, *the other crying.*

## SCENE II. *The High Street.*

JOAN OF HEDINGTON *ſola.*

Let's view the mighty act which I have done:
The thing is worthy Joan of Hedington.
I, that have favour'd youngſters many a ſcore,
Was ne'er affronted at this rate before
By ſuch an upſtart, tawdry, pocky whore;
She from the Maggoty Pie away was ſent,
Becauſe ſhe had not trade to pay her rent.
At Hinkſey then they would not let her ſtay,
Becauſe ſhe kept a bawdy-houſe, they ſay;
But now, I think, I've given the whore her due.
Shall I be *huffied* by a bitch like you?
No, I have beat her, and the drab is gone:
I will reign miſtreſs of this place alone,
And be the topping dame of Hedington.

But I think I had beſt go home, and drink a dram of brandy.

[*Exit* JOAN.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Mother HARRIS's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Mother HARRIS, FRANK HARRIS, *and Mr.* COLE.

FRANK. THIS is intolerable, that my mother ſhould be abuſed by ſuch a drab as Joan of Hedington! I will be revenged, whatever it coſt me. [Mother HARRIS *groans.*

COLE.

COLE. Alas, my dear, torment thyſelf no more:
And you, dear mother, ceaſe to ſob and groan.
For, let me never more be happy made
By the enjoyment of my lovely Frances,
If I don't ſatisfy your dire revenge.

HARRIS. Ay, Mr. Cole, nothing could oblige me and my daughter more, than if you would revenge me on that witch.

FRANK. Ay, do, my dear; ſtudy how to revenge my mother of that witch. You are a ſcholar: cannot you conjure?

[COLE *walks about, muſing.*

COLE. I'll break her windows—windows ſhe has none,
And then her lattice is not worth the breaking.
I'll go and drink her brandy, and not pay her;
But not to pay for't would be ungenteel,
And I can ne'er be guilty of a thing
That does not ſavour of a gentleman.
But ſtay —
I have a friendſhip with a certain man,
Cunning and cloſe, and truſty to his friend,
Pindar, my eyes delight, my other ſelf;
He promis'd me, that, diſputations done,
He'd take a walk, and meet me at this place.
Oh, for his coming now, when moſt I want him!
He'll find a ſpeedy way to my revenge,
And gratify my mother and my miſtreſs.
Two heads are always wiſer far than one,
And, when to mine his counſels ſhall be join'd,
We'll plague this ſaucy Joan, with force united.

I believe, Mrs. Frances, it would do your mother good, to drink ſome of this warm flip.

M. HARRIS. I cannot drink flip, if it was flip of gold, till I am revenged.

FRANK. Dear Mr. Cole, help my mother but in this one buſineſs; and I will love you better than ever I did Mr. Warburton.

COLE. Bleſſing attend you for this laſt expreſſion!
O what a vaſt reward is this you promiſe!
Thy love, for which I many a time would die,
Is to be gain'd now upon eaſy terms.
Were Joan on t'other ſide of Shotover,

And all the way ſtuck full of bears and lions;
Were ſnakes and camels there, and living toads,
I'd fetch her, though ſix giants ſtood to guard her.
This I could do alone, with ſingle ſtrength.
But, when I ſhall have Pindar's force and counſel,
I'd dare — indeed what would I not dare then?

HARRIS. I think you muſt carry me to the bed, to lie down a little.

FRANK. Pray, mother, ſtay a little: here is Crendon the bagpiper.

M. HARRIS. Muſic encreaſes melancholy thoughts:
But brings no eaſe to minds oppreſs'd with grief.

[*They carry her off.*

## SCENE II. JOAN'S *Houſe.*

*Enter* Father CLERKENWELL *and* ATSON.

F. CLERK. Here, who is within here? Give me a quartern of brandy.

ATS. And me another. Joan, we muſt go up the *ſtone ſtairs.*

JOAN. Hold, two words to a bargain. You owe me a groat for laſt time.

F. CLERK. Joan, where's your helper?

JOAN. She is gone a hay-making.

F. CLERK. Well then, I will go to Mother Harris.

JOAN. Rather than that, I will do any thing,
Wipe off old ſcores, and let you run on new.
I freely do forgive the groat you owe me.
But mention not, oh, ſpeak not any more
That odious, filthy, pocky name of Harris;
For, when I hear it once, my curdled blood
Chills at my heart, and trembles in my veins.
Be'nt ſo unkind, dear Clerky, to go thither;
I vow you make me weep with your unkindneſs.

F. CLERK. I be'nt unkind, Joany; I vow, you make me cry too. I wo'nt go, Joany, I wo'nt.

ATS. No, he ſhan't go. Come, let us all three go up ſtairs, and be friends; and bid your huſband burn us a pint of brandy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Field adjacent to* Mother HARRIS's *Houſe.*

*Enter Mr.* PINDAR *and Mr.* COLE.

PIND. I TELL you, friend, from henceforth be at eaſe.
The lovely Frances ſoon ſhall be your own,
And Mother Harris have her wiſh'd revenge.

COLE. Thou beſt of friends, let me embrace thee cloſe;
Let's both away, and perfect thy deſign.

PIND. Hold, you muſt ſtay behind; I'll act alone,
To ſhew how much Pindar will do for Cole.
You, in my abſence, comfort up your mother,
Put ſugar in her ale, 'twill eaſe her grief;
And you and gentle Frances ſearch the hen-rooſt,
That, when I bring home news of your revenge,
With a large diſh you lovers may be ready
In eggs and bacon to proclaim my welcome.
But, hold, I want a rope.

COLE. Here's one lies ready.

PIND. 'Tis well. Good-bye. [*Exeunt.*

COLE. Now, ye propitious ſtars, be guides to Pindar!
For never man ſo freely undertook
To ſerve his friend in ſuch a dangerous moment!

## SCENE II. Mother HARRIS's *Parlour.*

*Enter* FRANK HARRIS *leading* Mother HARRIS, *and Mr.* COLE.

M. HARRIS. Lord! Mr. Cole, that ſugared ale was very good. I did not care if we had the other flaggon.

*Enter Mrs.* FRANKLIN.

Mrs. FRANKL. I am ſorry to ſee you ſo ill, Mrs. Harris; that ſame Joan's a ſawcy huſſey, ſhe beat me one day too

COLE. Ah, Mrs. Franklin, this is kindly done, to come to comfort us in our diſtreſs.

M. FRANKL. I am willing to do any neighbourly kindneſs. Lord! forfooth, you are black and blue: you muſt put on ſome wet brown paper.

COLE. [*Aſide to* FRANK HARRIS.] This Mrs. Franklin is a very good woman; ſhe underſtands chirurgery, I ſee. Will you pleaſe to walk in, and drink, Mrs. Franklin? [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, JOAN's *Houſe.*

JOAN OF HEDDINGTON *ſola.*

I AM glad they are gone; they were two ſwinging fellows.

*Enter Mr.* PINDAR.

PIND. How do you do, Joan?

JOAN. Pretty well, Sir; though, I muſt beg your pardon, I do not remember your name.

PIND. I believe not. I was never here before. But Mr. Hopman, of Cripſy, recommended me to you for a gill of brandy, and a firk or two up the *ſtone ſtairs*, little Joan — up the *ſtone ſtairs*, little Joan.

JOAN. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to have your brandy before you go up, or burnt againſt you come down?

PIND. Againſt I come down, little Joan.

## SCENE II. JOAN's *Chamber.*

*Mr.* PINDAR *ſolus.*

I'll do it; and yet methinks my heart relents.
Why ſhould I murder her that never hurt me?
Not me, indeed: but ſure my friend is me,
And, ſince this Joan has dar'd to be ſo bold
To injure Cole, ſhe muſt have injur'd Pindar.
Hence then compaſſion and all tender thoughts;
For Mother Harris ſoon ſhall be reveng'd,
And by this hand of mine.

*Enter* JOAN.

My dear, come ſit down upon the bed, little Joany.

[*As ſhe is going to ſit down, he toſſes the nooſe of the rope over her head.*

JOAN. What is this for?

PIND. No hurt, little Joany! no hurt!

[*He pulls the nooſe, and ties her up to the beam.*

'Tis done, and now I'll inſtantly to Cole,
And bring him joyful news of his revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE III. Mother SHEPHARD's *Houſe.*

Mother SHEPHARD *and the* CHURCHWARDEN.

CHURCHW. Lord, mother, have you heard the news?

M. SHEPH. No, not I: what news?

CHURCHW. Why, there is ſuch a clutter about Joan's door, you would admire at it; poor Joan has been almoſt hanged. A Scholar came and tied her up to a beam in her chamber; and, if her huſband had not come and cut her down, ſhe had been hanged by this time.

M. SHEPH. Well, I always ſaid ſhe would come to a bad end; it is but what ſhe deſerves, for being ſuch a whore.

CHURCHW. Well, I am glad the poor woman is not hanged, for all that.

M. SHEPH. Women, whoſe honour ſhould be ſtill their guide,
When once they give it up, and go aſide,
Into a numerous maze of miſchiefs run,
As may be ſeen by Joan of Hedington!

## EPILOGUE.

OUR Play is done; and, if it chance to pleaſe,
We ſhall be mighty glad, and much at eaſe;
But, if it ſhould not pleaſe you, Sirs! what then?
Why our young Poet ne'er will write again;
For he's as proud and ſurly as old BEN!

## Some Account of HORACE's Behaviour during his Stay at TRINITY COLLEGE in CAMBRIDGE. With an ODE to entreat his Departure thence. Together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of TRINITY COLLEGE Buttery, by a Well-wiſher to that SOCIETY.

HAVING had ſome intimacy with Horace, and likewiſe an acquaintance with ſeveral of the Fellows of Trinity College, I have been ſo curious as to collect ſome particulars concerning his ſtay and behaviour at that place; where he lay indeed, and eat and drank at the Maſter's lodge; but his apartment was magnificently fitted up, and his entertainment profuſely provided for, at the coſt of the Fellows and Scholars. He declared often, that his mind had preſaged to him that he ſhould come into Great Britain, from the very time he wrote the Thirty-fifth Ode of his Firſt Book, to Fortune, where he implores her to preſerve Cæſar in his journey and voyage to Britain:

*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,*
*Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu*
*Mortale corpus, vel ſuperbos*
*Vertere funeribus triumphos*, &c.

" Great Goddeſs, Antium's guardian power,
" Whoſe force is ſtrong and quick to raiſe
" The loweſt to the higheſt place;
" Or, with a wondrous fall,
" To bring the haughty lower,
" And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, *&c.*" CREECH.

*Serves iturum Cæſarem in ultimos*
*Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens*
*Examen, Eoïs timendum*
*Partibus, Oceanóque rubro.*

" Preſerve great Cæſar! Cæſar leads
" To diſtant Britain. Guide his fate,
" And keep the glory of our ſtate,
" The youth that muſt infeſt
" With arms the haughty Medes,
" And ſcatter fears and ſlavery through the Eaſt."

CREECH.

And

And he actually propheſied concerning his coming into Britain in the Fourth Ode of his Third Book; where he declares he would undertake that voyage, by the help of the Muſes, though he was naturally afraid of the ſea, and a great coward according to his own character:

*Utcunque mecum vos eritis: libens*
*Inſanientem navita Boſporum*
*Tentabo, et arentes arenas*
*Littoris Aſſyrii viator.*
*Viſam Britannos hoſpitibus feros,*
*Et lætum equino ſanguine Concanum.*
*Viſam pharetratos Gelonos,*
*Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.*

"Whilſt you my feeble ſhip ſhall guide,
"I'll ſingly ſtem the proudeſt tide:
"I'll travel through the fartheſt Eaſt,
"Where never mortal foot hath preſt;
"Britain's inhoſpitable flood,
"And Thracians pleas'd with horſes blood,
"On Scythian ſands I'll boldly tread,
"And ſtoutly ſee the quiver'd Mede." CREECH.

But in ſhort, it ſeems, Horace would go any where for good entertainment; and, as their ill fate would have it, came to Trinity College, to exerciſe their hoſpitality; which he has done to ſome purpoſe, as will appear hereafter. Whilſt he was at Rome, he familiarly told Albius Tibullus, in the Fourth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book,

*Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curatâ cute viſes,*
*Quem ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.*

"Then come and ſee me now grown plump and fine,
"When you would laugh at one of Epicurus' ſwine."
CREECH.

He is much improved ſince that time, and is become *totus teres atque rotundus*, as round as a bowl, or the hoop of a tierce of claret; ſo that, when the Fellows ſaw this black unwieldy outlandiſh *pig* come into their "kitchen-garden (which the College "Cooks uſed to have for pot-herbs, ſallads, &c. but has ſince "been forcibly diſpoſed of [by the Maſter], by taking the key "and giving it to one of the Fellows, expreſsly againſt the con-

"ſent

"ſent of the Seniors [p];" they might apprehend, in the very worſt ſenſe of the proverb, that "a *hog* was got into their peaſe;" for he ravaged them like an Iriſh *cocherer*, who never departs as long as he can find a ſingle potatoe.

When he firſt came, he cried out againſt merchants, for importing wine, and drinking out of plate; and gave in his bill of fare very ſparingly. Some chicory, mallows to looſen his body, and now and then a few olives, were all that he deſired; and would often repeat theſe verſes of the Thirty-firſt Ode of his Firſt Book:

*— dives et aureis*
*Mercator exſiccet cululis*
*Vina Syrâ reparata merce,*
*Diis carus ipſis; quippe ter et quater*
*Anno reviſens æquor Atlanticum*
*Impune: me paſcunt olivæ,*
*Me cichorea, levéſque malvæ.*

"— The merchant now, come ſafe to land,
"In golden goblets quaffs the wine,
"His Syrian wares and voyage gain'd.
"He chiefeſt darling of the Gods;
"For twice a year he plows the main,
"He rides the proud Atlantic floods,
"And yet makes ſafe returns again.
"Me *chicory* and *olives* feed,
"Me looſening *mallows* nobly feaſt;
"They give what Nature's wants can need,
"And kindly fill the eaſy gueſt." CREECH.

But ſoon afterwards he ſhews himſelf not to be ſo eaſy a gueſt; and declares himſelf for "banquets," *Nos convivia*; for rummaging, careleſſneſs, and debauchery:

*Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum*
*Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium*
*Cantamus, vacui, ſive quod urimur,*
*Non præter ſolitum leves.* Od. I. vi.

[p] See Remarks upon a Letter, by Mr. Miller, Fellow of Trinity College, p. 69. KING.

"I ſing

" I ſing ſoft boys and virgins wars,
" How ſoon they ſmile, how angry ſoon:
" With cloſe-par'd nails and tender tooth,
" They all invade the ruffling youth;
" Thus urge my frolick on,
" And bid farewell, a long farewell, to cares."

Then there was nothing to be heard of from him, but

" Hang ſorrow, caſt away care;
" The College is bound to find us:
" For you and I and all muſt die,
" And leave the world behind us!"

Or elſe, as Mr. Creech has paraphraſed upon the Ninth Ode of the Firſt Book, in the true ſtrain of a Ballad,

" All cares and fears are fond and vain,
" Fly vexing thoughts of dark *to-morrow*:
" What chance *ſcores* up, count perfect gain;
" And baniſh buſineſs, baniſh ſorrow."

And then Horace would repeat twenty Songs to the ſame purpoſe, which appear in his Works, and are tranſlated by his admired Friend Mr. Creech; for, during his ſtay in College, he gained ſome ſmattering in the Engliſh; and, being informed that Mr. Creech, who had tranſlated his Works, was the ſame perſon who had tranſlated Lucretius, he had a great veneration for him, for having, as far as in him lay, propagated the Epicurean principles: for Horace had always a bent to that Philoſophy rather than any other, notwithſtanding his pretended recantation, which he publiſhed in the Thirty-fourth Ode of his Firſt Book,

*Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,*
*Inſanientis dum ſapientiæ*
*Conſultus erro: nunc retrorſum*
*Vela dare, atque iterare curſus*
*Cogor relictos.——*

" I, that but ſeldom did adore,
" I that no God but Pleaſure knew,
" Whilſt mad Philoſophy did blind,
" And Epicurus fool'd my mind,
" Muſt keep that impious courſe no more,
" But turn my ſails and ſteer anew."

He pretended to have been converted by a clap of thunder, or perhaps took the advice of a grave perſon, whoſe maxim it is,

" that

"that a man ſhould have the face of religion, for it would do "him ſervice in the world." But I never heard that Horace, whilſt in College, "kept Chapel q" himſelf; but that he has hindered other perſons from minding Divinity, which ſhould have been their proper ſtudy, rather than to find out. *que's*, and *atque's*, and *vel's*, and *nec's*, and *neque's*, at the expence of a thouſand pounds a year and upwards, deſigned for much better uſes than to correct an old Latin Song-book, not to ſay worſe of it, notwithſtanding all the graces and beauties of its language.

During his ſtay, he took every opportunity to recommend drinking and pleaſure. Was it Spring-time, that was moſt proper:

*Solvitur acris Hyems grata vice Veris, et Favoni:*
*Trahúntque ſiccas machinæ carinas:*
*At neque jam ſtabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,*
*Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.* Od. I. iv.

And therefore, as Mr. Creech ſays, he adviſes his Friend to live merrily:

"Sharp Winter melts, Favonius ſpreads his wing,
"A pleaſing change, and bears the Spring:
"Dry ſhips drawn down from ſtocks now plow the main,
"And ſpread their greedy ſails again:
"Nor ſtalls the ox, nor fires the clown, delight;
"And fields have loſt their hoary white."

For, according to this Author, the Spring makes him thirſty; and he attributes his deſire of liquor more to the ſeaſon, than his own inclination:

*Jam Veris comites, quæ mare temperant,*
*Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:*
*Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii ſtrepunt*
*Hybernâ nive turgidi,* &c.

*Adduxere ſitim tempora, Virgili:*
*Sed preſſum Calibus ducere Liberum*
*Si geſtis, juvenum nobilium cliens*
*Nardo vina merebere.* Od. IV. xii.

"The ſoft companions of the Spring,
"The gentle Thracian Gales,
"Spread o'er the Earth their flowery wing,
"And ſwell the greedy merchant's ſails:

q Remarks upon a Letter, &c. p. 141. r Ibid.

"The

" The ſtreams, not ſwoln with melted ſnow,
" In fair mæanders play;
" To quiet ſeas they ſmoothly flow,
" And gently eat their eaſy way, *&c.*

" The Seaſon, Virgil, brings us thirſt;
" And, if you mirth deſign
" With noble youths, bring ointment firſt,
" And I'll provide thee racy wine." CREECH.

But Winter was the ſeaſon he moſt delighted in, which was the time for jollity, not only for profuſeneſs in drink, but in firing,

— *vetuſtis extruat lignis focum.* Epod. ii.

Then the fire was to be built high with dry and blazing logs; and then he uſed to ſtir up his friends to mirth, with his Thirteenth Epode:

*Horrida tempeſtas cœlum contraxit; et imbres*
*Nivéſque deducunt Jovem,* &c.

The latter part of which has been ſince tranſlated into that common but chearful ſong,

" Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles;"

which concludes to this purpoſe,

" But, all the while you lie before the town,
" Drink, and drive care away; drink, and be merry:
" You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian Ferry.

And, amidſt his plenteous cups, he would ſtill be commanding to lay on more fire. " Who is there?" Bring " coals, billets, turf, " ſedge, charcoal [s], any thing; but do not let us ſtarve." And then he would break out into theſe words of the Ninth Ode of his Firſt Book,

*Vides, ut altâ ſtet nive candidum*
*Soracte, nec jam ſuſtineant onus*
*Sylvæ laborantes: gelûque*
*Frigora conſliterint acuto?*

*Diſſolve frigus, ligna ſuper foco*
*Largè reponens: atque benigniùs*
*Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,*
*Oh Thaliarche, merum diotâ.*

[s] Remarks upon a Letter, &c. p. 168.

" See

" See how the hills are white with ſnow,
" The ſeas are rough, the woods are toſt,
" The trees beneath their burthen bow,
" And purling ſtreams are bound in froſt.
" Diſſolve the cold with noble wine,
" Dear friend, and make a rouzing fire;
" 'Gainſt cold without, and care within,
" Let both with equal force conſpire." CREECH.

One of Horace's qualities was, that he never wanted to go home, but would keep up his company till ſun-riſing, as he tells us in the Twenty-firſt Ode of his Third Book:

*Vivæque producent lucernæ,*
*Dum rediens fugat aſtra Phœbus.*

The Reader muſt pardon the want of a Tranſlation to theſe verſes, becauſe Mr. Creech tells us in his Preface, " That ſome " principles he had made him *cautious* of ſome Odes, and that " he had paſſed by three more upon a different account." I cannot tell upon what account; but this Ode happened to be ſo unfortunate as to be one of them.

Although he pretended to be no newsmonger or politician, nor to concern himſelf how the war was managed, or who paid taxes, ſo he enjoyed his eaſe and pleaſure;

*Quid bellicoſus Cantaber, & Scythes, &c.* Od. II. xi.

" What fierce Cantabrians, what the Scythians dare,
" Make, friend, no object of thy care, *&c.*"

yet he was a religious obſerver of all public rejoicings for any victory; he never failed to be the moſt zealous aſſiſtant at a *gawdy*[t] or a bonfire. At ſuch times, he uſed to be the ring-leader of his companions; and this was generally the beginning and burthen of his Song:

*Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero*
*Pulſanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus*
*Ornare pulvinar Deorum*
*Tempus erat dapibus, ſodales.* Od. I. xxxvii.

" Now, now, 'tis time to dance and play,
" And drink, and frolick all the day;

[t] A feaſt, a feſtival, a day of plenty; a word ſtill uſed in the univerſities. JOHNSON.

'Tis

" 'Tis time, my friends, to baniſh care;
" And coſtly feaſts
" With thankful hearts prepare
" In hallow'd ſhrines, and make the Gods your gueſts."

It ſeems, he was more peculiarly accuſtomed to obſerve the Firſt of March, for many years together.

*Martiis cœlebs quid agam Kalendis,*
*Quid velint flores, et acerra thuris*
*Plena, miraris,* &c. Od. III. viii.

" What I, a Batchelor, intend,
" My learned Lord, and noble friend,
" In *Mars his Calends*, you admire;
" What mean *thoſe flowers that crown my head,*
" The coals on green turf altars laid,
" Where in ſmall cenſers *thankful ſweets* expire."

CREECH.

And then he was ſo modeſt as to aſk Mæcenas to lay aſide thoughts of public buſineſs:

*Negligens, ne quà populus laboret;*
*Parce privatus nimiùm cavere.*

" Neglect the various turns of ſtate,
" The ſports of chance, or nods of fate:" Ibid.

and to deſire him to drink a hundred cups to his health, and ſit up till day-light; which was but a moderate requeſt for ſo great a man to do for ſuch a friend.

*Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici*
*Soſpitis centum, et vigiles lucernas*
*Perfer in lucem.*

" Let watching tapers chaſe the night,
" And riſing morn reſtore the light." Ibid.

Horace was reſolved to keep up the good cuſtom in England, though it was after ſomething a different way from what he uſed to do at Rome. A friend of his, coming into his chamber on the *Calends of March*, which is more generally known by the Title of " St. David's-day," found him very complaiſant to the ſeaſon. Inſtead of his veſſel of *old wine*, he was very plentifully provided with a *cragg* of *Welſh ale*; inſtead of the " flowers that " uſed to crown his head," he had got a prodigiouſly over-grown

leek in his hat; and the "thankful ſweets" were much more ſatisfactorily ſupplied with the odour of a dozen of warm cruſts and a whole cheeſe toaſting before the fire.

He was of a flattering temper; and there was no truſting to him, or any perſon that belonged to him. He that promiſes over-much is ſure to perform nothing. At one time no perſon was ſo great with him as Mæcenas, as we ſee by the Seventeenth Ode of his Second Book, where he takes an horrible oath, that he will aſſuredly "die the ſame day with Mæcenas;" and that nothing ſhould part them, not even the "breath of the fire-"ſpitting Chimæra,"-nor the forces of "the hundred-handed "Gyas:" but there was nothing of all this (as well as ſome other things) to be depended on.

As he grew daily more unweildy, ſo he fell into the Dutch faction; and was extremely pleaſed with a Book I had then by me, but is ſince loſt, which was an Edition of his Odes and Epodes, in a fair character, with a tranſlation on the other ſide into Dutch proſe. It might be very elegant for aught I know, being not much converſant in that language; all that I can remember of it is,

*O nata mecum conſule Manlio.* Od. III. xxi.

**Whan Wijn Heer Manlius Bourgourmaeſter waes.**

I fancy it might not be improper for Horace to take a journey to Amſterdam, to ſee what improvements he can make of himſelf in Holland. In the mean time, there was a prodigious and unuſual conſumption of bread, ale, and firing, in the lodge; ſo that the fellows made a public complaint. They thought they were not obliged to pay for Horace's maintenance, whilſt he was recruiting himſelf with ſome few emendations of his work. They alledged, "That if any Benefactor, Farmer, or out-"lying Officer of the College, be invited to the table of the "Maſter, Major Fellows, or Scholars, the College is to bear the "charge; but, if the Maſter, or any Member of the College, "invite any elſe, he muſt pay the College the value of the dinner "or ſupper [u]."

The entertainment of ſuch a gueſt as Horace ran the College to great expence, and the Maſter to great extravagance in his demands from the Fellows.

[u] Remarks upon a Letter, &c. p. 164.

Mr.

Mr. Miller, in his "Remarks on the Letter," ſays, "I will "inſert but one account of what the Maſter has taken, beſides "his ſtatutable allowances, and that in the compaſs of one year, "though he was abſent about half the time[w].

| | l. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| From the SENIOR BURSAR. | | | |
| Coals, | 63 | 12 | 0 |
| Commencement-money, | 6 | 13 | 4 |
| Weſtminſter Election, | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Chamber Rent, | 24 | 0 | 0 |
| From the JUNIOR BURSAR. | | | |
| Extraordinaries, | 47 | 10 | 8 |
| Maſter's Gardener, | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Billets, | 17 | 2 | 0 |
| Turf and Sedge, | 14 | 9 | 9 |
| Charcoal, | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| From the PANDOXATOR. | | | |
| Ale, | 62 | 16 | 0 |
| Small Beer, | 45 | 0 | 0 |
| Bread, | 59 | 7 | 0 |
| Flour, | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Bran, | 1 | 10 | 4 |
| Dove-houſe, | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| From the STEWARD. | | | |
| Linen, about | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Audit Exceedings, | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Brawn, | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| Chandler, | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Extra Commons, | 41 | 12 | 0 |
| Servants Commons, more than Statute, | 22 | 4 | 0 |

[w] Dr. Bentley, who was appointed maſter of Trinity College, by king William, in 1700, to reſtore diſcipline and learning in that College, endeavoured it to an eminent degree, proceeding up to the bottom ſtem very directly, and examining every candidate for ſcholarſhips and fellowſhips thoroughly, and ſeemed as nearly as poſſible to have given every one the place he really deſerved; but at an election for fellowſhips, about 1703 or 1704, he ventured *for once only*, as he ſaid, "to recede from "that excellent rule, *Detur Digniſſimo*," in favour of Mr. Stubbs, nephew to the vice-maſter. Thus, ſays Mr. Whiſton, "he broke in upon his "integrity, and I think he never after returned to it." He carried matters with ſo high a hand in the government of this college, that, in 1709, a complaint was brought againſt him, before Dr. John Moore, biſhop of Ely, as viſitor, by ſeveral of the fellows, who, in order to have him removed from the maſterſhip, charged him with embezzling the public money, and other miſdemeanours. In anſwer to this, he preſented a defence to the Biſhop, which was publiſhed in 1710, under the title of "The preſent State of Trinity College," 8vo.; and thus began a laſting quarrel, which, having the nature of a *bellum inteſtinum*, was carried on, like other civil wars, with the moſt virulent animoſity on each ſide, till, after above twenty years continuance, it ended at laſt in the Doctor's favour. There is a large account of this diſpute, and a liſt of the ſeveral books written about it, in the "Biographia Britannica."

"On the whole, this one year, beſides his ſtatute-table, al-
"lowances, and dividend, he took 454 *l.* 6 *s.* 1 *d.*; for one far-
"thing of which there is no colour of ſtatute.

"And there are ſix or ſeven of thoſe Items, which, for any
"thing I can find, are original encroachments of his own; and the
"reſt he has enlarged to the degree of amazement. How much
"bread, &c. he had in reference to the whole College, and as
"much as two other Colleges in the Univerſity; and how much
"in compariſon to former Maſters; is reſerved to the evidence
"on the articles. One ſingle article, that of his fire, which
"amounts to 110 *l.* 3 *s.* 9 *d.* is ſo much, that ſcarce any Noble-
"man in England, I believe no Archbiſhop, ſpent the like in
"the time. This fuel muſt be ſold, or otherwiſe embezzled; for,
"if he had kept a continual fire in every chimney of his lodge
"all that time, it could not have conſumed ſo much."

The ſame Author goes on to ſhew, p. 170, how much the Maſter exceeded the account of Mountague, in the following particulars, for ſeveral years:

SENIOR BURSAR'S Books.

| Anno | l. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1707 For Coals for the Lodge, | 77 | 14 | 8 |
| 1708 — — — | 63 | 6 | 8 |
| 1709 — — — | 76 | 10 | 0 |
| Pigeon-meat, | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Billets for the Lodge, | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Turf and Sedge, | 15 | 7 | 0 |
| Billets for both Aſſizes, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Pigeon-meat, | 5 | 3 | 5 |
| PANDOXATOR'S Office, | | | |
| 1708 Flour, 22 Buſhels, | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Bread, | 59 | 6 | 0 |

JUNIOR BURSAR'S Books.

| Anno | l. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1708 Billets for the Lodge, | 17 | 2 | 0 |
| Turf and Sedge, | 14 | 9 | 9 |
| Billets for both Aſſizes, | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Small Beer, 100 Barrels, | 45 | 0 | 0 |
| Ale, 314 Craggs, | 62 | 6 | 0 |
| 1709 Flour, 13 Buſhels, 1 Peck, | | | |
| Bread, | 33 | 6 | 0 |
| Small Beer, 101 Barrels, | 45 | 9 | 0 |
| Ale, 38 Craggs, | 17 | 12 | 0 |

It may ſeem very extraordinary that one ſingle perſon ſhould in a year expend 284 *l.* 6 *s.* 1 *d.* in bread, beer, and firing; but, I think, I have abundantly juſtified the Maſter, in ſhewing that he had a *Gueſt* who was able to conſume that and much more. But then it was for the credit of the Society, that they once entertained a perſon of that eminence; and it will redound to their immortal honour, not only in Great Britain, but throughout all Europe. However, the young *lads*, as they will be gibing and ſcoffing at their betters, would often accoſt Horace with theſe

lines of his own, at the end of the Second Epiſtle of his Second Book; telling him, that gaiety was more proper for their youth than his age; and therefore deſired him to ruſticate himſelf, and retreat to his own ſty:

*Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:*
*Tempus abire tibi eſt, ne potum largius æquo*
*Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas* [x].

Theſe verſes not being tranſlated by Mr. Creech, whoſe tranſlation may likewiſe be deficient in other particulars; I ſhall preſent the Reader with a Paraphraſe of theſe lines, and a Medal of Horace, in his preſent bulk and proportion.

## Advice to HORACE, to take his Leave of TRINITY COLLEGE [y], in CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing ſtuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuſe of this, you'll ſay,
You're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you've toſt,
Into your weem ſo big,
That you're more like (at College coſt)
A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

[x] Theſe lines have, with the moſt beautiful imagery, been applied to himſelf by one of the politeſt Criticks of the preſent age, in the cloſe of an admirable "Diſſertation on the Idea of Univerſal Poetry."

[y] "Where BENTLEY late tumultuous wont to ſport
"In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in *port*:
"The mighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unwearied pains
"Made HORACE dull, and humbled MILTON's ſtrains."

See Dunciad, Book iv. ver. 201, &c. The great SCRIBLERUS explains the ſecond line "retired into harbour;" but the learned SCIPIO MAFFEI underſtands it (and we cannot but ſubſcribe to his opinion) of a certain *wine*, of which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
You've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly fwaggs,
That's rival to a *whale*.
E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They've had a jolly taſter:
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
'Twixt Horace and the Maſter.

I ſhall give a further account of the proceedings of Horace; which perhaps may diſcover ſome points of learning that have hitherto lain ſecret. In the mean time, I entreat the Reader to accept of theſe,

From, &c.

AN

# AN ANSWER[a]

## TO

## CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS'S SERMON,

### UPON

*Quis Dives ſalvetur?* "What Rich Man can be ſaved?"
Proving it eaſy for a Camel to go through the Eye of a Needle.
Delivered at the Devil's Arſe of Peak[b].

WHEN we come to be "laid up in the ſepulchres of our "fathers, the laſt ſtage of our throne of mortality," the ſituation

[a] Aſcribed to Dr. King, on the authority of "Miſcellaneous Poems, "Tranſlations, and Imitations, by ſeveral Hands," publiſhed by Lintot, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1720; the firſt volume, by Pope, the Duke of Buckingham, Gay, Betterton, and Dryden; the ſecond, by King, Smith, Dibben, Fenton, Yalden, Rowe, Southcott, Broome, Ward, and Daniel. The collection, though commonly aſcribed to Mr. Pope, was entirely formed by Lintot.

[b] This little piece evidently alludes to, and was occaſioned by, the famous Sermon preached by Dr. White Kennet, afterward Biſhop of Peterborough, on the death of William the firſt Duke of Devonſhire, and publiſhed under the title of "A Sermon preached at the Funeral of "the Right Noble William Duke of Devonſhire, in the Church of All-"Hallows in Derby, on Friday, Sept. 5, 1707; with ſome Memoirs of "the Family of Cavendiſh," 8vo. 1708. It gave great offence at the time of its publication; and was very ſeverely animadverted upon by the well-known John Dunton, in a pamphlet entitled, "The Hazard of a "Death-bed Repentance, fairly argued, from the late Remorſe of William "late Duke of Devonſhire, with ſerious Reflections, &c. &c. The whole "reſolving that nice Queſtion, *How far a Death-bed Repentance is poſſible "be ſincere?* And is publiſhed by way of Anſwer to Dr. Kennet's Ser-"mon, &c." 8vo, 1708. This Sermon occaſioned Mr. Pope to take notice of Dr. Kennet in the following very ſevere lines:

"When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
"Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace;
"Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty Dean! be fair;
"Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?"

Imitations of Horace, Book II. Ep. ii. ver. 220.

Dr. Kennet was born Aug. 10, 1660; in June, 1678, was entered of Edmund Hall, Oxford; B. D. in May, 1683; M. A. in 1685; D. D. in 1699;

ſituation ſeems to be ſomewhat horrid [c]: but, upon review, "the "Elyſian vallies open with greater amazement, and the rocky "*monumental* hills *of marble*, that hang over in a more aweful "guard of it, ſeem to be Art inſulting Nature." It is not "parts, "corrupted in the fineſt head, on the ſurface of which ſtraws "and feathers may ſwim, while weightier matters lie at the bot-"tom [d];" it is not "knowledge, defined by ſome to be a bubble in "the water, a meteor in the air, or a tumor and ſpectacle;" it is not "being of a ſociety for promoting ſtock sand work-houſes, for erec-"ting parochial libraries [e];" or writing "Parochial Antiquities [f]," that can preſerve us from having "*gravel* in our mouths [g]." Upon this deplorable occaſion, although my writings have ſunk into contempt and diſuſe, yet I ſhall once again attempt "a ſeri-"ous and rational diſcourſe," under theſe two "paradoxes," which "my love of ſingularity makes me fond to maintain." I ſhall ſhew, firſt, how a good rich man may be never the worſe for living oddly. Secondly, I ſhall explain the uſe of my *plank* [h] and *door*, in all caſes of deſperate extremities.

As to the firſt point. A good rich man "may allow himſelf "to climb up any hill within his reach; to fatigue himſelf within-"doors; to acquire heat, and expell moiſture; to take a com-"fortable breakfaſt, and then walk round his lodgings; to have a "dinner provided for him about twelve o'clock; to have a candle "with ten or twelve tobacco-pipes before him; then to ſhut the "door, and fall a ſmoaking and writing, and thinking how to "digeſt what he had fed upon; to be jealous of being burnt for "a heretick, and afraid of the Biſhop of Sarum [i]; to run beyond

1699; in 1701, archdeacon of Huntingdon. By the management of Bp. Burnet, he preached the abovementioned ſermon in 1707; and, by the ſuccceding duke's recommendation, obtained the deanry of Peterborough; of which ſee he was conſecrated biſhop, Nov. 9, 1718. He died Dec. 19, 1728.

[c] See Dr. Kennet's Sermon, p. 1. [d] P. 26. [e] P. 31.

[f] Publiſhed by Dr. Kennet, in 4to, 1695. [g] Sermon, p. 32. [h] P. 34.

[i] Dr. Seth Ward, who at one period of his life had ſpoken of Mr. Hobbs's Writings in very favourable terms, but afterward wrote againſt them. In 1661 he was made dean, and next year biſhop, of Exeter; in 1667 was tranſlated to Saliſbury; and in 1671 made chancellor of the Garter, being the firſt Proteſtant Biſhop that ever was ſo. He died Jan. 6, 1688-9, aged 71, after having had for many years the misfortune to outlive his ſenſes.

"ſea

" ſea in a fright, and be driven back by the ſame: not to endure " contradiction, or an empty houſe; in his ſickneſs, to ride upon " a feather-bed in a coach; to hate any thoughts or diſcourſe of " death; to make himſelf a warm coat the winter before he dies; " and if then he falls into a pit, to catch hold of one of the Devil's " *cloven feet* [k];" or of my *plank*, which, under the next head, I ſhall prove worth both of them.

Far be it from me to deny, that *gloves, ſcarves, funeral ſermons*, and *memoirs*, &c. are proper to be uſed at the *obſequies* of the dead, " who too often affect ſecrecy and ſilence," as their executors do " a parcimonious narrowneſs of mind [l]." But theſe are things of an inferior conſideration to my *plank* and *wicket*. Some philoſophers " have been glad to creep out of the world at any " hole [m];" but I have a new " *door* of hope for them," provided " they be men of parts and figure, and will give me *crape* enough to " conſecrate their memory" with my *decorums*. I have before inſinuated, that a good rich witty man may do any thing but be damned. But I ſee ſome people pricking up their ears there. You, Goodman Two-ſhoes, and you, Gammer Two-ſhoes, and you, Tom Trap, and you, Dick Froſt, and you, Goody Gurton, that have lain in ſtraw ever ſince your bed was taken away for plunder in the civil wars; let me tell you, you are " poor ſtupid wretches;" your " duller flame will be more eaſily " extinguiſhed; you meaner ſinful *ſcrubs* are generally given " over to a reprobate mind;" your barley-bread and peaſe-pudding make you *heavy* and *ſtupid*; and, " if you do not take care, " you will die as ſtupidly as you lived." Therefore look to it, and begin to repent as ſoon as you can; the ſooner the better for you who are poor people. But Heaven forbid that I ſhould preach this doctrine to you, Mr. Alderman OCCASI; or to you, Mr. ON-ALL the Recorder; to you, the worſhipful Mr. Juſtice CONFORM; or to you, my honoured patroneſs, Lady MITY! You are gentlefolks all; you are perſons of greateſt wit, and wealth, and ability, in this rich and ingenious corporation; whom I am glad to ſee at church now and then, as your leiſure will permit you. I beſeech you not to ſurmiſe that I mean the leaſt part of this to your Honours. All that I mean is this: " Ordinary abilities " may be altogether ſunk by a long vicious courſe of life [n]." But

[k] All theſe circumſtances are related by Dr. Kennet of the celebrated Mr. Hobbs. Sermon, &c. p. 107.

[l] P. 3. [m] A ſaying of Mr. Hobbs, p. 116. [n] P. 35.

it is an undoubted *maxim*, "That perſons of diſtinguiſhed ſenſe "and judgement, by their nobler and brighter parts, have an ad- "vantage of underſtanding the worth of their ſouls before they "reſign them." Therefore, Gentlefolks, I have reſerved for you an expedient, called "A death-bed repentance." After you "have made *ſhipwreck* of a good conſcience," I have a *plank* for you, upon which "one or two" (I believe I can make room for you *four* gentry) "may eſcape [o]." But, do you hear, you "meaner ſinful wretches," that do not ſit upon *cuſhions*, and are not aſleep, and have no vote in the veſtry; it will be little comfort for you, in this *ſtorm*, to "expect the like deliverance." Conſider what has been ſaid; and you will not haſtily repent—of what you have heard.

[o] Sermon, p. 34.

THE

THE

# ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

# HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

## LETTERS to Dr. LISTER and Others

Occaſioned principally by the Title of a Book publiſhed by the Doctor, being the Works of APICIUS COELIUS, "concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients [a]."

With an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book.

By the Author of THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Humbly inſcribed to the Honourable BEEF STEAK CLUB.

a "Apicius Cœlius, de Opſoniis, ſive Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. *Amſtelod.* 1709," 8vo.

# THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for, if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a Bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out: and they had elſe, as the Learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had one by one been peruſed and corrected, not only by the Author, but his Friends; whoſe judgement, as he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults, that at firſt ſeem ſmall, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verſe turns upon the harſhneſs of a ſyllable; and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a Bookſeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all "this: I have got it; and you ſhall ſtand to the ſcandal, and I "will have the benefit." Yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are above threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value

value himſelf upon the whole; but, if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he deſires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all ſuch Bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

# LETTERS TO Dr. LISTER and OTHERS.

## LETTER I.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other Friends are ſo much taken up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the Curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new Books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a Treatiſe *De Condimentis & Opſoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups "of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? what Manuſcripts have been collated? under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating?*

Conſider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary.

Antiquary. I ſhewed him your Letter; which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *fiſh-ſauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, leſt, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's Book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome meaſure remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in Learning, whilſt our Gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roaſt beef*, upon holidays? what extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the Univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to an ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, ſo many Cooks you may de-"pend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſekeepers to provide *cake* and *ſweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and auſtere Clergy; and ſuch Perſons of Quality, in all ſtations, as may beſt undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly; for I am going to Monſieur D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *avulſion*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion, and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more Virtuoſi. But, let him uſe what *claret* he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends. I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe, in your laſt obliging Letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter; and to that end have ſent you the encloſed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

## LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, preſent.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients, concerning *dentiſcalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philoſophical and Mathematical obſervations: they ſearched into all the ſprings of action; and, though I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhiped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and buſineſs lying moſt in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitſters* [b] in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the *crocodile*, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom

[b] Whoſe tenter-grounds are now almoſt all built upon,

to

to pick their teeth, and waſh their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's "Dynaſties [c]," nor in the "Fragments of "Manethon [d]," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began: for it is the fault of great Philologers, to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris, in his large conqueſts, might extend the uſe of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Modern "Reports," that "the Chaldees had a great eſteem for the

[c] Sir John Marſham was born Aug. 23, 1602; educated at Weſtminſter, and ſent from thence to St. John's College, Oxford. He ſtudied the law at the Middle Temple, and was appointed one of the ſix clerks in Chancery in 1638; was deprived of that place by the parliamentarians, but reſtored to it by King Charles II, who knighted him in 1660, and made him a baronet three years after. The title of the learned Hiſtorian's work here alluded to is "Canon Chronicus Ægyptiacus, Ebraicus, "Græcus, &c." and is at once a proof of his great erudition, profound judgement, and indefatigable induſtry. The firſt edition of it was printed at London, in folio, 1672; it was re-printed at Leipſic, in 4to, 1676; and again at Franeker, in 4to, 1696; and very ſoon rendered the author's name famous throughout Europe. It is well known that the Egyptians, like the Chineſe, pretended to incredible antiquity; and had, in the liſt of their Dynaſties, extended their chronology to 36,525 years. Theſe Dynaſties had long been rejected as fabulous: but Sir John Marſham has reduced them to Scripture chronology, by proving them to be not *ſucceſſive*, but *collateral*. Some things which he has advanced have been contradicted, if not confuted, by men of learning. But it is no wonder that one traveling in the darkneſs of antiquity, as he did, ſhould ſometimes miſs his way. Le Clerc ſays, "ſummo ſtudio antiquitates Ægyptias col-"legit." Dr. Wotton ſays, "he was the firſt who made the Egyptian "antiquities intelligible." And the learned Dr. Shuckford tells us, "no tolerable ſcheme can be formed of the Egyptian hiſtory, that is "not, in the main, agreeing with his." He died May 25, 1685.

[d] High prieſt of Heliopolis in the time of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, at whoſe requeſt he wrote his hiſtory, comprizing a period of 53,535 years, pretending to take his accounts from the ſacred inſcriptions on the pillars of Hermes Triſmegiſtus. His Dynaſties were tranſcribed by Euſebius, in his Chronica. See Bp. Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, book i. c. 2.

"number

"number TWELVE, becauſe there were ſo many ſigns of the "Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyptians, "and ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf was tried for a murder, "and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was but a quarrelſome ſort of perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark [e]. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for *ſkewers* than *gooſe-*

[e] Charles John lord Koningſmark, &c. a native of Dreſden, and a neceſſitous adventurer, was tried and acquitted from being an acceſſary to the murder of Thomas Thynne, eſq. Feb. 21, 1681-2.—Mr. Thynne was married to the lady Elizabeth Percy, counteſs of Ogle, ſole daughter and heireſs to Joſceline earl of Northumberland, but was murdered in his coach, Feb. 12, 1681-2, before conſummation, by three aſſaſſins, ſuppoſed to be ſuborned by count Koningſmark, who had made ſome advances to the lady Ogle. That lady was betrothed in his infancy to Henry Cavendiſh earl of Ogle, only ſon to Henry duke of Newcaſtle, who, dying Nov. 1, 1680, before he was of an age to cohabit with her, left her a virgin widow. Mr. Thynne, who married her when ſhe was ſcarcely fifteen, was prevailed on by her mother to travel another year before he bedded her; in which interval ſhe became acquainted with Koningſmark; who, having no hopes of obtaining her whilſt her huſband lived, is ſuppoſed to have contrived his death. The lady, however, deteſted this baſe and inhuman conduct, and ſoon after married the great duke of Somerſet. The ſtory of the murder, which is well known by the repreſentation of it on an entablature of Mr. Thynne's monument in Weſtminſter Abbey, may be ſeen in Rereſby's "Memoirs," p. 135.—The three aſſaſſins (Uratz, Boroſky, and Stern) were hanged in Pall Mall, March 10, 1681-2.—Koningſmark is ſaid to have been killed in a quarrel in Hungary, in 1686, in the 31ſt year of his age; but we are, with more probability, informed, that when king George II. made ſome alterations in his palace at Hanover, the count's body was found under the floor. His ſiſter (miſtreſs to Auguſtus II, king of Poland) was mother of the famous marſhal Saxe. Granger, vol. IV. p. 237.

*quills.* He is very tedious in deſcribing a Smith's forge and an anvil; whereas he might have been more polite, in ſetting out the *tooth-pick-caſe* or painted *ſnuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curioſities and *toy-ſhops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe like *raffling* ſometimes at Colonel Parſons's [f]. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument; nor does Ludolphus [g], though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my Treatiſe of "Forks and "Napkins," of which I ſhall ſend you an Eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that Treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin [h], in the Third Book of his "Coſmography," where he ſays of the Chineſe, "That they eat their meat with "two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; not touching it with "their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. "The uſe of ſilver forks with us, by ſome of our ſpruce gal-"lants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and from "thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity; which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws; and I have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef?* Therefore our *forks* are

[f] The White's, Almack's, or Arthur's, of thoſe days.

[g] See the ſecond volume of this collection, p. 91.

[h] See ſome account of Dr. Heylin, in our Author's "Adverſaria."

of

of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into The Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife*, before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern "Learning," would ſhew us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the deſert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver-knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning "Dreſſing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I tranſgreſs —

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal[i], where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

*Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu,*

that it was "ſacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's ſauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient Mſ. remaining at the Bull Inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring water; ſlice two onions of "moderate ſize into a large ſaucer, and put in as much ſalt as "you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if "large, and ſerve it up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perſon remains ſtill at that Inn[k]; and I dare ſay, that not only Hobſon, but old Birch, and many others

i Sat. XV. 9.

k Hobſon, by the help of common ſenſe, and a conſtant attention to a few frugal maxims, raiſed a much greater fortune than a thouſand men of genius

others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the Pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of Learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

## LETTER IV.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art "of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the mean time ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book[1]. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight,

genius and learning educated in that Univerſity ever acquired, or were even capable of acquiring. He was, to uſe the citizen's phraſe, A MUCH BETTER MAN than Milton, who has written two quibbling epitaphs upon him. But, if that great Poet had never lived, Hobſon's name would have been always remembered; as he took an effectual method of perpetuating his memory, by erecting a handſome ſtone conduit at Cambridge, ſupplying it by an aqueduct, and ſettling ſeven lays of paſture-ground towards the maintenance of the ſame for ever. He died, in the time of the plague, 1630, in the 86th year of his age. See more of him in the Spectator, No 509. His will is in Peck's Collections. Granger, vol. II. p. 400.

[1] This Epiſtle has been imitated by Dr. Swift, in "Toland's Invitation "to Diſmal, to dine with the Calves Head Club," vol. XVI. p. 357.

Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk,
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And if you can exceed it, ſpeak, I'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.
Thus we'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The General's counſels, and the Stateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me Rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms:
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.
This I'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat's ſet on,
Or when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I'll ſee it choſe,
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd,
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe,
Write back your men, and number as you pleaſe:
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait;
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

## LETTER V.

To Mr. ——

I HERE ſend you what I promiſed, a "Diſcourſe of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of "Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts*, for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon OUR ſort of learning in ſome of his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

*Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,*
*Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,*
*Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum.*

"Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
"Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
"The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his Tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham [m], whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Paraphraſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following

[m] John Oldham, born Aug. 9, 1653, was a bachelor of Edmund Hall, Oxford; A. B. in 1674, and ſoon after uſher to the free ſchool at Croydon. In this ſituation, ſome of his poetry having been handed about, he was honoured with a viſit by the earls of Rocheſter and Dorſet, Sir Charles Sedley, and other perſons of diſtinction. In 1678, he was tutor to the ſon of Judge Thurland, and in 1681 to a ſon of Sir William Hickes. By the advice of Sir William and the aſſiſtance of Dr. Lower, he applied for about a year to the ſtudy of phyſic; but, poetry being predominant, he haſtened to London, and became a perfect votary to the bottle, yet without

ſowing of the original; nor yet the Lord Roſcommon[n], ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very deſign and ſoul of that Author. I conſidered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, yet I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious, I have ſo far taken liberty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their under-ſervants too often experience. I wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater conqueſt, ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a ſecret connexion in reality, though he doth not expreſs it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this Poem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the aforementioned Tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would re-

out ſinking into the debauchery of his contemporary wits. He was patronized by the earl of Kingſton, who would have made him his chaplain if he would have qualified himſelf. He lived with the earl, however, till his death, which was occaſioned by the ſmall-pox, Dec. 9, 1633. He was particularly eſteemed by Mr. Dryden; who has done him great juſtice in "Verſes to his Memory." His works have been frequently printed in one volume, 8vo; in 1722 in 2 vols. 12mo. with the Author's Life; and very lately, under the inſpection of Capt. Thompſon, in 3 vols. 12mo.

[n] Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roſcommon, was born in Ireland; and educated in Yorkſhire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterward biſhop of Norwich. When the troubles began in England, he was ſent to finiſh his ſtudies in Normandy, under the learned Bochart. At the Reſtoration, he was appointed captain of the band of gentlemen penſioners. Reſigning this poſt, he went to Ireland, and was made captain of the guards by the duke of Ormond. But the pleaſures of the Engliſh court being powerful motives for his return, he was made maſter of the horſe to the ducheſs of York. He now began to be diſtinguiſhed as a poet; and projected with Mr. Dryden the fixing of a ſtandard to our language; a project which religious commotions ſoon defeated. He died Jan. 17, 1684. His poems, which are good, but not numerous, are printed in the "Works of the Minor "Poets,"

collect thoſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks Company would order this Poem to be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains many uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem more principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being deſigned for the univerſal good, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be ſome terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juſt idea of a *ſwoled mutton*, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of fleaing. *Bacon* and *filbert tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout tarts* and *piſtachio tarts* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," thoſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient Family of Leigh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf pye* was prepared for King James the Firſt, when Jefferey his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler [o]; and is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo uſual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties after the manner of an *oglio*. A *ſurprize* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieſſin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Talieſſin was one of the moſt ancient Bards amongſt the Britons [p], and Boſſu one of the moſt

[o] See the note on ver. 255. of "The Art of Cookery."

[p] Talieſſin, chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his

moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced q.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern "Learning" was defending *pye-cruſt* from ſcorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris," has been ſinging of *capons*. Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity or tedioufneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as poſſible, to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed Cookery has an influence upon mens actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great Philoſopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verſes," ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from *beans*. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lye hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him, with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing *turnips* for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſſible to prevail "upon him that could be contented with ſuch a *ſupper*." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies: ſo true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman People, "that

his countrymen. Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the houſe of Tudor. GRAY.

q See the note on ver. 585.

"there

"there was equal ſkill required to bring an army into the field, "and to ſet forth a magnificent entertainment[r]; ſince the one "was as far as poſſible to annoy your enemy, and the other to "pleaſure your friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons that have not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious, moral, upright, and warlike profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iſlands, where, they being ſo barbarous as to make the moſt *contemptible* perſon to be their *butcher*, they had likewiſe their *meat* ſerved up *raw*, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!

As this ſmall Eſſay finds acceptance, I ſhall be encouraged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand, of publiſhing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the "Cook's Complete Library," which ſhall begin with a Tranſlation, or at leaſt an Epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feaſt. He ſhall be publiſhed, with all his *comments*, *uſeful gloſſes*, and *indexes*, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the *baſting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *ſubterranean ſkullery*. I deſign to have all Authors in all languages upon that ſubject; therefore pray conſult what Oriental Manuſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman's[s] Fables (whom I take to be the ſame perſon with Æſop) gives us an admirable receipt for making the *ſour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know how Mahomet uſed to have his *ſhoulder of mutton* dreſſed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint, and that a maid of an Inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is

[r] This maxim ſeems to have been adopted by the gallant contriver of the modern feſtival of "The Oaks."

[s] By birth an Abyſſinian of Ethiopia or Nubia, and ſold among the Iſraelites as a black ſlave in the reigns of king David and Solomon. He is by many ſuppoſed to be the ſame with the Æſop of the Greeks. And indeed we find in the apologues of Locman in Arabic many particulars that are ſeen in Æſop's fables; ſo that it is not eaſy to determine whether the Greek or the Arabian are the originals. That ſpecies of inſtruction, however, is more agreeable to the genius of the Oriental than of the Weſtern nations; and Planudes, in his fabulous Life of Æſop, borrowed many of his materials from traditions he found in the Eaſt concerning Locman, concluding them to have been the ſame perſon.—See the Preface to "The Art of Love."

"a Pro-

"a Prophet, he will diſcover it; if he is an impoſtor, no matter "what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of all my Friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a Friend to enquire what Manuſcripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He ſays, he finds among his Executors ſeveral admirable *bills of fare* for *Ariſtotle* ſuppers, and entertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſeaſons. He ſays, ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cooks Hall, what Manuſcripts they may have in their Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *cuſtard* in the Sword-bearer's Office: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a Letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, which ſhould have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be moſt favourable to your Friend; for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt cenſure. I rely upon your good-nature, and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

## LETTER VI.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and, upon ſerious conſideration, find that the true underſtanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" will be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their Maſters, that Poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating; as otherwiſe they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's [t] preſence, this I would be bound to ſay, "That a good dinner is brother "to a good poem:" only it is ſomething more ſubſtantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

[t] See, in vol. II, "Uſeful Tranſactions," Part ii. No 3.

I have

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton [u], in "The Libertine [w]," has ſet very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have ſeen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs under the table. The Hoſt, in "The Villain [x]," who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, all about him, gives great content to the ſpectators, when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon; ſo Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearſal," with her wine in her ſpear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that ſlobbers his beard with ſack poſſet, in "The Man's the Maſter [y];" have, in my opinion, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgement of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious or jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good ſtomach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing of ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

[u] Thomas Betterton, with juſtice eſteemed the Roſcius of his age, was born in 1635, came upon the ſtage in 1656, and continued on it with great reputation more than 50 years. He died Apr. 28, 1710. Sir Richard Steele, who attended the ceremony of his funeral, publiſhed a paper in "The Tatler" to his memory, vol. III. N° 167.

[w] A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

[x] A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

[y] A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

A Poet,

A Poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces?* or to have Statira talk of *tapeſtry hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach*, or wore *ſilk ſtockings*. Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *hereſy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Catharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a *diamond* as large; ſeeing the *iceing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding; and before that time our Anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*; of which there are ſome remains, in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimmels*, ſent for preſents from Lichfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the Poet put a *hen turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the Actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their ſtatelineſs of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe were upon a "ſtrange road, and driven to great neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe "might for once be able to ſup upon a *ſack poſſet* and a *fat* "*capon*."

I am

I am ſure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me "to ſome of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that Gooſe*;"—"*fruſt that* "*Chicken*;"—"*ſpoil that Hen*;"—*ſauce that Capon*;"—"*mince* "*that Plover.*"—If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unleſs we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden [z], has made uſe of the myſteries of this Art, in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the Play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following Prologue to "All "for Love."

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live, but that they bite.
"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change become their next poor tenant's gueſts:
"*Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
"*And ſnatch the homely Raſher from the coals:*

[z] John Dryden was born at Aldwincle, in Northamptonſhire, Aug. 9, 1631; was educated at Weſtminſter, under Dr. Buſby; and from thence elected, 1650, to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1668, he was appointed hiſtoriographer and poet laureat; which places he loſt at the Revolution, 1688: but his generous patron the earl of Dorſet, out of his private eſtate, made up to him the loſs of his penſion. He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to the earl of Berkſhire; and died May 1, 1701. A liſt of his works (too numerous for the compaſs of a note) may be ſeen in the "Biographia Britannica." In one of the three prints prefixed to his "Virgil," 8vo, Mr. Dryden is repreſented in a long and large wig. It was from his wearing ſuch a wig that Swift compares him to a lady in a lobſter, vol. I. p. 292.

" So you, retiring from much better cheer,
" For once may venture to do penance here;
" And, ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
" Whoſe Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
" Take in good part from our poor Poet's board,
" Such ſhrivel'd Fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *raſher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *ſhriveled apples*, might " Pit, Box, and Gallery," it well enough. His Prologue to " Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite Poem, taken from the ſame Art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Liſter's Work. The whole is as follows:

## PROLOGUE.

" Fools, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
" Are yet the great regalia's of a Play:
" In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
" But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
" And when they have enough for Comedy,
" They 'ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
" The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
" For, Gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong.
" None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer* [a] along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I ſee the whole Audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock pye in the other. I hope I may be excuſed, after ſo great an example; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman who ſaid that the " Journey to

[a] Some Criticks read it *Chair*, KING.

" London"

"London [b]" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the Bookſellers ſhops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and ſpare them out of compaſſion to,

SIR, &c.

## LETTER VII.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is, to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome Friends; but, unleſs they help me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to — write; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of "Horace's Art of Poetry; with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. "Liſter and others, occaſioned principally by the title of a Book "publiſhed by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of "the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what "have I to do with Kitchen-ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy "it, and then give it to your Servants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every miſtreſs of a family, and every Steward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with, "Come Miſs Betty, "how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery?*" "Where did "you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?"—"Miſs Kitty, are you no farther

[b] Printed in vol. I. p. 187.

"than

" than *King Henry and the Miller?*"—Yes, Madam; I am come to

" — His name ſhall be enroll'd
" In Eſtcourt's[c] Book, whoſe gridiron's fram'd of gold.

" Pray, Mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?"—" Well, child, " if you mind this, you ſhall not be put to your *Aſſembly's Ca-* " *techiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping Houſe-keeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing uſeful, the Printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other perſons copies, which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with " The True Art of " Cookery is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, " under St. Dunſtan's Church, with the Author's Seal at the Title- " page, being Three Saucepans, in a Bend proper, on a Cook's " Apron, Argent. Beware of Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertiſements, with " Strops for Razors, and the beſt " Spectacles, are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have the " Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's Book of " Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite Comedy, called " The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a " Hollow Tree[d];" which piece has its peculiar embliſhments, and

[c] See note on ver. 519.

[d] " — Leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
" When Death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,

and is a Poem carefully framed according to the niceſt rules of the "Art of Cookery:" for the Play opens with a ſcene of good Houſewifry, where Favourite the Houſe-keeper makes this complaint to the Lady Bonona.

"FAV. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Madam. Should not "ſome fat ſheep be bought in?

"BON. What ſay you, Let-acre, to it?

"LET. This is the worſt time of the year for ſheep. The "freſh graſs makes them fall away, and they begin to taſte of "the wool; they muſt be ſpared a while, and Favourite muſt "caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall have "ſome fat calves ſhortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art of Cookery," where our Author ſays,

"But, though my edge be not too nicely ſet,
"Yet I another's appetite may whet;
"May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon paſt,
"What's ſtale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what waſte,
"And lead him through the various maze of taſte."

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the Play, having in the Firſt Act loſt his Hawk, and conſequently his way, *benighted and loſt, and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thrifty widow Furioſa's,*

"The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee
"Great Poet of the hollow-tree!" SWIFT, Rhapſody on Poetry.

Sir William Grimſton, bart. (created viſcount Grimſton and baron of Dunboyne in the kingdom of Ireland, June 3, 1719), when a boy, wrote a Play, to be acted by his ſchool-fellows, intituled, "The Lawyer's For-"tune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" printed in 4to, 1705; a performance of ſo little merit, that his Lordſhip at a more advanced period of life endeavoured by every means in his power to ſuppreſs it; and this he might poſſibly have accompliſhed, had he not been engaged in a diſpute with the dutcheſs of Marlborough, about the Borough of St. Albans. To render him ridiculous in the eyes of his conſtituents, her Grace cauſed an impreſſion of this Play to be printed, with an Elephant in the Title-page dancing on a Rope. This edition his Lordſhip purchaſed; but her Grace, being determined to accompliſh her deſign, ſent a copy to be re-printed in Holland, and afterward diſtributed the whole impreſſion among the Electors of St. Albans; for which place he was choſen repreſentative, in 1713, 1714, and 1727. He died Oct. 15, 1756.

(which

(which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, who in a "Foreſt rides aſtray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilſt the maid is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues, that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or a turkey in ſafety for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-faſhioned glaſs, fills and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him again, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time, the old Lady cries,* "Well, "it is my bed-time; but my daughter will ſhew you the way to "yours: for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement (ſee the great judgement of the Poet!) ſhe being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *gooſe* to the fire," but here it is otherwiſe: for, after ſome intermediate diſcourſe, he is invited to a repaſt; when he modeſtly excuſes himſelf with, "Truly, Madam, I have no "ſtomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, Ma-"dam, entertained me with all that is deſirable already." *The Lady tells him,* "cold Supper is better than none;" *ſo he ſits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am ſure, Horace could not have prepared himſelf more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valentine, being love-ſick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furioſa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother the hoſpitable Lady Bonona's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verſe "Mangoes, "Potargo, Champignons, Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the Houſe-keeper makes theſe moſt important enquiries.

"Fav. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any Muſhrooms, Mangoes, or "Bamboons, into the Sallad?

"Bon. Yes, I pr'ythee, the beſt thou haſt.

"Fav. Shall I uſe Ketchop or Anchovies in the Gravy?

"Bon. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of ſome perſons is, makes her excuſe for it, with,

"Well, Gentlemen, can ye ſpare a little time to take a ſhort "dinner? I promiſe you, it ſhall not be long." It is very probable, though the Author does not make any of the gueſts give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great ſportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at leaſt one Pheaſant in the Houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheaſant-"cock, that, after my Hawk ſeized, made head as if he would "have fought; but my Hawk plumed him preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, "His maſter, "to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſapprehenſion, had ſent "her ſome viſible tokens, the Hawk torn to pieces with his own "hands;" *and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel Beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *bruſh off*, and *quit his habitation.* However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the Houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in traveling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a Scene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, "or biſks of Fiſh," is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his Mother's and Houſe-keeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their Muſhrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheeſe without bread*, and having no other drink but water.

water. *For he and his boy, with two ſaddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confuſed trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk acroſs the deſart at a diſtance, and yet they venture in*; where Valentine accoſts his boy with theſe lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

" Hang up thy wallet on that tree
" And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
" Let's here repoſe our wearied limbs till they more
" wearied be!

" BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of
" cheeſe. What ſhall we do for bread?
" VAL. When we have ſlept, we will ſeek out
" Some roots that ſhall ſupply that doubt.
" BOY. But no drink, Maſter?
" VAL. Under that rock a ſpring I ſee,
" Which ſhall refreſh my thirſt and thee."

So the Act cloſes; and it is diſmal for the Audience to conſider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it ſeems, had a coming ſtomach, ſhould continue there all the time the muſick was playing, and longer. But, to eaſe them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *cataſtrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with faſting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, ſays, " I doubt I have offended him too " much; but I will attend him home, cheriſh him with cordials, " make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's Book to help her!) " anoint his limbs, and be " a nurſe, a tender nurſe, to him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, " to get the beſt entertainment ſhe ever yet " provided, to conſider what ſhe has and what ſhe wants, and to " get all ready in few hours." And ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the " Art of Cookery" was thought

of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I ſhould be heartily glad, for the ſake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make uſe of ſo good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we ſhall obſerve it.

I have juſt now met with a ſurprizing happineſs; a Friend that has ſeen two of Dr. Liſter's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus "et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fiſh; in which, he ſays, ſome of the chiefeſt rarities are the *pizzle* and *ſpermatic veſſels* of a Snail, delineated by a microſcope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *ſub-crocean teſticle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celſus, Fernelius[e], and Harvey[f], were never maſters of. The other curioſity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opſoniis, "ſive Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this ſo important affair is not ſufficiently communicative. My Friend ſays, he has a promiſe of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I ſhall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Moſt humble ſervant, &c.

[e] Born in Picardy about the end of the fifteenth century. He made a remarkable progreſs in his ſtudies at Paris. Before he applied himſelf entirely to phyſic, he taught philoſophy in the College of St. Barbara; which he was forced to quit on the great increaſe of his practice. He was much eſteemed by Henry II, when Dauphin; who could not prevail on him to accept the place of firſt phyſician till ſome years after he came to the throne. Fernelius got a vaſt eſtate by his buſineſs; and was the author of many valuable works, which, with his Life by William Plantius his diſciple, have been frequently re-printed.

[f] Dr. William Harvey, born April 2, 1578, and immortalized by his diſcovery of the circulation of the blood. He had the happineſs, in his life-time, to find the clamours of ignorance, envy, and prejudice, againſt his doctrine, totally ſilenced, and to ſee it univerſally eſtabliſhed. It has, by length of time, been more and more confirmed; and every man now ſees and knows it from his own experience. Dr. Harvey died June 3, 1657. His works, with an admirable portrait of the Author, were publiſhed, in one volume, 4to, by the College of Phyſicians, in 1766, with an elegance which reflects the higheſt honour on that reſpectable body.

THE

# THE ART OF COOKERY, IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

## TO DR. LISTER[g].

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf,
Though drawn by Kneller [h], it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir the figure of a Feaſt,
By ſome rich Farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt;
Which, were it not for plenty and for ſteam,
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That Syllabubs come firſt, and Soups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and Poets ſtill were free,
To uſe their power in nice variety;
Hence Mackarel ſeem delightful to the eyes,
Though dreſs'd with incoherent Gooſeberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobſters, are with Fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards ſalt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garniſhes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profeſs'd,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſs'd,
What ſignify Scotcht-collops to a Feaſt?

[g] See an account of Dr. Liſter, vol. I. p. 189.

[h] Sir Godfrey Kneller was at the head of his profeſſion, from the reign of Charles II, to that of George I; and had the honour to draw the portraits of ten crowned heads, beſides ſeveral electors and princes, and moſt of the nobility of England.

Or you can make whip'd Cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef;
Who, lately ſhip-wreck'd, never can have eaſe,
Till re-eſtabliſh'd in his Pork and Peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your Deſert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in Plate.
Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of Cooks
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey Poults freſh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried;
Others, to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul,
Prepare you Muttons ſwol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the ſame things, ſome think is art.
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taſte is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting ſkill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deſerve a place in his own Hell:
Give him a ſingle coat to make, he'd do't;
A veſt, or breeches ſingly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a ſuit:
Rather than frame a Supper like ſuch cloaths,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my noſe.
You that from pliant Paſte would fabricks raiſe,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe;
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chuſe your materials right, your ſeaſoning fix,
And with your Fruit reſplendent Sugar mix:
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your Pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate's awry.
The Cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time,
T'omit what's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime.
Your infant Peaſe t' Aſparagus prefer,
Which to the Supper you may beſt defer.

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the Artiſt will accrue,
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance new.
Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown;
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare,
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Anceſtors find fault
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel ſav'd his name from death.
The Seaſons change us all. By Autumn's froſt,
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt.
But then the Spring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds ariſe.
So Stubble Geeſe at Michaelmas are ſeen
Upon the ſpit; next May produces Green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark,
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park[i]?
For Locket's ſtands where gardens once did ſpring,
And Wild-ducks quack where Graſshoppers did ſing;
A Princely Palace on that ſpace does riſe,
Where Sedley's[k] noble Muſe found Mulberries.

Since

[i] In the time of king Henry VIII, the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, incloſed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-incloſed ground and new-raiſed building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II; who added to it ſeveral fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds for water fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whoſe bloſſoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in conſequence of a ſuggeſtion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," publiſhed in 1661. (See p. 48. of an edition re-printed by B. White in 1772.) The improvements lately made ſeem in ſome meaſure to have brought it into the ſtate it was in before the Reſtoration; at leaſt, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Graſshoppers.

[k] Sir Charles Sedley was born at Aylesford, in Kent, about 1639. At 17 years of age, he was a fellow commoner of Wadham College, Oxford; and returned to his own country without taking any degree. At the Reſtoration,

Since Places alter thus, what conſtant thought
Of filling various diſhes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix thoſe things where Faſhion is the rule.
King Hardicnute, midſt Danes and Saxons ſtout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout:
Which diſh its priſtine honour ſtill retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in ſplendour reigns.
By Northern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feaſt.
Though I've conſulted Holinſhed [l] and Stow [m],
I find it very difficult to know

Who

ſtoration, he came to London; commenced wit, courtier, poet, and gallant; and was ſo much eſteemed as to be a kind of oracle among the poets. Whilſt the reputation of his wit increaſed, he became poor and debauched, his eſtate was impaired, and his morals much corrupted. In 1663, being fined five hundred pounds for a riot in Bow-ſtreet, he became more ſerious, and applied to politicks.—His daughter Catharine, having been miſtreſs to James II. before he aſcended the throne, was created counteſs of Dorcheſter, Jan. 2, 1685. Sir Charles, who looked upon this title as a ſplendid indignity purchaſed at the expence of his daughter's honour, was extremely active in bringing about the Revolution; from a principle of gratitude, as he ſaid himſelf: "for, ſince his majeſty has made my "daughter a counteſs, it is fit I ſhould do all I can to make his daughter "a queen." He died Aug. 20, 1701. His works, which bear great marks of genius, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo. 1719. Amongſt them is a comedy called "The Mulberry Garden," acted at the Theatre Royal 1668. That garden is alſo mentioned in ſeveral other comedies of the laſt century.

[l] Raphael Holinſhed, who lived in the ſixteenth century, publiſhed his "Chronicles" in 2 vols. folio, 1577; and again in 3 vols. 1587. In the ſecond edition, ſeveral ſheets were caſtrated, in compliance to queen Elizabeth and her miniſtry; but thoſe caſtrations have been printed ſeparately.

[m] John Stow was born about 1525, and died April 5, 1605. He greatly aſſiſted Holinſhed in the laſt edition of his "Chronicles;" and publiſhed his "Survey of London," in 1598, 4to. (ſince frequently reprinted; the fifth edition, in 1720, in 2 vols. folio, by Mr. Strype, with additions, and the Author's Life). In 1600, he publiſhed his "Flores "Hiſtoriarum;" reprinted with additions about five years afterward; but, even in its improved ſtate, it was a mere abridgement of a hiſtory of this

nation,

Who, to refreſh th'attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
Trotter from Quince and Apples firſt did frame
A Pye which ſtill retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty ſprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleaſures found encreaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong,
By Muſick's charm, and ſome delightful ſong:
Where every youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of Love.
How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt:
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the Muſick and the Wine.
Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook, if I'm ſo loth
To marinate my Fiſh, or ſeaſon Broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
If I my Maſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
But, through my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?
When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
When, as their future Burgeſs, you prepare,
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.
All things ſhould find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.

nation, which he had been above forty years collecting.—"Stow and "Holingſhed (ſaid an able Writer in 1727), the jeſt and contempt of their "learned and witty contemporaries, for long ſtories of *ſhews* and *ſheriffs*, "are become the ſerious amuſement of our preſent Virtuoſi. Any unin-"formed, ſenſeleſs heap of rubbiſh, under the name of a Hiſtory of a "Town, Society, College, or Province, have long ſince taken from us the "very idea of a genuine compoſition. Every Monkiſh Tale, and Lye, "and Miracle, and Ballad, are reſcued from their duſt and worms, to "proclaim the poverty of our Forefathers; whoſe nakedneſs, it ſeems, "their pious Poſterity take great pleaſure to pry into: for of all thoſe "Writings given us by the *Learned Oxford Antiquary* [HEARNE], there "is not one that is not a diſgrace to Letters; moſt of them are ſo to "Common Senſe, and ſome even to Human Nature." *Critical Enquiry*, &c. p. 63.

Sometimes

Some times the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Even Taylors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turned to Meat.
A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides aſtray,
And weary to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of Fowl or biſks of Fiſh,
But hungry ſups his Cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh:
Quenches his thirſt with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hafty Raſher from the coals:
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.
Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lye,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice controul
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make even Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat Beef or Pye-cruſt if you'd ſerious be:
Your Shell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the Sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with Toaſt and Cheeſe!
Your Betters will deſpiſe you, if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in ſmall fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A Widow has cold Pye; Nurſe gives you Cake;
From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
The Farmer has brown Bread as freſh as day,
And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.

Cornwall

Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings,
And Leiceſter Beans and Bacon, food of Kings!
At Chriſtmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old Tenants table be the ſame;
Then, if you would ſend up the Brawner's head,
Sweet Roſemary and Bays around it ſpread:
His foaming tuſks let ſome large Pippin grace,
Or midſt thoſe thundering ſpears an Orange place;
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh Muſtard, dangerous to the noſe.
Sack and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the Wine,
Waſſail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with Plumbs, and Turkeys with the Chine.
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt,
By venturing out too far you may be loſt.
By roaſting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete,
Whoſe ſavoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceneſs of their ſubject, few have writ.
In what an awkward ſound that Ballad ran,
Which with this bluſtering paragraph began:

**There was a Prince of Lubberland,**
**A Potentate of high command,**
**Ten thouſand Bakers did attend him,**
**Ten thouſand Brewers did befriend him:**
**Theſe brought him Riſing-cruſts, and thoſe**
**Brought him Small Beer, before he roſe.**

The Author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you ſue a Beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his Books,
Will ſhew us that his Heroes all were Cooks:
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the Oxe, and ſpit the loins.

Oh could that Poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verſe!
MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND MUSHROOMS KNOW!
Oh, how would Homer praiſe their dancing Dogs,
Their ſtinking Cheeſe, and Fricaſee of Frogs!
He'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Cuſtard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.
The favourite Child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.
The ſmooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians choſe,
From Play-houſe ſteps to Supper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome Inſurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content,
His Larder and his Kitchen too obſerves,
And *now*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves:
Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook muſt paſs through all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to Health and to Diſeaſe.

Far

Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.
Next, let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And, when you treat, three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your Paſtry try,
Unleſs Grandees or Magiſtrates are by:
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye [n].
Or, if you'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Paſty lodge a living Hare [o];
Then midſt their graveſt Furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than ſeven, and never leſs than three.
'Tis the Deſert that graces all the Feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
And let your various Creams incircled be
With ſwelling Fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.
Let Plates and Diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.

[n] In the reign of Charles I, Jeffery Hudſon was ſerved up to table, in a cold pie, at Burleigh on the Hill, the ſeat of the duke of Buckingham; and, as ſoon as he made his appearance, preſented by the ducheſs to the queen, who retained him in her ſervice. He was then ſeven or eight years of age, and but eighteen inches in height; and grew no taller till after thirty, when he ſhot up to three feet nine inches. The king's gigantic porter once drew him out of his pocket, in a maſque at court, to the ſurprize of all the ſpectators. Soon after the breaking out of the civil war, he was made a captain in the royal army; attended the queen, in 1644, into France, where he fought a duel with Mr. Crofts, with piſtols, on horſeback, and killed his antagoniſt the firſt fire. After the Reſtoration, he was impriſoned in the Gatehouſe, on ſuſpicion of being concerned in the Popiſh plot, and died in confinement in his ſixty-third year. Granger, vol. II. p. 405.

[o] A joke which has been frequently put in practice.

The

The Feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſu'd:
The cheerful Maſter midſt his jovial friends.
His glaſs "to their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health,
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleaſes re-aſſumes his place:
While at his gate, from ſuch abundant ſtore,
He ſhowers his god-like bleſſings on the poor.
In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions ſtew'd,
And in their Baſket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give conſent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And through the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign ſparkled equal with their Lace:
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were ſent
To grace the levee of a General's tent.
In their gilt Plate all delicates were ſeen.
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.
When the young Players get to Iſlington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
Prentices, Pariſh-clerks, and Hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the bouncing Ale,
At Conſtables and Juſtices they rail:
Not thinking Cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing,
That Common Council Men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With ſoftening Mead and Cheeſe-cake ends the ſtrife.
Even Squires come there, and, with their mean diſcourſe,
Render the Kitchen, which they ſit in, worſe.
Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids moſt gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,

Here

Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings reveling with delight.
What theſe approve the great men will diſlike:
But here's the art, if you the palate ſtrike,
By management of common things, ſo well,
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall excel;
While others ſtrive in vain, all perſons own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.
When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You'll rightly then compoſe an *ambigue:*
Where firſt and ſecond Courſe, and your Deſert
All in one ſingle table have their part.
From ſuch a vaſt confuſion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raiſe a ſtructure grateful to the ſight.
Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footſteps tread:
The French our reliſh help, and well ſupply
The want of things too groſs by decency.
Our Fathers moſt admir'd their Sauces ſweet,
And often aſk'd for Sugar with their Meat;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal beſtow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey ſtrew'd.
Inſipid Taſte, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.
Tom Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a cart:
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would pleaſe,
And from the ſame machine ſell Pecks of Peaſe.
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimſey-boards went round,
Beſs Hoy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a ſtall;
Her Currants there and Gooſeberries were ſpread,
With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
And every ſound and every voice was tried.
At laſt the Law this hideous din ſuppreſs'd,
And order'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt;
And that no Nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell,
Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.

There is no diſh but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French Kickſhaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
Th'effects of native ingenuity.
Our Britiſh Fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time; would they with leiſure work,
With care would ſalt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALER DUE.
Becauſe that thrift and abſtinence are good,
As many things if rightly underſtood;
Old Croſs condemns all perſons to be Fops,
That can't regale themſelves with Mutton-chops.
He often for ſtuft Beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Peſt-houſe, ſhuns.
Sometimes Poor Jack and Onions are his diſh,
And then he ſaints thoſe Fryars who ſtink of Fiſh.
As for myſelf, I take him to abſtain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely ſet,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon's paſt,
What's ſtale, what choice, what plentiful, what waſte,
And lead him through the various maze of taſte.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the market ſends in loads of food,
They all are taſteleſs till *that* makes them good.
Beſides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd pleaſe a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A teſty Father or a haughty Mother:
Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
Or elſe ſome ſmiles from Court you may deſire:
Or would, perhaps, ſome haſty Supper give,
To ſhew the ſplendid ſtate in which you live.
Purſuant to that intereſt you propoſe,
Muſt all your Wines and all your Meat be choſe.

Let men and manners every diſh adapt,
Who'd force his Pepper where his gueſts are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat Beef and ſtoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob ſhall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the niceſt art
*Ragoûts* of Peacocks-brains, or Filbert-tart.
The French by Soups and *Haut-goûts* glory raiſe,
And their deſires all terminate in praiſe.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to ſave all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the Father, "ſee a Pin lies there,
"A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year.
"To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more;
"And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four!"
Thus may your ſtock by management encreaſe,
Your wars ſhall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and ruſty coin prevail,
What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?
Cooks garniſh out ſome tables, ſome they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture ſhew their ſkill:
Clog not your conſtant meals; for diſhes few
Encreaſe the appetite, when choice and new.
Even they who will Extragavance profeſs,
Have ſtill an inward hatred for Exceſs.
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in diſguiſe,
Or that fantaſtic diſh ſome call *ſurprize.*
When pleaſures to the eye and palate meet,
That Cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like SIR-LOIN'S KNIGHTHOOD, flies;
Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.
Good-nature muſt ſome failings overlook,
Not wilfulneſs, but errors of the Cook.
A ſtring won't always give the ſound deſign'd
By the Muſician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the deſtin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the diſh,
Or no fried Parſley ſcatter'd on the Fiſh;

Shall I in paſſion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which careleſſneſs might overſee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compaſſion once may overlook
A Skewer ſent to table by my Cook:
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault commit,
For fear the Raſcal ſend me up the Spit!
  Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his Veal:
But, when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone, would it not move your ſpleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep.
Even Lamb himſelf, at the moſt ſolemn feaſt,
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.
  Tables ſhould be like pictures to the ſight,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light,
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their *delicace* command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.
  Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldeſt Son:
"Though wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, "though taught by me,
"Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory:
"There are ſome certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we ſay are *tolerably well*:
"There's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
"Whom they diſtinguiſh as of *middle* ſize,
"For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books,
"But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
"From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſure ſprings
"To *ſtall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
"A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
"Which no way to the main deſign belong,

"Or

" Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
" Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiſs'd:
" So in a Feaſt no intermediate fault
" Will be allow'd; but, if not beſt, 'tis naught."
He that of feeble nerves and joints complains
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abſtains;
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the Wreſtling-place,
Leſt Vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace.
But every one to Cookery pretends,
Nor Maid or Miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a Pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll ſee when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout.
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.
Our Cambrian Fathers, ſparing in their Food,
Firſt broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.
Sharp Hunger was their ſeaſoning, or they took
Such Salt as iſſued from the native rock.
Their Sallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant Water-graſs, or ſavoury Leek;
Until the Britiſh Bards adorn'd this Iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt, and how to boil:
Then Talieſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh Harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung:
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future Heroes due example ſet,

By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to Gallantry enclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er Beef-ſteaks,
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's Book [P], whoſe Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependance lies on ſome Receit.
Then by pure Nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and boil'd.
When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragoût*, or charming *Fricaſee*.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter rains,
And from the fire of Wine and Love abſtains;
No Artiſt can his Hautboy's ſtops command,
Unleſs ſome ſkilful Maſter form his hand;
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried,
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at ſchool.
Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, ſome cry;
But 'tis with an intention men ſhould buy.

[P] That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef Steak Club."—Richard Eſtcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef Steak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk ribband. He died in the year 1713.

Others

Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That, if you'll let them treat, they'll aſk no more:
And 'tis the vaſt ambition of their ſoul,
To ſee their Port admir'd, and Table full.
But then, amidſt that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk ſo very much, and laugh ſo loud,
Who with ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
How well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays;
Tell him his Livery's rich, his Chariot's fine,
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
Surrounded thus, how ſhould the Youth deſcry
The happineſs of Friendſhip from a Lye?
Friends act with cautious temper when ſincere,
But flattering Impudence is void of care:
So at an Iriſh Funeral appears
A train of Drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing oft their hands with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And Love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers wiſe,
They from their meat would baniſh all the *Flies!*
The Perſian Kings, with Wine and maſſy Bowl,
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul:
That, ſo laid open, no one might pretend,
Unleſs a man of worth, to be their Friend.
But now the Gueſts their Patrons undermine;
And ſlander them, for giving them their Wine."
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they'll be taught,
They ſpread the net, and will themſelves be caught.

Were Horace, that great Maſter, now alive,
A Feaſt with wit and judgement he'd contrive.
As thus:—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd Work, and every Diſh a Verſe.
He'd ſay, "Mend this, and t'other Line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,
He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or ſet ſome Diſh more curious in its place.

If you perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
A paſſion ſo delightful as Self-love.
We ſhould ſubmit our Treats to Criticks' view,
And every prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu [9].
Judgement provides the Meat in ſeaſon fit,
Which by the genius dreſt, its ſauce is Wit.
Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the decorum of the Stage.
The Critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
And 'tis even ſo the Butler chips his Cruſt.
Poets and Paſtry-cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame.
Chimæra's from the Poet's fancies flow:
The Cook contrives his ſhapes in real Dough.
When Truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modeſt love corrects his Friend,
Though 'tis in toaſting Bread, or buttering Peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe 'tis better to have none at all.
There's often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
'Tis by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe,
A Kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The Fowler and the Huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.

[9] M. Le Rene Boſſu, a native of Paris, began the courſe of his ſtudies at Navarre; where he diſcovered an early taſte for polite literature, and ſoon made a ſurprizing progreſs in all the valuable parts of learning. His firſt great publication was, a "Parallel, or Compariſon betwixt the Principles "of Ariſtotle's Natural Philoſophy and thoſe of Deſcartes, Paris, 1674." And next year produced his celebrated treatiſe on Epic Poetry, which, Mr. Boileau ſays, is one of the beſt compoſitions on the ſubject that ever appeared in the French language. It has gone through ſeveral editions. To one printed at the Hague, in 1714, F. Le Courayer has prefixed a diſcourſe on that treatiſe, and ſome encomiums on it; and has alſo given ſome memoirs of the author, who died March 14, 1680, aged 42; and left a vaſt number of Mſ. volumes, which are kept in the abbey of St. John de Chartres.

Empedocles,

Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raiſe
A Name immortal by unuſual ways;
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd,
He thought by *roaſting* to be made a God.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have Fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I'd rather than himſelf his Fiſh ſhould fry.
There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
That to your private Table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a Fox, they'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Even quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're ſcampering, ſtop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of his prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
Were it in my election, I ſhould chuſe,
To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got looſe:
He'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
No quarter from the Paraſite you'll get;
But, like a Leech well fix'd, he'll ſuck what's good,
And never part till ſatisfied with Blood.

## LETTER IX.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his Cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays, that it is a very handſome Octavo; for, ever ſince the days of Ogilby[r], good paper and good print and fine cuts make a Book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author ſtrangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, Engliſh Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monſter vomited up by a Baker, and ſuch like; which, if carefully peruſed, would wonder-

r "Here ſwells the ſhelf with OGILBY THE GREAT." *Dunciad*, i. 141. John Ogilby, famous for the number as well as the embelliſhment of his publications, was born at Edinburgh about Nov. 17, 1600. He was by profeſſion a dancing-maſter; but, getting lame by an accident, applied himſelf to ſtudy. He tranſlated the works of Virgil, and publiſhed them, with his own picture prefixed, in 8vo, 1649-50. It was re-printed in 1659, on royal folio; and has his picture before it, as moſt of the books which he publiſhed have. At fifty-four years of age, he learned the Greek tongue, and ſet about his tranſlation of Homer, which was publiſhed in 1660. The ſame year he alſo printed a very fine Bible at Cambridge. In 1662, he was appointed maſter of the revels in Ireland. On his return to London, he continued his employment of tranſlating and printing poetry till the great fire in September 1666, which deſtroyed his whole property. He had afterward the good fortune to be appointed his majeſty's coſmographer and geographic printer; and printed ſeveral great works, tranſlated or collected principally by himſelf. His laſt and greateſt undertaking was an "Atlas," which he did not live to finiſh; dying Sept. 4, 1676. He was employed by Charles II. to take a ſurvey of the roads of the kingdom; and the poſts were regulated according to that ſurvey. See Granger. — Winſtanley, in his "Lives of Poets," ſpeaks of "Ogilby's large volumes, his tranſlations of Homer and Virgil *done to* "*the life*, and with *ſuch excellent ſculptures*: and (what added great grace "to his works) he printed them all on *ſpecial good paper*, and in a *very* "*good letter*."

fully

fully improve us. There is, it ſeems, no Manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend ſays, he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, whatever Manuſcripts there might have been, they muſt "have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out "by the Cooks themſelves, or ſome of their Friends or Servants, "who are not always the moſt accurate." And then, as my Friend obſerved, if the Cook had uſed it much, it might be ſullied; the Cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the State to order a ſelect Scrivener to tranſcribe Receipts, leſt ignorant Women and Houſe-keepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobſters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it ſeems, paſſes for the Author of this Treatiſe; whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Phyſick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, ſays, that "the Kitchen "is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as making uſe of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Phyſicians; and, if kept at a conſtant penſion, their fees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a "great deal of wit and judgement in all affairs that related to "Eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of Aumulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the laſt of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of firſt making Sauſages of Shrimps

Shrimps, Crabs, Oyſters, Sprawns, and Lobſters. And theſe Sauſages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And, it ſeems, under his adminiſtration, a perſon that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake[s] or Dampier[t] might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend ſays, the Editor tell us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æſopus had a ſupper of the tongues of Birds that could "ſpeak;" and that "his Daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them; how "Hortenſius left "ten thouſand Pipes of Wine in his Cellar, for his Heir's drink-"ing;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fiſh-ponds with Man's "Fleſh;" and how "Cæſar bought ſix thouſand weight of "Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper." He ſays, the Editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Phyſicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills to a modern Apothecary; and that this cuſtom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the Weſtern Em-

[s] Born in Devonſhire in 1545. Before he had the royal ſanction for his depredations, he was a famous freebooter againſt the Spaniards. He was the firſt Engliſhman that encompaſſed the globe; which he performed in two years and about ten months, from 1577 to 1579. Magellan, whoſe ſhips paſſed the South Seas ſome time before, died in his paſſage. On the 4th of April, 1581, her majeſty conferred on Drake the honour of knighthood. In 1587, by burning 100 veſſels at Cadiz, he ſuſpended the threatened invaſion for a year; and about the ſame time, took a rich Eaſt India carrack near the Terceras, by which the Engliſh gained ſo great inſight into trade in that part of the world, that it occaſioned the eſtabliſhment of the Eaſt India Company. In 1588, he was appointed vice-admiral under lord Effingham, and acquitted himſelf in that important command with his uſual valour and conduct. He died Jan. 28, 1595-6.

[t] Captain William Dampier was born in Somerſetſhire in 1652. He was employed in a voyage to the South Seas, with Woodes Rogers, at the time Dr. King wrote this Letter; from whence he returned in September, 1711. His voyage round the world is well known, and has gone through many editions.

pire;

pire; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of Cheeſe and Veniſon without thoſe additional Sauces, which the Phyſicians of old found out to reſtore the depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the ruins of Eraſiſtratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrenſis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionyſius of *Sugar-ſops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poſſet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegeſippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hogs-harſlet*, Aceſtius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickeſius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philiſtion of *Oat-cakes*, and ſeveral other ſuch Authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his Annotations upon Apicius; whoſe Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are nauſeous; but our Editor defends that great perſon, by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "the Antients uſed no Pepper," whereas all or at leaſt five or ſix hundred of Apicius's Delicates were ſeaſoned with it. For we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from Salt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to Rue, Cummin, Parſley-ſeed, Marſh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raiſins, Muſtard and Oil, Rue, Maſtick, and Cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petus was the great patron of Cuſtard: "That the *Tetrapharmacon*, "a diſh much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander "Severus, was made of Pheaſant, Peacock, a Wild Sow's Hock "and Udder, with a Bread Pudding over it; and that the name "and reaſon of ſo odd a diſh are to be ſought for amongſt the "Phyſicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the Firſt treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that Sauce-

pans

pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a Glaſs of Bitter in a Morning; that the Antients ſcalded their Wine; and that burnt Claret, as now practiſed, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Diſh, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Muſtard and Honey, before the frequent uſe of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to thoſe ages. It is very probable, they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas. It were worth a Diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæſar introduced it into Britain: and it is ſtrange he ſhould take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's fleſh; that the Antients uſed to *marinate* their Fiſh, by frying them in Oil, and the moment they were taken out pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator obſerves, that the beſt way of keeping the Liquor in Oyſters is, by laying the deep Shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia. A noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new faſhion, deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The Firſt Book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for Reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages, both with ſkins and without, which contains matters no leſs remarkable than the former. The Antients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own Muſhrooms with an Amber or at leaſt a Silver Knife; where the Annotator ſhews elegantly, againſt Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, leſt the ruſtineſs of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of ſuch Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans uſed *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator ſhews our Salt-petre at preſent to differ from the

ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them firſt with Oil and Salt, and ſo boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the preſent Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and ſo not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a moſt extraordinary obſervation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Ruſſian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being ſo very high they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather out of kindneſs to themſelves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Aſparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to riſe in the Stomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey: that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their firſt diſh at Supper: that the beſt way to roaſt Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who ſold the *Agreſte Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in ſpring-time very wholeſome.

The Fourth Book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſic, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law; ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this Book which bears that inſcription. The Firſt Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruiſe in a Mortar Parſley-ſeed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raiſins ſtoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Cruſts of Pycentine Bread, the Fleſh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Veſſine Cheeſe, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced ſmall; pour a Soup over it, garniſh it with Snow, and ſend it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unuſual veſſel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was eaſily perſuaded, from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſticalneſs of Snow for its garniture, that the

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an "elegant Sauce, preſcribed after a phyſical manner, in form "of an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue, Parſley-ſeed, Juniper, "Thyme dried, Mint, Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion Sauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Phyſicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found out that young Foxes were in ſeaſon in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the ſweeteſt of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had ſent him one, or a Pig, he would make it laſt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the moſt exquiſite Animal was reſerved for the laſt Chapter; and that was the *Dormouſe*, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from Cooks and Phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and ſo boiled for Sauſages. In ancient times, people made it their buſineſs to fatten them: Ariſtotle rightly obſerves, that ſleep fattened them, and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the Winter, as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls itſelf up in a ball to ſleep. This Dormouſe, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do ſo, I cannot tell, becauſe Bambouſelbergius's Treatiſe "of Fattening "Dormice" is loſt. Though very coſtly, they became a common diſh at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dreſſing them, and ſerving them up with Poppies and Honey; which muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl-pye to ſuch as want a nap after dinner. The fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exceſſive towards them, that, as Pliny ſays, "the Cenſorian Laws and Marcus Scaurus in his "Conſulſhip,

"Conſulſhip, got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their ſubjects in ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewiſe, that "*ſcales* were brought to table in thoſe ages, to "weigh curious Fiſhes, Birds and Dormice," to ſee whether they were at the ſtandard of excellence and perfection, and ſometimes, I ſuppoſe, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occaſion, to ſhew "of how great "uſe ſcales would be at the tables of our Nobility," eſpecially upon the bringing up of a diſh of Wild-foul: "For if twelve "Larks (ſays he) ſhould weigh below twelve ounces, they would "be very lean, and ſcarce tolerable; if twelve and down-weight, "they would be very well; but if thirteen, they would be fat "to perfection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of Eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties; and told my Friend, that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that, if the Annotator had not preſcribed his Dormouſe, I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting-days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My Friend ſaid, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience.

"'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
"And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep[x];"

eſpecially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fiſh, where, amongſt other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day; and, having ſuffered much at ſea, came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt Lobſters. He aſked if they had no larger. They anſwered, "Their ſea produced nothing more

[x] Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

"excellent than what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him, that he took pet, and bad the Maſter return home again immediately: and ſo, it ſeems, Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before [y]. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dreſs Cramp-fiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them [z]; the Cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the Poureontrel, or Many-feet; the Sea-urchin or Hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often eat their Oyſters [a] alive, and ſpread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It ſeems, the Ancients were very fantaſtical, in making one thing paſs for another; ſo, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook ſent up a fat Gooſe, Fiſh, and Wild-fowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook; the King was extremely affected with freſh Herrings (as indeed who is not?); but, being far up in Aſia from the ſea coaſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a Herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *guſto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton Ale, and not coſting above ſix pence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty.

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fiſh Sauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is

[y] Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the moſt humourous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King.

[z] The wonderful electric properties of the *Torpedo* have been lately inveſtigated with the greateſt accuracy by the indefatigable reſearches of John Walſh, eſq. F. R. S.

[a] The hiſtory of the ordering and generation of *green* Colcheſter oyſters, by Col. Tuke, is in Sprat's Hiſt. of the R. S. p. 307.

generally

generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil Fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the Philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that daintineſs, that they would not eat a Fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, "that it might taſte of "the Sea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other matters I may "confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not con- "ſiſtent with my gravity and prudence. I will truſt nothing but "my own eyes. Bring the Fiſh hither, let me ſee him breathe "his laſt." And, when the poor Fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more "more beautiful than a dying Mullet!" My Friend ſays, the Annotator looks upon theſe "as jeſts made by the Stoicks, and "ſpoken abſurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their Fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their Friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live Herrings and gaſping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our Lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted; our Eels uſe the ſame periſtaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend ſaid, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongſt the Sybarites "would fiſh for Eels, or ſell them, ſhould be free from all "taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the

Sybarites, of whom I ſhortly intend a Hiſtory, ſhewing how they deſervedly baniſhed Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being uſeful; how one cried out becauſe one of the Roſe-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horſes to dance; and ſo their enemies, coming againſt them with *guitars* and *harpſichords*, ſet them ſo upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thouſand of them ſlain, as Gouldman [b], Littleton, and ſeveral other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overſtayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caſpar Barthius, and another Friend, with himſelf, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Diſhes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, ſhould be a Salacacaby, a Diſh of Fenugreek, a Wild Sheep's head and appurtenance with a ſuitable Electuary, a *ragoût* of Capons Stones, and ſome Dormouſe Sauſages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Veniſon-paſty, you ſhould ſend for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

[b] Francis Gouldman (who was educated at Chriſt's College, Cambridge, was ſometime rector of S. Okenham in Eſſex, and died 1689) publiſhed a Latin and Engliſh Dictionary, in three parts, 1664, 4to; which was ſeveral times re-printed, and in 1674 much enlarged by W. Robertſon, as it was again in 1678 by Dr. Scattergood. All the editions were printed at Cambridge.—The deſign of Gouldman, according to Dr. Littleton, his ſucceſſor in this ſort of learning, was rather to make new additions, than to correct former miſtakes, or to throw out the many barbarous words which had crept into the Dictionaries then extant: for this reaſon Dr. Littleton (of whom ſee vol. II. p. 82.) undertook to reform it.—A Dialogue between Gouldman and Heſychius is printed in vol. I. p. 155.

THE

THE

# ART OF LOVE:

IN IMITATION OF

# OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

WITH A PREFACE,

CONTAINING

## THE LIFE OF OVID.

The virtuous diſpoſition of our Author is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece; wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love which ſtands in need of a remedy.

BIOG. BRIT.

TO THE

# LORD HERBERT[a],

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY[b]; Baron HERBERT of Caerdiff, Ross of Kendal, PARR, FITZ-HUGH MARMION, ST. QUINTIN, and HERBERT of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of Love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home, which

[a] Henry lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749.

[b] Thomas earl of Pembroke, on the acceſſion of William and Mary, was ſent ambaſſador extraordinary to Holland; on his return to England, was ſworn of the privy council; made colonel of a regiment of marines, and appointed firſt commiſſioner of the admiralty; lord privy ſeal in March 1691; firſt plenipotentiary at Ryſwick in 1697; lord preſident of the council, May 11, 1699; lord high admiral of England and Ireland, Jan. 18, 1701-2. The latter poſt he reſigned in May 1702, to make room for the prince of Denmark; and was offered on that occaſion a great penſion, which he generouſly refuſed. He was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, April 17, 1707; and on the prince's death, Oct. 28, 1708, again lord high admiral. Toward the end of the year 1709, finding that office too fatiguing, he obtained permiſſion to reſign it. He died in 1732. To the patronage of this noble lord Dr. King was indebted for his offices of Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and Keeper of the Records in Ireland.

others

others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt Offices of the Crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious Father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your Poſterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your ſervice, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordſhip; and that I am moſt entirely

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

# PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of the Art of Love; ſuch a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Antients, amongſt whom none has touched that paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than OVID. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book De Triſtibus, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum "Luſor Amorum," as if he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion. He tells us, he was a native of Sulmo, a city of the Peligni, about ninety miles to the North Eaſt of Rome: that it was called ſo from Solymus, a companion of Æneas, who was the founder of it about four hundred years before the building of that City. This Solymus married a daughter of Æneas, who brought four with him from Troy: the firſt he left married in Thrace, the ſecond in Peloponneſus, and the third in Epirus. Ovid, in the Second Book of his Elegies, inviting his Miſtreſs to Sulmo, deſcribes it as one of the moſt charming places that could be, to divert the ſummer's heat; refreſhed with ſtreams of water, rich paſtures, corn, grapes, olives, and ſhade in abundance. Hercules Ciofanus, a native of the place, has given a large and accurate account of it, before his excellent obſervations upon Ovid's Works, which deſerved the commendations of Muretus, Manutius, and Meliſſus, the greateſt wits of that time. Ovid was born on the day when the two Conſuls Hirtius and Panſa were ſlain at Mutina, fighting againſt Mark Antony, who had been declared an enemy to the people of Rome; which was on the twenty-firſt [c] of March, in the 710th year after the building of that City. Lucius, his father, was a Roman Knight of an antient family, which had preſerved that dignity from the original of the order. Ovid had a brother, exactly a year older than himſelf, named Lucius. They were both ſent to Rome for their education under the beſt maſters, where the

[c] According to others, the *nineteenth*.

eldeſt

eldeſt improved much in the ſtudies of the Law, and was maſter of a vigorous and manly eloquence: but our Publius ſays, there ſeemed to himſelf ſomething that was ſacred and celeſtial in the Muſes, which ſtole all his inclinations; and though he conſidered his Father's advice [d], which told him of the unprofitableneſs of that ſtudy, and laid before him the miſerable poverty of Homer, and therefore endeavoured to turn his ſtyle to Proſe, yet Verſes would be intermixed, and the words fall into numbers without or even againſt his will: ſuch was his natural genius and eaſineſs, that he could no more refrain them, than a large ſpring can hinder itſelf from ſending forth a pleaſing river. At twenty years old his brother died, for whom he complains as having loſt a companion and a friend. By this means he became heir to a large patrimony in the territories of Sulmo, and to a houſe in that city, where there is now the Church of Sancta Maria de Tumba; as alſo to another houſe in Rome, near the Capitol, where is at preſent the Church of Sancta Maria della Conſolatione; as likewiſe to pleaſant orchards upon the hills between the Flaminian and Claudian ways, in which he might recreate himſelf with his Muſes. In theſe he uſed to employ many hours, watering them, as he tells us, with his own hands, as being moſt extremely delighted with all ſorts of Gardening and Huſbandry. Some of his firſt Maſters were Plotius Grippus and Marcellus (by ſome ſtyled Aurelius), Fuſcus the Rhetorician, under whom he declaimed to admiration, and gained ſo much reputation, that Marcus Annæus Seneca reckons him amongſt the principal of his time. Ovid ſays, he pleaded the cauſes of ſeveral criminals with good ſucceſs, and that he ſeveral times was arbitrator, and managed matters ſo impartially, that the very perſons againſt whom he decreed applauded his juſtice. He bore ſuch offices as his dignity required, and gave ſentences in ſuch Judicatories as by law he was called to; but did never aſpire to be a Senator, as having a body not fitted for labour, nor a mind patient enough to ſuſtain the cares of ambition. He was of mean ſtature, ſlender of body, ſpare of diet, and, if not too amorous, every way temperate. He drank no wine but what was much allayed with water; neat in apparel; of a free, affable, and courtly behaviour. He took the reſolution of ſpending his time with perſons moſt noted for worth and learning:

[d] "Sæpe pater dixit, Studium quid inutile tentas?
"Mæonides nullas ipſe reliquit opes." Triſt. l. iv.

ing: amongſt whom, Cornelius Gallus a moſt wealthy and noble Roman, and Marcus Varro, were his Patrons; Julius Græcinus an eminent Grammarian, and that famous Author Julius Hyginus keeper of the Palatine Library, were his particular friends. He was ſo great an admirer of Portius Latro and his Sayings, that he made uſe of many of them in his Verſes. His chief delight was in the converſation of the Poets of his time, and he never thought himſelf bleſt but in their company; either when he was learning the nature of Birds and Serpents, and the virtue of Herbs, from Macer; or the charms of Love's fires from Propertius; or Heroic Actions of the Theban War, equal to that of Troy, from Ponticus; or the reproof of Vice and Folly from the Iambicks of Baſſus; or, laſtly, all variety of learning and numbers from the Lyre of Horace, to whom his liſtening ear was the more attentive, becauſe he firſt brought the Lyric meaſures amongſt the Romans, for which he had ſufficient cauſe to glory. As Ovid paid due regard to the Poets that preceded him, ſo he lets us know that he did not want fitting reſpect from thoſe that were younger than himſelf. He complains, not without reaſon, that he had only a ſight of Virgil; and that death hindered the friendſhip that had elſe been between him and Tibullus, to whom he gives the ſecond place amongſt the Elegiac Poets, as being ſucceſſor to Gallus: he makes Propertius the Third, and was himſelf the youngeſt. He began to write very ſoon, and had a reputation before the age that others generally appeared in the world. He owns, he had a heart that eaſily took fire, and that Love was the ſubject of his Verſes: but it was without reflexion or diſreputation to any one, though ſome people pretended to find out the perſon who was concealed under the feigned name of Corinna. He had written his Heroical Epiſtles before ſuch time as the regard he bore to Marcus Varro made him accept of a command, and ſerve under him in Aſia. In his return from thence, he made a ſtay at Athens, where he attained to the utmoſt exactneſs in the Greek tongue: from thence he went to Alexandria, and in both theſe places undoubtedly furniſhed himſelf with thoſe vaſt mines and huge ſtores of Grecian and Egyptian learning, and all that Hiſtory, Poetry, and moſt occult Philoſophy, which appear in all his Works, but eſpecially in his "Metamorphoſes." Macer the Poet, before mentioned, was his companion in theſe travels. Having ſeen moſt of the Aſiatic cities, they came into Sicily toge-

ther,

ther, and diverted themſelves there for almoſt a year's ſpace with the rarities of that country. He had three wives; the firſt when he was not quite ſixteen years old, from whom, as he ſays, for ſufficient reaſons, he was divorced; and ſo likewiſe from the ſecond, not for any real blame in her, but for diſlike, according to the licentiouſneſs of the times: but he extols often the chaſtity and beauty of the laſt, whom he inſtructed in Poetry, and entirely affected, ſhe continuing inviolably conſtant to him, during all his misfortunes, notwithſtanding many importunate ſolicitations. By the laſt he had a daughter, named Perilla, married to Cornelius Fidus, by whom ſhe had two children. He continued long in favour at the Court of Auguſtus, till, in the fiftieth year of his age, he fell under the Emperor's diſpleaſure. The reaſon is unknown at this time, and of little uſe to conjecture; though he ſays that at Rome every one was acquainted with it[e]. He ſeems ſatisfied that he had buried his father, being ninety years old; and his mother likewiſe, being antient, ſoon after him; that ſo their old age might not be grieved at his misfortunes. He expreſſes all the duty to them that ſo good-natured a ſon could do poſſibly; and, if he could, would make their ſhades ſenſible, that it was an *error*, and not a *crime*, for which he ſuffered. He received commands to *retire* to Tomi, a city of Sarmatia bordering on the Euxine Sea: for Cæſar would not give it ſo harſh a name as *baniſhment*. He had a ſhip of his own in the Bay of Corinth, on which he made his voyage to the Euxine; and then performed the reſt of his journey on foot to a place the utmoſt and

[e] He ſays in ſeveral parts of his works, the cauſes of his miſery were two: his having compoſed books on the Art of Love, and his having *ſeen ſomething*. He does not tell us what it was he ſaw; but gives us to underſtand, that his books contributed leſs to his diſgrace than that did: and on his complaining to Love, that, after labouring to enlarge *his* empire, he obtained nothing for his reward but baniſhment, Love anſwers,

"Utque hoc, ſic utinam defendere cætera poſſes:
"Scis aliud, quod te læſerit, eſſe magis."

De Ponto, l. iii. ep. 3.

And in his Second Book De Triſtibus, l. ii. ver. 103, he compares himſelf to unfortunate Actæon, who had undeſignedly ſeen Diana naked, and ſuffered for it. Various attempts have been made to conjecture what he *ſaw*; but it ſtill remains an uncertainty.

moſt

moſt inhoſpitable of any that a Roman had ever been confined to. He complains of the dangers and miſeries of his paſſage, and the injuſtice of his companions and ſervants: but, reſolved that his ſpirit ſhould not ſink under his misfortunes, he made uſe of his reſolution to overcome them, and prevailed ſo far as to conquer his temper, that had been too much given up to eaſe; and began to paſs his days in ſome content, by means of thoſe verſes which he made for his own ſatisfaction, without any hopes of their coming to the peruſal of others. And in this adverſity of the Poet his character appears with the greateſt luſtre: here he ſhews a courage undaunted, a ſpirit not to be caſt down, a conſtancy of love to the partner of his bed, and a friendſhip inviolable to thoſe perſons of honour that he had confided in, many of which were of Conſular dignity. He often ſolicited his repeal by the mediation of Germanicus Cæſar and others, or that he might at leaſt be removed to ſome more temperate clime: but, he ſays, his hopes forſook him upon the death of Auguſtus. Yet in the ſixth year of his confinement he ſtill continued to ſolicit it, and to theſe ends his writings out of Pontus were deſigned: in one of them to his wife, he undertakes to ſhew her, that his expedition was more dangerous than that which Jaſon made for the Golden Fleece; as likewiſe in another to Pedo Albinovanus, a famous Poet, that he had undergone more than Ulyſſes in all his twenty years: ingeniouſly thus contriving to bring either of thoſe noble ſubjects to be comprehended in one of his ſhort Epiſtles. Some of theſe Letters were to his relations, as Rufus Fundanus, his wife's uncle; Suillius, that had married his wife's daughter; to Salanus and Severus, eminent Poets; to his friends Rufinus, Gallio, Tuticanus, Atticus, with whom he had been moſt intimate, and many others: as to Maximus Cotta, who firſt ſent him a moſt elegant Oration, and then the images of Auguſtus, Tiberius, and Livia, which were a ſight in thoſe parts that occaſioned great veneration. He writes to Veſtalis, then Governor of Pontus, ſprung from Daunus and the Alpine Kings; as likewiſe to Cotys, the ſon of Cotys King of Thrace, who was then warring upon the Getes, to enlarge his territories, that he might be protected from thoſe incurſions; and this, amongſt others, he prays from the topic of Poetry, to which that Prince, it ſeems, was much addicted. He writes likewiſe to Græcinus, one of his eldeſt acquaintance, to congratulate him upon his being deſigned

Conſul; as likewiſe to Sextus Pompeius, when he had the like view of that dignity; and at the ſame time acknowledges, that his life, and the continuance of it, had been owing to his good offices. Nor did he omit writing to Meſſalinus, ſon to a celebrated Orator of that name, and a great favourite in the Court of Auguſtus: but one that he moſt relied on was Fabius Maximus, a man of the greateſt honour, that would not deſert a friend for the frowns of Fortune; eſpecially one that, as Ovid had done, had loved and regarded him from the very time of his birth, and had been dependant upon that family, and eſpecially his father, who was a perſon famous for his eloquence as well as his great dignity, and was the firſt Patron of Ovid's Muſe, having encouraged him to venture his compoſitions to try their ſucceſs in publick. But he loſt this good friend in the fifth year of his confinement; and therefore his expectation of relief was more entirely thrown upon the confidence he had in the generoſity of Brutus, to whom he wrote many pathetic Letters on that occaſion. In the midſt of the Getic wars, his good-humour gained ſo far upon their barbarous nature, that they became converſable with him; ſo that he attained their language to perfection, and made it ſubmit to numbers ſo far, that he wrote a Poem in it. In an Epiſtle to Carus, who was Tutor to the two Cæſars, he tells him, "The ſubject was the praiſes of Auguſtus: that he taught "them, that though the body of Auguſtus was mortal, yet his "divine part was gone to the heavens: that his ſucceſſor Ti- "berius was equal to the virtues of his father, though his mo- "deſty would have made him refuſe the title of Emperor: that it "was queſtionable whether Livia, reputed as the Veſta of her "time for her modeſty, was more happy and glorious in a "huſband or a ſon: that no family could be better ſupported "than the Emperor's, by two ſuch ſons as Germanicus and "Druſus." He recited all this and much more to the Barbarians, who by warlike ſigns teſtified their applauſe; they exempted him from all public burthens; they even againſt his will ſet garlands upon his head; and uſed him in all reſpects as kindly as his own countrymen would have done: therefore he did not ſolicit a removal out of any diſlike to the people of the place, but for the inclemency of the climate. He muſt certainly have been a perſon univerſally beloved; for he had that happineſs, that Envy never pretended to criticiſe upon any of his writings; for, as he

paid due veneration to antiquity and the learned men of the time, ſo he owns that his Readers, whilſt he was living, gave him ſuch a portion of fame, as he rightly judged would laſt him to all poſterity. As his birth was reported to have happened with that of Tibullus, one the moſt polite, the other the moſt ingenious, of the Elegiac Poets; ſo Livy is ſaid to have died the ſame day with him, being the firſt of January, that in both he might be moſt nobly and honourably accompanied. Some Authors think that he died at Tomos, in the fifth year of Tiberius. Some ſay he lived ſeven years, nine months, and eleven days; others eight years, and ſome months; others nine, and others ten years, under his misfortunes. All which may be the more uncertain, ſince we have none of his Works ſince the Fourth Book of his Letters from Pontus, which were written in the ſixth year. As he was honoured when living, ſo his funerals were celebrated by the Getes with univerſal ſorrow. He was, as ſays Euſebius, buried near the gates of the city, where a monument was erected for him hard by a lake which retains his name. His Sepulchre is reported by Abraham Ortelius [f], who cites Gaſpar Bruſchius for his Author, to have been found in the year 1508, with a magnificent coverture, on which was this Epitaph:

FATUM NECESSITATIS LEX.

*Hic ſitus eſt Vates, quem divi Cæſaris ira*
*Auguſti, patria cædere juſſit humo.*
*Sæpe miſer voluit patriis occumbere terris,*
*Sed fruſtra; hunc illi fata dedere locum.*

As tranſlated by Mr. Sandys:

FATE THE LAW OF NECESSITY.

" Here lies that living Poet, by the rage
" Of great Auguſtus baniſhed from Rome,
" Who in his country ſought to inter his age,
" But vainly: fate hath lodg'd him in this tomb."

[f] A celebrated geographer, born at Antwerp in April 1527. He traveled a great deal in England, Ireland, France, Italy, and Germany; and became poſſeſſed of many rarities, in antique ſtatues, medals, and ſhells. He publiſhed "Theatrum Orbis Terræ," and a "Theſaurus Geographicus, &c." and died June 10, 1598.

Iſabella Queen of Hungary, about the year 1540, ſhewed to Petrus Angelus Barcæus, when he was at Belgrade, a ſilver pen with this inſcription, "Ovidii Naſonis Calamus;" denoting that it had belonged to Ovid. This had not long before been found amongſt ſome old ruins, and ſhe eſteemed it as a venerable piece of antiquity. The elegant Poet Cœlius Calcagninus, when he was in Sarmatia, wrote an Elegy, wherein he deſcribes the manners of the Scythians, and ſays, "that not only Tomiſvar but "other places contend for the reſidence of Ovid; and that the "pen remains, wherewith he uſed to relieve his tedious hours in "thoſe regions;" where Cœlius teſtifies all to be true that Ovid has recorded of them. And certainly never any two Poets had a Muſe more like than theſe, ſo fitted to the Elegiac ſtyle. Calcagninus has a rarity in his Works not eaſily to be found elſewhere, a copy of verſes all Pentameters; which whether they are not too ſoft, may be a queſtion; however, being ſhort, ſhall be tranſcribed, though not attempted in Engliſh:

*Deſte, Amor, ad Tumulum; ſolve, Elegēia, comas;*
*Myrrha, tuos crines; pone, Hyacinthe, tuos.*
*Quintia obit, ſed non Quintia ſola obit:*
*Riſus obit, obit Gratia, Luſus obit:*
*Quintia obit, ſed cum Quintia et ipſe obii;*
*Nec mea nunc anima in pectore ſed tumulo eſt.*
*Hei mihi non poſthac decipietur Amor,*
*Cui mater crebro Quintia viſa fuit,*
*Inque hujus poſuit neſcius arma ſinus,*
*Arma, inquam, quæ me ſurripuere mihi.*
*Heu! heu! triſte jugum quiſquis Amoris habet,*
*Et prius ac norit ſe periiſſe perit.*

Angelus Politianus[g], another incomparable imitator of Ovid, bewails the exile and death of that Poet in ſtrains ſo ſoft and moving, that I cannot tell whether any language but the Latin is capable of expreſſing it. Criſpinus, the learned Editor of the Dauphin's Ovid, has eſteemed it ſo much, as to let it be twice printed in thoſe volumes. Nor does Julius Scaliger upon the ſame ſubject want ſuch ſtrokes as were uſual to ſo great a Maſter.

g Born at Tuſcany in July 1454. He was a prieſt and canon of Florence. His works have been much admired, and frequently re-printed. He died in 1494.

The verſes which Ovid deſired his wife might be upon his tomb in large characters were theſe:

*Hic ego qui jaceo tenerorum Luſor Amorum,*
*Ingenio perii Naſo Poeta meo.*
*At tibi qui tranſis non ſit grave quiſquis amaſti*
*Dicere, Naſonis molliter oſſa cubent!*

In which he continues his opinion, that his maſterſhip in the Art of Love would be his glory, notwithſtanding he had ſuffered by it; and deſires every traveller that had been in love would wiſh ſoft reſt to his bones, which they muſt do unleſs they would be ungrateful.

As to his Works [h], his "Elegies to Corinna" were the firſt that were produced in publick, which were in Five Books, but afterward by him reduced to Three. The ſubjects ſprung wholly from his own thoughts and imagination, nor does he ſeem to have borrowed any hint from the Greeks, with whoſe language at that time in all probability he was not converſant. Of theſe, according to Mr. Dryden, it may be ſaid, "That, if they be compared "with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, it will be found that "they ſeldom deſigned before they wrote. And though the "language of Tibullus be more poliſhed, and the learning of "Propertius, eſpecially in his Fourth Book, more ſet off to "oſtentation; yet their common practice was to look no further "than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they "can drive to no certain point. But Ovid has always the goal "in his eye, which directs him in his race; ſome beautiful de-"ſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means "which will naturally conduct him to his end." His next Work, in probability, was his "Epiſtles;" which he aſſerts as his own invention, and therefore juſtly glories in them. The wit of them is ſo copious, that almoſt every two lines may ſeem an Epigram. Mr. Dryden obſerves, that "they are generally granted "to be the moſt perfect piece of Ovid; and that the ſtyle of them "is tenderly paſſionate and courtly, two properties well agree-"ing with the perſons who are Heroines and Lovers." His next was his "Art of Love," in Three Books: concerning which it is hoped at preſent, that though heretofore they fell under the diſpleaſure of Auguſtus; yet that now they are ſo managed, as

[h] The beſt edition of them is by Burman, Leyden, 1714, 4 vols. 4to.

that they may venture within the verge of the court without any forbiddance. About the ſame time came forth his Two Books of the "Remedies of Love," and a ſmall one of the "Improve-"ment of the Face;" and ſome few ſuch pieces as that upon the "Nut-tree," and perhaps ſome others. I ſuppoſe theſe to have been all done before his travels into Greece and Egypt, in which he made collections out of multitudes of Authors (beſides Parthenius of Chios, who treated on a like ſubject) to compile his Fifteen Books of "Metamorphoſes;" than which all Authors agree that nothing can be more ingenious, nothing more excellent, artificial, or graceful, than the contexture of Fable with Fable, which, in ſuch diverſity of matter, are ſo cunningly woven together, that all appear but one ſeries. Yet, as he was going into baniſhment, out of vexation at his own Poetry, which was aſſigned (though only colourably) to have been the cauſe of it, he was reſolved to burn them. But there were too many copies got abroad; and therefore he excuſes the faults that may be in them, as not having received his laſt correction: and yet they are ſome of the moſt beautiful things that we have received from the antients. As moſt perſons that love Poetry ſome time or another venture upon the Stage; ſo Ovid ſhewed what he could perform that way in a Tragedy called Medea[1], which is now loſt, but was then received with great applauſe. Cornelius Tacitus thinks that neither Aſinius nor Meſſala, in any of their compoſitions, came up to the Medea of Ovid: and Quintilian ſays, that by that Tragedy the Poet ſhews how much he was able to do, when he would rather temper than indulge his wit. After his diſmiſſion from court, he had occaſion to make uſe of a ſatirical ſtyle, which he always before had induſtriouſly avoided; but it was upon high provocation, and yet he does it under the concealed Name of Ibis. He is ſuppoſed to have written it in full paſſion, either in his voyage, or as ſoon as he came to the Euxine ſhore, againſt a perſon that took occaſion from his miſfortunes to ſcandalize and reproach him; to make his wife uneaſy; to endeavour to reduce him to the utmoſt poverty by depriving him of his eſtate, which Auguſtus had entirely left him; for which clemency, in many excellent Verſes, the Poet is not ungrateful. He profeſſes to have imitated Callimachus, who falls

[1] "Medea," by Mr. Glover, the author of "Leonidas," is perhaps the moſt claſſical tragedy in the Engliſh language.

upon

upon Apollonius Rhodius in a Poem under the ſame title. There can nothing include more of the antient Fable and Hiſtory than this ſmall Work; eſpecially of ſuch as have come to any fatal miſchances. To alleviate his misfortunes, he wrote his Five Books "De Triſtibus," which are a ſort of Epiſtles; but to perſons he thought, for ſome reaſons, it would then be improper to name. As likewiſe his Four Books of "Letters from Pontus," addreſſed to perſons of the higheſt quality, as beforementioned, from whom he expected at leaſt ſome hopes of the relaxation of his puniſhment. In all theſe, the ſerenity of his mind, the juſtneſs of the thought, the clearneſs and propriety of the expreſſion, the evenneſs of the numbers, the tender moving of compaſſion, intermixed with various topicks of perſuaſive eloquence, have made Bellori affirm, that Ovid has made his very grief delightful; and that, whether he was upon the banks of Tiber, or upon thoſe of the Danube, yet he ſtill ſeemed to be in the midſt of Helicon [k], It was here that Ovid compoſed his Twelve Books of the Faſti; which is as much as to ſay, he put the Roman Almanack and Calendar into verſe: a bold undertaking; and yet, in the Six Books [l] that remain, there is not only the moſt exact deſcription of the Roman Ceremonies, Cuſtoms, and Antiquities [m]; but, in ſo obſcure, barren, and dry a ſubject, he has proceeded with all the perſpicuity, copiouſneſs, ſplendid ornaments, and beautiful deſcriptions, that can be imagined: inſomuch that Heinſius thinks nothing can be more eaſy, plain, and natural, than the ſtory of Lucrece, where the impatience of young Tarquin and his companions, and the ſpeed of their horſes in carrying them to Rome, does not come up to that quickneſs of thought

[k] Mr. Cowley remarks, that, by the ſtyle of Ovid's Epiſtles *ex Ponto* and his *de Triſtibus*, very unlike that of his Metamorphoſes, one may ſee the humble and dejected ſpirit in which he wrote. The cold of the country, and his own deſpair, had benumbed his faculties.

[l] Many of the Learned ſuppoſe that no more than Six Books were ever written. In the ſecond book de Triſtibus, ver. 548, Ovid ſays,

"Sex ego Faſtorum ſcripſi, totidemque libellos,
"Cumque ſua finem menſe volumen habet."

It is matter of doubt whether he means *ſix*, or *twice ſix*.

[m] Selden calls Ovid "a great canon lawyer," merely from theſe books, as giving us the beſt account of the religion and feſtivals of the old Romans.

which Ovid ſhews in his comprehenſive verſes. In this retirement, Ovid likewiſe began his "Halieutica," or Book of Fiſhes; for it is a queſtion whether he ever finiſhed it: but by that which remains it appears to have been an excellent and moſt uſeful Hiſtory of Nature; wherein he deſcribed many ſorts that were in that ſea, with their wonderful qualities, whoſe very names had before been unknown to Pliny, that moſt induſtrious Naturaliſt among the Romans. This ſubject Oppian afterward purſued in Greek verſe, and dedicated to the Emperor Antoninus. Ovid tells us of another Work that he compoſed in Pontus, which was "The Triumph of Germanicus," which, in his Epiſtles from thence to Salanus and Rufinus, he recommends to their protection. But this is loſt, as were ſeveral others: amongſt which may be reckoned his Conſolation to Livia upon the Death of Druſus, from whence Seneca has made uſe of many things in his Conſolations; his Epigrams, mentioned by Priſcian and Martial; his Book "De Phænomenis," ſpoken of by Probus and Lactantius; his Book againſt Poetaſters, quoted by Quintilian; a Collection of Prophecies, and Two Books of the War of Actium, dedicated to Tiberius Cæſar, but not completed. At his departure from Rome, he threw many things into the fire; which he believed afterwards might have given ſatisfaction to the Reader, if they had not met with ſuch an irreprievable condemnation. There are ſeveral other things attributed to him; as, the Panegyrick to Piſo, the Nightingale, the Flea, and a Poem about an Old Woman, in Three Books, which, being very ſilly, is very ſcarce; but Criſpinus tells us, the fooliſh Author would impoſe it upon the world as if it were as true as Goſpel. In all his Works, Ovid's wit is acknwledged to be luxuriant, which his riper age would have corrected in his "Metamorphoſes:" but he ſhews how difficult it would have been to him by the Letters which he continued to write in his exile with the utmoſt exuberance of thought and expreſſion. Scaliger and Mr. Dryden differ upon the point, whether Ovid knew how to leave off when he had well begun; but then Mr. Dryden deſcribes him as "varying the ſame ſenſe a hundred ways, and yet that the moſt ſevere "cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the prodigality of his wit: "that every thing which he does becomes him; and if ſome-"times he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of "youth which accompanies his writings." In Ovid's ſtyle is a

native

native ſimplicity, which whoever goes about to mend, will find he corrupts it. He ſays more by Nature than Art can come up to. What he does, ſeems to be produced without pain; but it would be in vain for the greateſt labour to attempt it. Scaliger takes notice, that uſing the ſame word or expreſſion too often is a fault of ſome Authors that pretend to be correct; but that the Princes of the Poets, Virgil and Ovid, are free from the ſuſpicion of it. The obſervation is juſt; and yet Ovid ſhews how great a Maſter he was of words, by his repeating them even to advantage, as in thoſe moſt ſweet Verſes of Phillis to Demophoon:

*Credidimus blandis, quorum tibi copia, verbis;*
*Credidimus generi, nominibuſque tuis.*
*Credidimus lacrymis; an et hæ ſimulare docentur?*
*Hæ quoque habent artes, quáque jubentur, eunt.*
*Diis quoque credidimus: quo jam tot pignora nobis?*
*Parte ſatis potui qualibet inde capi.*

Which, amongſt the moſt ingenious Verſions of the Epiſtles, I find thus tranſlated by Mr. Edward Pooley[a]:

" I fooliſhly believ'd the oaths you ſwore,
" The race you boaſted, and the Gods you bore.
" Who could have thought ſuch gentle words e'er hung
" Upon a treacherous and deluding tongue?
" I ſaw your tears, and I believ'd them all:
" Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?
" What needed all that numerous perjury?
" One was enough to one that lov'd like me."

Some have thought he had too much compaſſion for his own failings, and that he rather loved than would any ways correct them. Seneca tells us, that, being deſired by his Friends to leave out of his Works only three Verſes, he complied, on condition that he might ſave three. Both parties wrote, and put the lines into the Arbitrator's hands, which, being produced, proved to be the ſame. Two of them are recorded by Pedo Albinovanus the Poet, and his great Friend, who was there preſent; which were theſe:

*Semibovemque virum, ſemivirumque bovem.*
*Sed gelidum Borean, egelidumque Notum.*

[a] In the " Tranſlation by ſeveral Hands," publiſhed by Tonſon.

Whereby it appears that his admirable wit did not want an anſwerable judgement in ſuppreſſing the liberties of his Verſe, if he had not affected it: and he was uſed to ſay, that a mole did not miſbecome a good face, but made it more lovely. However, Ovid has had the greateſt character among the Learned in all ages: for, beſides the many great names beforementioned, Velleius Paterculus, a curious judge, joins him with Tibullus, as the two perſons that had brought their Poems to perfection. By Martial and others he is placed with Virgil, as being both conſummate in their way. The Fathers Lactantius, St. Jerom, and St Auſtin, have not denied his "Metamorphoſis" its juſt commendation. Planudes[o] tranſlated it into Greek, to reſtore that Learning, part of which had been brought from thence back again to his own country. Stephens moſt juſtly eſteems him the beſt Painter amongſt the Poets. Heinſius thought, that whoever would be drawn to the life muſt ſit to him. And Raphael Regius ſays, that his commanders, their ſtratagems, and their battles, are ſo touched by his pencil, that whoever views them attentively will imagine himſelf ſo engaged, as to take part in their conflicts. And then no Poet has more naturally deſcribed the manners of the perſons he mentions, nor is more ſententious, nor better expati-

[o] A monk of Conſtantinople; who lived at the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth century, and ſuffered ſome perſecution on account of his zeal for the Latin church. "That idiot of a Monk" (ſays Dr. Bentley, Diſſ. on Æſop, p. 147) "has given us a Book, which "he calls *The Life of Æſop*, that perhaps cannot be matched in any lan-"guage for ignorance and nonſenſe.—But of all his injuries to Æſop, that "which can leaſt be forgiven him is the making ſuch a monſter of him "for uglineſs; an abuſe, that has found credit ſo univerſally, that all "the modern Painters ſince the time of Planudes have drawn him "in the worſt ſhapes and features that fancy could invent.—I wiſh I "could do that juſtice to the memory of the Phrygian, to oblige the "Painters to change their pencil: for it is certain, he was no deformed "perſon, and it is probable he was very handſome." In this particular, the Fabuliſt has had the fate of our Engliſh Richard III; who, whatever other epithets he deſerved, had no right to that of CROOKBACKED. One of the arguments, however, by which Dr. Bentley has vindicated the beauty of Æſop, is "becauſe his fellow ſlave was fair beyond ex-"ception;" a topic, which (it has been pleaſantly obſerved) may be of great uſe to all public ſocieties, becauſe it makes all the members of them alike wiſe and pretty. See "A ſhort Account of Dr. Bentley's Humanity, "&c." p. 94. And ſee above, p. 58.

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ates upon the common-places of morality; as temperance, friendſhip, love of his country, labour, valour, learning, honeſty, contempt of wealth, decay of outward beauty, and hopes of a laſting reputation raiſed by virtue. It may from this ſmall remark be ſeen what opinion the world had of this Author, and how acceptable he was to them, when the ſame Regius, who wrote the firſt Comment on the "Metamorphoſis," vented fifty thouſand of them in his life-time. His perſon was in ſo great favour in his proſperity, that his picture was cut in precious ſtones, and worn by them in their rings. He mentions one of them with a crown of ivy on his head, which, in one of his melancholy Letters, he ſays was no longer a fitting ornament for him; and he ſpeaks of another ſet in a ring of gold. Our ingenious countryman Mr. Sandys [p] tells us, he had ſeen his figure in a cornelian of exquiſite workmanſhip, and an old medal of ſilver ſtamped with his image; and thoſe he has placed before his Tranſlation of the Metamorphoſis. Hercules Ciofani [q] gives it us as delineated from an antient marble found at Sulmo, and given him by his Friend Julius Agapetus. Urſinus has a head of him in his collections. There are ſeveral others; one from an antient medal in the Dutch edition; another in the Dauphin's: but the moſt excellent, and that ſeems to approach neareſt to the character of the original, is that repreſented by Peter Bellori, Library-keeper and Antiquary to the Queen of Sweden, among his images of antient Philoſophers, Poets, and Orators, ſet out in the year 1685; the eſteem which his moſt learned Excellency Spanhemius has ſhewn

[p] George Sandys, ſon of Edwin archbiſhop of York, born about 1578, publiſhed "Ovid's Metamorphoſis, engliſhed, mythologized, and repreſented in figures, Oxford, 1632," folio. Francis Cleyn was the inventor of the figures, and Solomon Sabang the engraver. He had before publiſhed part of this tranſlation; and in the preface to this ſecond edition he tells us, that he has attempted to collect out of ſundry authors the philoſophical ſenſe of the fables of Ovid. Mr. Dryden pronounced him the beſt verſifier of the laſt age. He was alſo an excellent geographer and critic; and publiſhed in 1615 his travels to Turkey, &c. He was of the privy-chamber to Charles I; and died in March 1643-4. From the Ovid of Sandys, and the Homer of Ogilby, Mr. Pope firſt took his taſte for poetry.

[q] This learned Italian, who publiſhed his annotations in 1578, was induced to undertake that taſk from the honour he received in being the countryman of Ovid. He is commended by Scaliger, for having written well, and for being an honeſt man.

for it in his Diſſertations [r] will make others regard it. The medal is of braſs, with Ovid's Head on one ſide, and on the Reverſe the Head of Menander Parrhaſius, who cauſed this Monument to be made for poſterity. Nicolaus Heinſius, in his laſt Edition of Ovid, prefixed this head to it, as he received it from that exquiſite treaſure of Medals collected by Felicia Rondanina, a moſt noble and learned Roman Matron. And the generoſity and good-nature of Sir Andrew Fountain, in communicating it out of his great ſtock of learned curioſities, is gratefully to be acknowledged [s].

There has been in this Preface ſo much ſaid of Ovid, that there may be leſs room to ſpeak of the following imitation. It is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that Author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not ſay that Sir John Denham [t], or Mr. Cowley, have carried this Libertine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far as this definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley [u] had Pindar to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations: but, the preſent ſubject being Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the Antients have ſo great

[r] De præſtantia & uſu numiſmatum antiquorum, Romæ, 1664, 4to. This learned writer and able ſtateſman, after having been employed in embaſſies at moſt of the courts in Europe, died at London, Oct. 28, 1710, aged 81.

[s] Dr. King alludes to a Frontiſpiece prefixed to his firſt edition.

[t] Sir John Denham was born at Dublin in 1615; and died March 19, 1668. His "Poems and Tranſlations" have been frequently printed in one volume. That which Mr. Dryden ſpeaks of is called "The Deſtruction of Troy, &c."

[u] See note on ver. 2040.

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a fund of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It is moſt likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the expreſſions of his Author, as a literal Tranſlator: and after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and if there is any thing that may ſeem pardonable, the Latin [w] at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy [x]: "What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en." There were many reaſons why the Imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral Verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts rather than keep it in Three Books. Theſe may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his "Georgicks," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable Fable, which carries with it ſome Moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the Six firſt Parts as the Firſt Book, and divide the Eight laſt, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the "Remedy of Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the Imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſired to imitate his Author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's Works were, ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

[w] In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery" and of the "Art of "Love," Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations.

[x] Congreve's Love for Love.

THE

# THE ART OF LOVE.

## PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
Let him but read theſe verſes, and improve.
Swift ſhips are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails:
Skill guides our chariots, Wit o'er Love prevails.
Automedon with reins let looſe could fly,
Tiphys with Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
In Love-affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
And ſureſt pilot to incautious youth.
Love 's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then conſider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
Tho' he'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
He bore a ſecret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with ſtrict obedience ties
The ſinewy arm by which brave Hector dies.
That was *his* taſk, but fiercer Love is mine:
They both are boys, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſtiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
And the moſt fiery courſer champs the bitt:
So Love ſhall yield. I own, I've been his ſlave,
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave:
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whiſtling arrows die in ſound.
Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art,
In what I teach ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.

Yet

Yet ſtill 'twill be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant chaſtity, grave matrons' pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this Work; ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The Soldier that Love's armour would defy
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly:
When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
The only conqueſt then is to retreat:
But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your change:
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught,
No happineſs is found but what is fought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn.
The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of ſleep,
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:
And he that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire
Muſt ſearch where Virtue may that flame inſpire.
To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
The bleſſing may be met with nearer home.
From India ſome, others from neighbouring France,
Bring tawny ſkins, and puppets that can dance.
The Seat of Britiſh Empire does contain
Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
As fruitful fields with plenty bleſs the ſight,
And as the milky way adorns the night:
So *that* does with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
Whoſe dove-like ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
There tendereſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
Whilſt by their ſmalleſt twine the captive's led.
There youth advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you gueſs at years.
Sometimes you'll ſee theſe Beauties ſeek the ſhade
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;

Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
Or Kenſington, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though moſt great[y].
  Sometimes in wilder groves by chariots drawn
They view the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze,
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
  To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat,
With waters to diſpel the parching heat;
But youth with reaſon there may oft admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
  Sometimes at marriage rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns,
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's Queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame;
A ſubject fit for never-dying fame:
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.
  But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhow;

[y] George Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly admired theſe fine gardens.—They were purchaſed by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch; were enlarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with the place, that ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the Green-houſe, which is very beautiful. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their preſent ſize, three miles and a half in compaſs.

Then

Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe;
Leſt the ſubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
And they who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
Then may their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
And grant your wiſhes for your country's ſake.
Eaſe to their beauties wounds may goodneſs give;
And ſince you make all happy, let you live.
Sometimes theſe Beauties on New-market plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with ſilken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-atteſted breeds.
There youth may juſtly with diſcerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit ſpy
That which his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.
It is no treacherous or baſe piece of art,
T'approve the ſide with which the Fair takes part:
For equal paſſion equal minds will ſtrike,
Either in commendation or diſlike.
For, when two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
And we're ſpectators of the bloody ſight,
Our nimble paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
The man to whom we muſt and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we ſtart!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the ſmart.
And Nature by ſuch inſtances does prove,
That we fear moſt for that which moſt we love.
Therefore, if chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip, or be untied,
Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the fair.
We offer ſmall things to the powers above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heaven does ſeem again to raiſe;
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſter-ſtroke
In every thing ſhe did, and all ſhe ſpoke;

Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again;
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his Queen retreat,
And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet.
The Queen approv'd the thought, and made him great [z].
Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations, that ſhe *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good.
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains:
But all declares the Britiſh ſubjects' eaſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilſt the pomp of Majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps, and eight well-choſen ſteeds,
From every palace beauties may be ſeen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with graces like her own,
Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk:
The anſwers are the Lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was't that he with ſword victorious ſtood,
" And made their trembling ſquadrons chuſe the flood?
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt
" Preſides o'er councils of the Royal breaſt?
" Sea-fights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emperor got ſome Envoy here?
" Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian Lords appear?
" Who repreſents the Line of Hanover?

[z] Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his riſe at court. See above, p. 93.

" Don't

" Don't The States General aſſiſt them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this ſolemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have ſtood
" Without the hazard of our nobleſt blood?
" At Ramillies what enſigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
" Was it the Conqueror's buſineſs to deſtroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wiſh but fame eternal give,
" The laurels on thoſe brows ſhould ever live!"
The Britiſh worth in nothing need deſpair,
When it has ſuch aſſiſtance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard;
And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.

## PART II.

IN Love affairs the Theatre has part,
That wiſe and moſt inſtructing ſcene of art,
Where Vice is puniſh'd with a juſt reward,
And Virtue meets with ſuitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendſhip find return,
But treacherous Inſolence is hiſs'd with ſcorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without bluſhes whilſt a virgin ſees,
Upon ſome brave ſpectator Love may ſeize,
Who, till *ſhe* ſends it, never can have eaſe.
As things that were the beſt at firſt
By their corruption grow the worſt;
The modern Stage takes liberties
Unſeen by our forefathers eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So ſwarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the Comedy,
For to be ſeen, and not to ſee.

But, though theſe females are to blame,
Yet ſtill they have ſome native ſhame:
They all are ſilent till they're aſk'd,
And ev'n their impudence is maſk'd:
For Nature would be modeſt ſtill,
And there's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and Plays had harmleſs been,
And might by any one be ſeen,
Till Romulus began to ſpoil them,
Who kept a Palace, call'd ASYLUM;
Where Baſtards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
Were liſted all to be commanders.
But then the raſcals were ſo poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore;
And neighbouring Jades reſolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with ſuch Scrubs they'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were ſeen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
No Ghoſts came from the cellar crying,
Nor Angels from the garret flying.
The Houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
And all the Floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes:
The Seats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
Whence Heroes might be view'd and Gods.
Paris and Helen was the Play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bad his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his ſhow.
Unto this Opera no rate is;
They all were free to come in *gratis*:
And they, as girls will ſeldom miſs
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wiſhing, ſighing, thinking,
Not without whiſpering and winking.
Their pipes had then no ſhaking touch:
Their ſong and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Becauſe they had no Eunuchs then.

But, whilſt the muſick briſkly play'd,
Romulus at his cue diſplay'd
The ſign for each man to his maid.
" Huzza!" they cry; then ſeize: ſome tremble
In real fact, though moſt diſſemble.
Some are attempting an eſcape,
And others ſoftly cry, " A rape!"
Whilſt ſome bawl out, " That they had rather
" Than twenty pound loſe an old father."
Some look extremely pale, and others red,
Some wiſh they'd ne'er been born, or now were dead,
And others fairly wiſh themſelves a-bed.
Some rant, tear, run; whilſt ſome ſit ſtill,
To ſhew they're raviſh'd much againſt their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at laſt,
After ſo many ages paſt,
Their rapes and lewdneſs without ſhame;
Their vice and villany's the ſame.
Ill be their fate who would corrupt the Stage,
And ſpoil the true corrector of the age!

## PART III.

NOW learn thoſe arts which teach you to obtain
Thoſe beauties which you ſee divinely reign.
Though they by Nature are tranſcendent bright,
And would be ſeen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greateſt luſtre ſtill diſplay
In the meridian pitch of calmeſt day.
'Tis then we purple view, and coſtly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults ſeek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their Fair-one as inconſtant too.
When Modeſty ſupported is by Truth,
There is a boldneſs that becomes your youth.
In gentle ſounds diſcloſe a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your ſighing and deſpair,

Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence ſometimes will try
At things which Juſtice cannot but deny.
Then, what that ſays is Inſolence and Pride,
Is Prudence with firm Honour for its guide.
The Lady's counſels often are betray'd
By truſting ſecrets to a ſervile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whoſe inſidious brain
Are baſe, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffuſive mirth;
Suſpicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With ſly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender Females than the Trojan Horſe.
Take care how you from Virtue ſtray;
For Scandal follows the ſame way,
And more than Truth it will deviſe.
Old Poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *ſurprize*.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory:
Amongſt the which, pray take this Story.
Crete was an Iſle, whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a Bull was fed,
Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,

That

That liv'd hard by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,
When through her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was hight,
And, as her Father, ſhe was bright.
This Lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this Bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
She'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the Kine
Then at her Toilet ſhe would ſay,
" Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day.
" Sure my glaſs lies, I'm not ſo fair:
" Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!
" I never was for top-knots born;
" My favourites ſhould each be horn.
" But now I'm liker to a Sow
" Than, what I wiſh to be, a Cow—
" What would I give that I could lough!
" My Bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their cloaths:
" Did he but love me, he'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then ſhe'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome Cow did ſpy,
She'd ſcan her form with jealous eye.
Say, " How ſhe friſks it o'er the plain,
" Runs on, and then turns back again!
" She ſeems a Bear reſolv'd to prance,
" Or a She-aſs that tries to dance.
" In vain ſhe thinks herſelf ſo fine:
" She can't pleaſe Bull-y; for he's mine.
" But 'tis revenge alone aſſwages
" My envy when the paſſion rages.

" Here, Raſcal, quickly yoke that Cow,
" And ſee the ſhrivel'd carrion plough.
" But ſecond counſel's beſt: ſhe dies:
" I'll make immediate ſacrifice,
" And with the victim feaſt my eyes.
" 'Tis thus my Rivals I'll remove,
" Who interpoſe 'twixt me and what I love.
" Io in Egypt 's worſhip'd now,
" Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
" 'Twas on a Bull Europa came
" To that bleſt land which bears her name.
" Who knows what Fate's ordain'd for me
" The languiſhing Paſiphaë,
" Had I a Bull as kind as ſhe!"
When madneſs rages with unuſual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench deſire;
Then Vice transforms man's reaſon into beaſt,
And ſo the monſter's made the Poet's jeſt.

## PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill deſign.
The grape, when ſcatter'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay.
Then courage riſes, when the ſpirit's fir'd,
And rages to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd:
Care vaniſhes through the exalted blood,
And ſorrow paſſes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul,
Whoſe thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain ſimple truth from a diſſembling heart.
Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run,
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun;

Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs;
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good-nature will take t'other ſup,
If ſhe'll firſt kiſs, that he may kiſs the cup.
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat.
But, if a Brother or a Huſband's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a ſpy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedneſs of a true friend;
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree:
The perſon that is meant by all is *ſhe*.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhion.
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatic ſtealth
She is the toaſt belongs to every health:
And all the Lover's buſineſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from ſleep,
He'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
But ſtill the Gentleman's extremely fine,
There's nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in a drunken fit.
To lay this matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilſt I tell my ſtory.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnoſſis a girl had loſt her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings ſtand:
And half awake ſhe roar'd as bad
As if ſhe really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her ſhoes were ſlipt, her ankles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theſeus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnoſſis ſo?

You in your ſcull' did promiſe carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then laſt night away did creep,
And baſely left me faſt aſleep.
Then ſhe is falling in a fit;
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!
Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtroling for a punk.
Six links and lantherns, 'cauſe 'twas dark yet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden Market:
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd leſt he ſhould break their pates.
But, as along in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral folks, whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old Bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their houting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in't of hell.
And who ſhould all this rabble meet,
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler.
Her conduct thrice bad her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullruſhes on ſide of brook,
Or aſpin leaves, her joints all ſhook.

Bacco cry'd out, " I'm come, my dear,
" I'll ſoon diſperſe all thoughts of fear:
" Nothing but joys ſhall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Proteſted, " She ſhould have no harm:
" But rather would aſſure her, he
" Rejoic'd in opportunity
" Of meeting ſuch a one as ſhe:
" And that, encircled all around
" With glaſs and candles many a pound,
" She ſhould with bells command the bar,
" And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star:
" That the good company were met,
" And ſhould not want a wedding treat."
In ſhort, they married, and both made ye,
He a free Landlord, ſhe a kind Landlady.
The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
To an exceſs of drink in childrens ſight.
The parent thus their innocence would ſave,
And to the load of Wine condemn the ſlave.

## PART V.

THE ſeaſon muſt be mark'd for nice addreſs:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour leſs.
Not the wiſe Gardener more diſcretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful ſeeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, muſt guard his flowers,
Than Lovers do to watch their moſt auſpicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each riſing ſtar,
Where ſigns of future calms or ſtorms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its Feſtival as well as Faſt,
Nor does its Carnival for ever laſt.

What

What was a viſit, now is to intrude;
What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his Rival grieves.
Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words endite:
By Scrope [a], by Duke [b], by Mulgrave [c], then be taught,
And Dryden's [d] equal numbers tune your thought,
Submiſſive

[a] Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls

"The Mob of Gentlemen who write with eaſe."

He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings conſiſt of Tranſlations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with ſome Love Songs and Lampoons. They are to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miſcellanies. He died ſome time in the year 1680.

[b] A writer of the ſame claſs, and with about the ſame degree of merit, as Sir Car Scrope. He appears to have been of Cambridge, and a friend to Mr. Otway, who has addreſſed a Poetical Epiſtle to him. His Works are alſo printed in Dryden's Miſcellanies. "Dr. Duke (ſays Swift) "died ſuddenly two or three weeks ago: he was one of the *Wits* when we "were children; but turned parſon, and left it, and never wrote further "than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verſes. He had a fine li-"ving given him by the biſhop of Wincheſter about three months ago; "he got his living ſuddenly, and he got his dying ſo too." Journal to Stella, Feb. 14, 1710-11. It appears by Le Neve that Dr. Duke was a prebendary of Glouceſter.

[c] John Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, born about 1650, ſucceeded his father in that title in 1658. He was a man of uncommon wit and ſpirit, and of no leſs gallantry and politeneſs. He cultivated an early acquaintance with Dryden and other men of genius; to whom he was indebted for a much greater ſhare of his reputation than was derived from his perſonal merit. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf early as a naval commander; lived in great familiarity with the duke of York; and ſerved him with the ſincereſt attachment after he aſcended the throne. He was inſtalled knight of the Garter, May 29, 1674; made a gentleman of the bedchamber, colonel of the old Holland regiment, governor of Hull, and commander of the forces ſent againſt Tangier; lord chamberlain of the houſehold, Oct. 20, 1685; created marquis of Normanby, May 10, 1694; on the acceſſion of queen Anne, lord privy ſeal; duke of Buckingham and Normanby, March 23, 1702; lord ſteward of the houſehold, Sept. 1710; preſident

Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſuppliants be.
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.
HOPE is an uſeful Goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs.
Though much is loſt at play; yet HOPE at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-ſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing 'tis for life you puſh:
Your Letter will not, though yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh Youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech.
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe.
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield:
'Gainſt that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, tho' clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight;
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.
Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.

preſident of the council, June 12, 1711. He died Feb. 24, 1720-21. His writings were ſplendidly printed in 2 volumes, 4to in 1723; and again (but much caſtrated) in 2 vols. 8vo, 1729. His poetry, though commended by Roſcommon, Dryden, Lanſdown, Prior, Garth, and Pope, has incurred the cenſure of Warton and of Walpole. The duke's only ſon (by his third wife Catharine daughter to the counteſs of Dorcheſter) dying at Rome, 1735, juſt when he had entered his twentieth year, left the family eſtate to be inherited by natural children, of which the duke had ſeveral.

[d] See above, p. 62. This truly great poet,

"Dryden, the great high prieſt of all the Nine,"

after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral beſtowed on him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of quality. His *Prefaces*, Dr. Swift ſays, vol. VII. p. 64. have been of great uſe to modern Criticks;

"Though merely writ at firſt for filling
"To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling."

Suppoſe

Suppoſe that your firſt Letter is ſent back;
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppoſe ſh' has read, but then no anſwer gave:
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but 'tis to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace.
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war:
She'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair diſdain through every place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace.
If to the Play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.
Fly to the Park, if thither ſhe'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you'll find
Majeſtic Truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.
Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs:
There's ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolytus freſh hunting from the woods,
O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff-box might have fail'd.
No youth that's wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
There's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,

Might

Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory's told:
There's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim,
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood,
When Thraſius ſaid, "That bleſſing to regain,
"The Gods require a ſtranger ſhould be ſlain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Buſiris cries:)
"I'll make th' adviſer his own ſacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, firſt and laſt of's trade,
For Phalaris a Bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the braſier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his Bull to bellow.
The Tyrants both did right: No law more juſt
Than, "He that thinks of ill, ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief,
When terminating in another's grief:
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs, they ſay, at perjury in Love.

They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to rob the mind of eaſe.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
A Tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.
Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they who through this courſe of miſchief run
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.
  Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An Apple where 'twas two to one
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long;
But you may find it in the Song.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother,
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
  It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.
But, when they ſought the country round,
There's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him,
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him:

" My

" My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
" This once for to become a lady.
" This petticoat and mantua take,
" And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
" I've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
" Becauſe you're ſomething of the talleſt.
" I'd have you never go unlac'd,
" For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
" Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee 'twill do.
" You'd perfect all you now begin,
" Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a Friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, " Whilſt ſhe'd ſtay,
" His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."
At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt;
But, when acquaintance grew at laſt,
They'd jeſt, and every one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid, her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe undreſt in night-gown tawdry
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroidery;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches.

But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,
And, ſighing, thus one night ſhe ſaid,
" Why, Zoe, mayn't we go to bed?"—
" Soon as you pleaſe, good Miſtreſs Ded."
The fleeting months ſoon roll about;
Time came when murder all muſt out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And ſav'd the ſlitting of his noſe,
By timely changing of her cloaths.
Thus, whilſt we Glory's dictates ſhun,
Into the ſnares of Vice we run:
And he that ſhould his country ſerve,
And beauty by his worth deſerve,
In female ſoftneſs wanton ſtays,
And what he ſhould adore betrays.

## PART VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth, thy prize is found,
And all thy wiſhes with ſucceſs are crown'd.
Not Io Pœans, when Apollo's prais'd;
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome Peace with her Auguſtus home;
Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
Than it muſt you to ſee a Beauty kind:
The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
Like Heſiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy with his life's danger bought.
Thus proſperous Jaſon, rich with golden fleece,
On Argos' vocal timber ſail'd to Greece.
But ſtay, fond Youth, the danger is not paſt:
You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor caſt.

From

From you my art may ſtill more bays deſerve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you ſhall preſerve.
Nor than the conqueſt is the glory leſs
To fix the throne on that which you poſſeſs.
Now, Erato, divineſt, ſofteſt Muſe,
Whoſe name and office both do Love infuſe,
Aſſiſt my great deſign: If Venus' Son,
That vagabond, would from his Mother run,
And then, with ſoaring wings and body light,
Thro' the vaſt world's extent would take his flight;
By artful bonds let me ſecure his ſtay,
And make his univerſal Power obey.
Whilſt I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to ſhackle Love,
Two neighbours that were ſtanding by,
Tormented both with jealouſy,
Told me it was in vain to try.
When one began his tale, as thus:
" Perhaps you've heard of Dædalus,
" When Minos would have made him ſtay,
" How through the clouds he found his way.
" He was a workman wiſe and good,
" Building was what he underſtood.
" Like to the houſe where we act Plays,
" He made a turning winding maze,
" Fitting to harbour acts of ſin,
" And put a Whore and Baſtard in.
" I've done your work; and now my truſt is,
" Good Sir, that you will do me juſtice.
" 'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
" Let my misfortunes go no further:
" Some end all puniſhments ſhould have.
" Birth to the wretch my country gave:
" Let it afford me now a grave.
" Diſmiſs my ſon; at leaſt, if rather
" You'd keep the boy, diſmiſs his Father.
" This he might ſay, and more, or ſo;
" But Minos would not let him go.
" At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
" It is in danger wit is tried:

" Minos poſſeſſes Earth and Sea;
" The ſky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your ſeats above.
" It is neceſſity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he ſtitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not gueſſing, ere he was much older,
" He ſhould have one upon each ſhoulder.
" To whom his Father: Here's the Ship
" By which we muſt from Minos ſlip.
" Child, follow me juſt as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a Father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes ſhun.
" Take heed leſt you approach the Sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffuſive wax will melt.
" The ſea by riſing fogs diſcover;
" O'er that, be ſure, you never hover.
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, ſhould they flag.
" Between them both, the ſky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus ſpeaking, he with whipcord ſtrings
" Faſtens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth's completely dreſt,
" Juſt as the Eagle from her neſt
" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
" To dare the ſun, and mount the ſkies;

" The

" The Father ſo his Boy prepares,
" Not without kiſs and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a riſing height
" Gives ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
" With a quick ſpring and fluttering noiſe,
" They in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
" Back on his Son the Father looks,
" Praiſing his ſwift and even ſtrokes.
" Now dreadleſs, with bold art ſupplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And ſoar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have ſtood,
" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God.
" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's Groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's Fens
" Breeds ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens;
" When the unwary Boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky.
" Far from his Father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.

" Then, " Father! Father!" he'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the Sky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into Birds transform their ſhape,
And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them;
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a God that's born with wings.
Quoth t'other man, " Sir, if you'll tarry,
" I'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
" Would make a Man afraid to marry.
" This Boy does oft from paper white
" In miniature produce a Kite.
" With tender hands the wood he bends,
" On which the body he extends:
" Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
" Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
" Then ſciſſars from the maid he'll borrow,
" With promiſe of return to-morrow.
" With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
" Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
" The tail, that's an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art;
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
" As not too near, nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends,
" Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
" Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he'll to it join,
" Which, by the guidance of his hand,
" Its riſe or downfall may command;

" Or

" Or carry meſſengers, to ſee
" If all above in order be.
" Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it riſe,
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure ſkies.
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lanthern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the Conjurer o'th' place,
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying-pole from far
" Pronounces it a Blazing-ſtar:
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year:
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
" Now, mark me, 'twas from ſuch like things
" The Poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a Child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His Mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe'll with Cuckold-makers run.
" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder, if eſcape ſhe'll try;
" The Kite will to her carrion fly."
Where native Modeſty the mind ſecures,
The Huſband has no need of locks and doors;
The ſpecious Comet fram'd by Jealouſy
Will prove deluſion all, and all a lie.

## PART VII.

NOT all the Herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, though mixt with magic ſound,
Not philtres ſtudied by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind, and conſtancy impart.
Could theſe prevail, Jaſon had felt their charms;
Ulyſſes ſtill had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By Time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſe-tree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulyſſes had no magick in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery Goddeſſes deceiv'd:
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.
"Your paſſage often I by art delay'd;
"Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
"Here you have often on this rolling ſand
"Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
"Here's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
"Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
"Here lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious fields
"Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
"This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
"On with the pleaſing tale your language went,
"When a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
"The platform of imaginary Troy.
"By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
"To ſee what names the waters toſs'd away.

"I took

" I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
" Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me;
" No mention made of old Penelope.
" On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
" But write our benefits upon the wave.
" Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
" As I found *you*, ſo may you find them juſt.
" Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
" And all your vows be wafted with the wind!"
Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
Who to his tendereſt part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the Miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain.
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

## PART VIII.

INDULGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh that ſees another kind?
Moſt times the greateſt art is to comply
In granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
To cut th' oppoſing waves we ſtrive in vain;
But, if we riſe with them, and fall again,
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend,
And, yielding to one failure, ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The Hawk we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
And Wolves aſſiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
The ſociable Swallow has no fears:
Upon our towers the Dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.

Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.
Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new.
At your approach find every thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove and Graces Three.
Birds ſhot by you, Fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair Lilies ſtrew'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.
Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin modeſty rehearſe:
Mauſolus by his conſort deified:
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's "Wife [e]," no Poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.

You'd

[e] This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman; juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638; the laſt, a very accurate one, was publiſhed by Mr. Capell, with other pieces of antient Poetry, in 8vo, 1770.—Sir Thomas Overbury, a gentleman of eminent parts and learning, and of judgement and experience beyond his years, was long the friend and confident of Robert Car, earl of Somerſet. His abilities were of ſingular ſervice to that favourite, who did nothing without his advice and direction; and was accuſtomed to make uſe of his pen in his addreſſes to the king and to his miſtreſs. Overbury, who was naturally haughty and overbearing, preſumed to oppoſe the earl's marriage with the

counteſs

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer,
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if ſhe muſt recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale want is craving at the door,
We ſend our favourite ſon to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleaſure 'tis to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
Your wealth does beſt, when plac'd on beauty, ſhine.
If ſhe in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite riſes from the ſea.
If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,
Think that ſhe riſes like the bluſh of morn;

counteſs of Eſſex, and expected the ſame deference to be paid to his judgement on this as upon every other occaſion. This oppoſition drew upon him the rage of the earl, and the fury of the counteſs; who determined on his ruin, and ſpeedily effected it. In the guiſe of friendſhip, Car repreſented to the king that it was neceſſary to remove Overbury from the court by ſome honourable employment, and adviſed his being ſent ambaſſador to Muſcovy. The king conſented. But the perfidious minion prevailed on his credulous friend to decline the appointment; and then requeſted the monarch to puniſh him for his refuſal. He was committed to The Tower; where his death, which was ſeveral times in vain attempted, was at laſt effected, by a poiſoned clyſter, Sept. 15, 1613. A tragedy founded on this ſad event, is among the works of Mr. Savage.—Mrs. Turner, who has been mentioned vol. I. p. 162, was an active accomplice in this murder. We are told by Mr. Oldmixon, in "The Life and "Poſthumous Works of Arthur Maynwaring, eſq." p. 3, that ſhe was a known miſtreſs of that gentleman's grandfather, Sir Arthur; who was a courtier in the reign of James I, a favourite of Prince Henry, and a man of gallantry. When the Counteſs and Mrs. Turner intended to practiſe their infernal experiments on the Earl of Eſſex by powders and philtres, they were aſſiſted with drugs by Dr. Foreman, of Lambeth, an eminent Quack; and Mrs. Turner, to try how effectually they would operate, gave them firſt to Sir Arthur Maynwaring, who was ſo enflamed by them, that he rode fifteen miles, through a ſtorm of rain and thunder, to Turner's houſe. Wilſon, in his Life of King James, ſays, he ſcarce knew where he was, till he was there.

And

And when her ſilks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chineſe or in the Perſian loom,
Think that ſhe then like Pallas is array'd,
By whoſe myſterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which ſhe winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing let your genius fly:
When in her ſong the note expires, then die.
If in the Autumn, when the waſting year
Its plenty ſhews, that ſoon muſt diſappear;
When ſwelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, freſh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taſte perhaps invite
That which we ſeldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and ſudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence preſides;
Her feveriſh blood ſhould pulſe unuſual find,
Or vaporous damps of ſpleen ſhould ſink her mind;
Then is the time to ſhew a Lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears.
Give the ſalubrious draughts with your own hand:
Perſuaſion has the force of a command.
Watch and attend; then your reward will prove,
When ſhe recovers, full increaſe of Love.
Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which antient Fables beſt deride:
Women imperious, void of ſhame,
And careleſs of their Lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boaſt,
Tormenting him that loves them moſt.
When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon;
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deſerv'd to have his reſt in Heaven;
Envy, that ſtrives to be unjuſt,
Reſolv'd to mortify him firſt;
And that he ſhould enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,
Who ſhould his Heroſhip expoſe
By ſpinning hemp in womens cloaths.

Her

Her mind ſhe did vouchſafe one day
Thus to her Lover to diſplay:
" Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin:
" Think you I'll let a Tanner in?
" If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
" You certainly turn out of doors.
" Your club's abundantly too thick
" For one ſhall move a fiddle-ſtick.
" What ſhould you do with all thoſe arrows?
" I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
" Heccy, this day you may remember;
" For you ſhall ſee a Lady's chamber.
" Let me be rightly underſtood:
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye,
" And ſo among my Maids I'll place ye.
" When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,
" May be I'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You'll ſcrub the rooms, or make the bed.
" You can't ſtick pins, or frieze my hair.
" Bleſs me! you've nothing of an air.
" You'll ne'er come up to working point:
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye
" An idle hand has empty belly:
" Therefore this morning I'll begin,
" Try how your clumſineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh all be,
" Invented and control'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.

" There

" There is no Lover that is wiſe
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his Miſtreſs all is thrown:
" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands;
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which ſhews you, when we have our fool,
" We've policy enough to rule:
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow,
" As ſhould have carried my umbrella,
" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bad the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay been a helper in the ſtable.
" To my commands obedience pay
" At dead of night, or break of day.
" Speed is your province; if 'tis I
" That bid you run, you ought to fly.
" He that Love's nimble paſſion feels
" Will ſoon outſtrip my chariot wheels.
" Thro' Dog-ſtar's heat he'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow.
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhowers of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:

" All

" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks denied,
" Then through the roof or window ſlide,
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas,
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe.
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger, when for me.
" You'll find my ſervants in a row;
" Remember then you make your bow;
" For they are your ſuperiors now.
" No matter if you do engage
" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you mayn't prevail,
" And your moſt glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs;
" But has as many griefs in ſtore
" As Shells by Neptune caſt on ſhore.
" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees.
" And, when his angry arrows fall,
" They're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You're told I'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you ſee it too.
" Perhaps I bad you come at night:
" If the door's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
" Perhaps my Maid ſhall bid you go:
" A thing ſhe knows you dare not do.
" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain.

" All this and more you muſt endure,
" If you from me expect a cure.
" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wound,
" Leſt all your danger be not found."
When eaſy fondneſs meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which *that* can aſk muſt be denied.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

## PART IX.

NOT by the ſail with which you put to ſea
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be,
To the ſame port you'll different paſſage find
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
No wearineſs upon their bliſs attends
Whom marriage vows have render'd more than friends.
So Philomels of equal mates poſſeſt,
With a congenial heat, and downy reſt,
And care inceſſant, hover o'er their neſt:
Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things ſpring)
Produce a race by nature taught to ſing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.

So

So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
Which for a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay,
His twenty winters abſence was delay;
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount;
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could ſurmount.
Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a Lover's fears:
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always Virtue's friends,
'Tis what their Muſe ſtill recommends:
But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
*They tell us*, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young ſpark call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.
With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted;
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, " 'Tis his fault to be gone;
" It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
" A vacant pillow's ſuch a jeſt,
" That with it I could never reſt.
" He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
" To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
" Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
" Left to their vigilance to keep.

" Pray

" Pray who, except 'twere Geese or Widgeons,
" Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
" Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
" That Menelaus now were dead:
" A pretty figure I ſhould make
" To go in mourning for his ſake.
" She that in widow's garb appears,
" Eſpecially when at my years,
" May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.
" But I'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.
" He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this Boy.
*They tell us*, How a Wife provok'd,
And to a brutiſh Huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her Rival ſhe has ſeiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome Boar
Plunging his tuſk in Maſtiff's gore;
Or Lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his Mother's furious help;
Or Baſiliſk when rouz'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like franticks ſtruck by magic rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon,
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeis hears;

But when Lyrneſſis captive's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,
Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But when at laſt ſhe Priameïs ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe;
In his adulterous arms does plots diſcloſe,
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes;
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye Heavenly Powers, the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poet's brain:
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dangerous ſhelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves!

## PART X.

AT firſt, the ſtars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap.
Till Love Eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice Divine to march, and ſeek its Like.
Then ſeeds of Heavens, then Air of vapourous ſound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beaſt, the Fiſh, might move,
All center'd in that univerſal Love.
Then Man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of Love than they:
To him was Woman crown'd with virtue given,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in raptures ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung.
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.

" There's a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
" Uſeful in practice, and divinely good,
" LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: ſtrive to excel:
" The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
" 'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace.
" Some men are happy in a charming face:
" Know it, but be not vain. Some manly ſhow
" By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
" There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
" May find that every ſhot is Cupid's dart.
" The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
" In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wiſe;
" So mixes words delicious to the ear,
" That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
" He that can ſing, let him with pleaſing ſound,
" Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
" Let not a Poet my own art refuſe:
" I'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."
But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh.
The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water, ſtarv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt,
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtic charms;
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous Magick acts by ſlendereſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant Gods and Heroines obey.

Some

Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minerva wiſe.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy raiſe
Something that may exalt its Conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies,
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt;
But riſes, like the palm, oppreſt.
And as too much proſperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wiſdom by experience bought:
So when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftineſs is ſhown,
To raiſe your cares; to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you mayn't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there's a poetic ſtory
That, if you pleaſe, I'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter:
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends conſent.
This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We'd fingers long before we'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd, of colour orange-tawny.

His whole complexion was a ſallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtronger,
T'other was ſpiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, haſty:
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect ſhape and ſize;
But then ſhe was not over-wiſe:
For ſometimes ſhe her knee is crimping
To imitate th' old man in limping.
Sometimes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
Whilſt her fair fingers ſhew his horns.
But Mars, the Bully of the place, is
The chiefeſt ſpark in her good graces.
At firſt they're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was ſaid or done,
Till impudence defied the Sun.
  Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
"Is there ſuch roguery? I'll ſee!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's teſter rear'd;
Which, when a pully gave a ſnap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All thoſe he plac'd in the beſt room,
Then feign'd that he muſt go from home;
For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
  Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any ſnare.
They went to bed, and ſo were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The ſhow being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove ſhould be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious ſcold;

Neptune

Neptune firſt Bargeman on the water;
Thetis the Oyſter-woman's daughter;
Pluto that Chimney-ſweeping ſloven,
With Proſerpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that's ſharp and cunning
In ſtealing cuſtoms and in running;
And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin;
And Æſculapius the Surgeon;
Apollo, who might be Phyſician,
Or ſerve them elſe for a Muſician;
The Piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules ſhould bring his club in,
To give the Rogue a luſty drubbing;
And all the Cupids ſhould be by,
To ſee their Mother's infamy.
One Momus cried, "You're hugely pleas'd;
"I hope your mind will ſoon be eas'd:
"For, when ſo publicly you find it,
"People, you know, will little mind it.
"They love to tell what no one knows,
"And they themſelves only ſuppoſe.
"Not every huſband can afford
"To be a Cuckold on record;
"Nor ſhould he be a Cuckold ſtyl'd,
"That once or ſo has been beguil'd;
"Unleſs he makes it demonſtration,
"Then puts it in ſome proclamation,
"With general voice of all the nation."
The company were come, when Vulcan hopping
And for his key in left-ſide pocket groping,
Cries, "'Tis but opening of that door
"To prove myſelf a Cuckold, her a Whore."
They all deſir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they'd believe ſince witneſſes were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themſelves.

Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of fame.
The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aſpiring palm, the verdant laurel ſtrow,
And ſweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
In Phyſick's Art as Podalirius ſkill'd,
Neſtor in Court, Achilles in the Field;
As Ajax had in ſingle Combat force,
And as Automedon beſt rul'd the Horſe;
As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove:
So Ovid has the Maſterſhip of Love.
The Poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs.
But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant ſhield,
That ſhe by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
Which mayn't ſo ſounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

## PART XI.

I Who the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthefilea's force as brave:
That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield,
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years;

Who

Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her Lord's arms expire as well as he;
Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
From earth, inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When Virtue has itſelf a female name,
So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame;
Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity?
'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
That Female warriors to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem, or ſubtile wile;
Their native innocence can ne'er beguile:
The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands, to be
Prey to the birds, or monſters of the ſea:
Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phillis name the ſhore.
Æneas wrackt, and hoſpitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet ſtill refus'd
To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my inſtructions had not come too late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceleſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bad me teach:
" What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
" Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
" Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
" With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.
" Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find
" But harm to maids, was by the Gods ſtruck blind:

" But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
" He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
" Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
" 'Tis by the Ladies favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle crown) bad me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My breath diſſolves in verſe, to make young Lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed: loſe not the flying day.
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recal;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a Goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The Eagles caſt their bills, the Stag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

## PART XII.

A Perſon of ſome quality
Happen'd, they ſay, in Love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No nor Ay,
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.
This Lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,

To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart.
A Tire-woman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation.
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all would ſometimes hit;
Though in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay.
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
" I've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field,
" Uncultivated, yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till.
" Our vintage would be very fine,
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is given to ſuch as Heaven has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces:
" There is diſtinction in our faces.
" There was a time I'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine,
" Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair;
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
" Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
" Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff;
" With Hats upon their pates like Hives,
" Things might become ſuch Soldiers wives;
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſt them
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt them.
" Dark Paper Buildings then ſtood thick;
" No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!

" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.
" Your Goldſmiths now are mighty neat:
" I love the air of Lombard-ſtreet.
" Whate'er a Ship from India brings,
" Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things.
" The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
" Pleaſe me extremely, if Japan:
" And, what affects me ſtill the more,
" They had none of them heretofore.
" When you're unmarried, never load ye
" With Jewels; they may incommode ye.
" Lovers mayn't dare approach; but moſtly
" They'll fear when married you'll be coſtly.
" Fine Rings and Lockets beſt are tried
" When given to you as a Bride.
" In the mean time you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expence.
" Sometimes your Hair you upwards furl,
" Sometimes lay down in favourite curl.
" All muſt through twenty fiddlings paſs,
" Which none can teach you but your glaſs.
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevel'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory.
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl they're fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
" Secure them with a bar of gold.
" Humour and faſhions change each day;
" Not birds in foreſts, flowers in May,
" Would ſooner number'd be than they.
" There is a ſort of negligence,
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide,
" That nothing of it be deſcried;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air, that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no.
" But, in this ſo neglected Hair,
" Many a heart has found its ſnare.

" Nature

" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things; more we invent:
" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our Beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
" Our curling treſſes fall with age.
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe hair; and why?
" Is not all *that* our own we buy?
" You buy it publicly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
" Of French *pomades* the town is full:
" Praiſe Heaven, no want of Spaniſh Wool!
" Let them look fluſht, let them look dead,
" That can't afford the White and Red.
" In Covent Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our Lilies and our Roſes.
" Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
" Who can get any thing that's black?
" Let not theſe boxes open lie:
" Some folks are too much given to pry.
" Art not diſſembled would diſgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if ſuch perſons ſhould diſcover,
" 'Twould rather loſe than gain a Lover.
" Who is there now but underſtands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Though the idea's not ſo taking,
" And the ſkin ſeems but odd in making,
" Yet, when 'twill with freſh luſtre ſhine,
" Her ſpark will tell you 'tis divine.
" That Picture there your eye does ſtrike;
" It is the work of great Van Dyck,
" Which by a Roman would be fainted:
" What was't but canvas till 'twas painted?
" There's ſeveral things ſhould not be known:
" O'er theſe there is a curtain drawn,
" 'Till 'tis their ſeaſon to be ſhown.

" Your

" Your door on fit occaſions keep
" Faſt ſhut: who knows but you're aſleep?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what elſe at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on, we're ſaid to riſe.
" There was a Lady whom I knew,
" That muſt be nameleſs 'cauſe 'tis true,
" Who had the diſmalleſt miſchance
" I've heard of ſince I was in France:
" I do proteſt, the thoughts of it
" Have almoſt put me in a fit.
" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
" Juſt on the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
" Stood open: and pray who ſhould come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No ſingle hair upon her head:
" I thought ſhe would have fell down dead,
" At laſt ſhe found a cap of hair,
" Which ſhe put on with ſuch an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one ſo,
" Except ſome twenty that I know.
" Her careleſſneſs and her defect
" Were laid to Miſtreſs Prue's neglect;
" And much ill-nature was betray'd
" By noiſe and ſcolding with the maid.
" The young look on ſuch things as ſtuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When ſmooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we ſquawl.
" But whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
" No face or ſhape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and muſt abide them,
" We therefore ſhould take care to hide them.
" You're ſhort; ſit ſtill, you'll taller ſeem:
" You're only ſhorter from the ſtem.
" By looſer garb your leanneſs is conceal'd;
" By want of ſtays the groſſer ſhape reveal'd.

" The

" The more the blemiſhes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and ſhoes be neat.
" Some backs and ſides are wav'd like billows:
" Theſe holes are beſt made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always ſhould command
" Without the ſtretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth ſhould never ſee
" A play, unleſs a Tragedy.
" For we can teach you how to ſimper,
" And when 'tis proper you ſhould whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
" Let room for ſomething more than breath
" Juſt ſhew the ends of milk-white teeth.
" There is a *je n' ſcai quoy* is found
" In a ſoft ſmooth affected ſound:
" But there's a ſhrieking crying tone,
" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are ſome, who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to ſhut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal-propos*,
" They ſeem like hautboys to a ſhow.
" But now for the reverſe: 'tis ſkill
" To let your tears flow when you will.
" It is of uſe when people dye;
" Or elſe to have the ſpleen, and cry,
" Becauſe you have no Reaſon why.
" Now for your talk—Come, let me ſee:
" Here loſe your *H*, here drop your *T*;
" Deſpiſe that *R*: your ſpeech is better
" Much for deſtroying of one letter.
" Now liſp, and have a ſort of pride
" To ſeem as if your tongue were tied.
" This is ſuch a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it ſhould be taught,
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me ſee if you can walk.
" There's many dancing-maſters treat
" Of management of ladies feet.

" There's

" There's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo[f], or Malherbe[g],
" Chuſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our Life-guard-men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation,
" That dance is grateful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at Lent, your green in May,
" Your filamot with leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.

[f] Torquato Taſſo, the celebrated epic poet of Italy, was born March 11, 1544, and died April 25, 1595. His works have been often printed ſeparately at various places; but the whole together, with his life, and ſeveral pieces for and againſt his Gieruſalemme Liberata, were printed at Florence, 1724, in ſix vols. folio. The Engliſh verſion of the " Jeruſalem " Delivered," publiſhed in 1763, by Mr. Hoole, in 2 vols. 8vo. will extend the fame of Taſſo in this country.

[g] Francis de Malherbe, conſidered by his countrymen as the father of the French poetry, was born about 1555, and died in 1628. His poetical works, though divided into ſix books, make but a ſmall volume. They conſiſt of paraphraſes upon the Pſalms, odes, ſonnets, and epigrams; and were publiſhed in ſeveral forms to the year 1666, when a very compleat edition of them came out at Paris, with the notes of M. Menage. Malherbe alſo tranſlated ſome works of Seneca, and ſome books of Livy —By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our Author has tranſlated what he calls " an admirable Ode of Malherbe," which will be inſerted in this volume.

" It

" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every Lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our Comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in Comet, or in Gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgement can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a Lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft reveal.
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There's nothing ſpoils a Woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain, when we're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.
" I'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joaking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoaking:
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.
" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
" We'll take our chariot for the Change:
" If they're diſpoſing for the Play,
" We'll haſten to the Opera:

" Or

" Or when they'll luſtily carouſe,
" We'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe:
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam,
" For cheapneſs ſake they'll ſtay at home.
" Few wiſe mens thoughts e'er yet purſued
" That which their eyes had never view'd:
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t'have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and Poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by:
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
" Had Danaë been ſhut up ſtill,
" She'd been a Maid againſt her will,
" And might have grown prodigious old,
" And never had her ſtory told.
" 'Tis fit fair maids ſhou'd run a-gadding
" To ſet the amourous Beaux a-madding.
" To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly ſeize on one,
" And many a Partridge ſcapes away
" Before the Hawk can pounce its prey:
" And ſo, if pretty Damſels rove,
" They'll find out one perhaps may love;
" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The Fiſher baits his hook all night,
" In hopes by chance ſome Eel may bite.
" Each with their different grace appears,
" Virgins with bluſh, Widows with tears,
" Which gain new Huſbands tender-hearted,
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome foppiſh Beaux
" Like us in all things but their cloaths.
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt,
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,

" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before.
" Though they all marks of Love pretend,
" There's nothing which they leſs intend:
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths,
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd cloaths,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an errant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe undreſt
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without theſe little arts,
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps, our hearts:
And though more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows;
Yet often Goodneſs moſt prevails
When Beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There's nothing but will eaſy prove,
When all the reſt's made up by Love.

## PART XIII.

VIRGINS ſhould not unſkill'd in Muſic be;
For what's more like themſelves than Harmony?
Let not Vice uſe it only to betray,
And Syrens by their Songs entice their prey.
Let it with ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine:
For there's a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful ſings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
And charm'd the monſtrous inſtruments of Hell.

New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilſt to the work officious marble ran.
Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
On the mute Fiſh ſafe through the rolling flood.
Nor are the eſſays of the Female wit
Leſs charming in the verſes they have writ.
From antient ages, Love has found the way
Its baſhful thoughts by Letters to convey;
Which ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain,
That pity makes the Fair write back again.
What's thus intended, ſome ſmall time delay:
His paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay.
Then with a cautious wit your pen with-hold,
Leſt a too free expreſſion make him bold.
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderneſs appear.
As he deſerves it, give him hopes of life:
A cruel Miſtreſs makes a froward Wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.
Aſtrea's [h] lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's [i] works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford:

Whilſt

[h] Aſtrea was a name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world, in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was Authoreſs of ſeventeen Plays, beſides two volumes of Novels, ſeveral Tranſlations, and many Poems. She died April 16, 1689. Mr. Pope, ſpeaking of her dramatic pieces, ſays,

"The ſtage how looſely does Aſtrea tread,
"Who fairly puts all characters to bed!"

[i] Orinda, the poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, eſq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-ſtreet, in the month of June, 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of Letters, publiſhed many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been admired.—Mrs Philips was as much famed for her friendſhip, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt

Whilſt Chudleigh's [k] words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.
Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with Poetic ſound!
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of Love is like the art of War.
The General ſays, "Let him the Horſe command:
"You by that Enſign, you that Cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t'other bring ſupplies."
With Pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in Laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as beauty orders it, beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n Miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of Lovers ſmarts,
And like their God ſo they feel Cupid's darts.
The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd,
And they again by them to honour rais'd.
For none to Heaven or Majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn
That Ennius, in Calabrian Mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.

beſt poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his diſcourſe "on the nature and effects of friendſhip" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an Ode preſerved amongſt his "Seleſt Works."

[k] This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, eſq. She was born in the year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Aſhton, in the ſame county, bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her life-time in one volume, 8vo; the ſecond edition in 1709.

The Poets' cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred Bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from Ambition and Wealth's fordid care
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from Courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of Love muſt ſtand.
The Poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a Heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the Painter now the Poets join
To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their muſick learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.
Firſt ſee how Sidney [l], then how Cowley [m] mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller [n] lov'd.

Forget

[l] See an account of Sir Philip Sidney, vol. II. p. 89.

[m] Mr. Abraham Cowley was born in 1618; and died July 28, 1667. His "Poetical Bloſſoms," which are an abundant proof of his talent for poetry, were generally regarded as an earneſt of that fame to which he afterwards roſe, and which, in the opinion of ſome of his contemporaries, eclipſed that of every other Engliſh poet.—Cowley, who helped to corrupt the taſte of the age in which he lived, and had himſelf been corrupted by it,

Forget not Dorſet [o], in whoſe generous mind
Love, ſenſe, wit, honour, every grace combin'd:

And

it, was a remarkable inſtance of true genius, ſeduced and perverted by falſe wit. But this wit, falſe as it was, raiſed his reputation to a much higher pitch than that of Milton. There is a want of elegance in his words, and of harmony in his verſification; but this was more than atoned for by, his greateſt fault, the redundancy of his fancy. His Latin poems, which are eſteemed the beſt of his works, are written in the various meaſures of the ancients, and have much of their unaffected beauty. He was more ſucceſsful in imitating the eaſe and gaiety of Anacreon, than the bold and loſty flights of Pindar. His metaphors, which are not only beyond, but contrary to nature, were generally admired in the reign of Charles II. To the merit of a good poet, may be added that of his being an admirable proſe writer; and his "Cutter of Coleman Street," a comedy which might even have claimed a place in the late judicious ſelection of his writings, where it is commended and the Preface to it preſerved, is a ſtriking inſtance of dramatic merit. See Granger.

[n] Edmund Waller, eſq. born March 3, 1605; died Oct. 1, 1687. He is commonly ſtyled the Engliſh Tibullus, and was the firſt who ſhewed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. The beſt edition of his works is in 4to, 1730, with elegant and uſeful notes by Mr. Fenton.—Mr. Waller excelled all his predeceſſors in harmonious verſification. His love verſes have all the tenderneſs and politeneſs of the Roman poet he ſo much reſembled; and his panegyrick on Cromwell has been ever eſteemed a maſter-piece in its kind. His vein is never redundant, like that of Cowley: we frequently wiſh he had ſaid more, but never that he had ſaid leſs. His perſonal qualities were as amiable as his poetical; and he was equally formed to pleaſe the witty and the fair. He not only retained all his faculties, but much of his uſual vivacity, at eighty years of his age.

[o] Charles lord Buckhurſt, who was created earl of Middleſex in the lifetime of his father, April 4, 1674, ſucceeded to the earldom of Dorſet in Auguſt, 1677.—This noble lord was the juſt admiration of the age he lived in. The ſprightlineſs of his wit recommended him to the eſteem and intimacy of King Charles II. He was a bountiful patron to poets and to men of parts; and had a particular character for univerſal generoſity. In the reign of James II, he atoned for the follies of his youth, by a firm adherence to the Proteſtant religion; for which he ſhewed his concern, by conveying the princeſs Anne into Derbyſhire, from the tumult of thoſe times; and, having been further inſtrumental in the happy Revolution, was made lord chamberlain of the houſehold to king William, and knight

And if for me you one kind wiſh would ſpare,
Anſwer a Poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's [p] verſe, with candour ever bleſt;
For Love will there ſtill with his aſhes reſt.
There let warm ſpice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlaſting ſweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muſe is to be ſcorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is ſtill adorn'd.
See Halifax [q], where ſenſe and honour mixt
Upon the merits juſt reward have fixt:
And read their works, who, writing in his praiſe,
To their own verſe immortal laurels raiſe.

Learn

of the Garter. He had the honour of being appointed one of the lords juſtices four years ſucceſſively; and died Jan. 29, 1705-6. His works, conſiſting chiefly of ſprightly ſongs, are printed with the Minor Poets.

[p] George Stepney, eſq. a man more famous as a Stateſman than a Poet. He was born 1663, became acquainted at Cambridge with the celebrated Charles Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax; and through his intereſt was employed in ſeveral foreign negotiations, which he conducted with great reputation and ſucceſs. He died in the year 1707, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey. His works are amongſt thoſe of the Minor Poets.

[q] Mr. Charles Montague was conſtituted one of the lords commiſſioners of the treaſury, March 2, 1691-2; chancellor of the exchequer, in May, 1694. The coin being exceedingly debaſed and diminiſhed, he formed the deſign of calling in the money, and re-coining it, in 1695; and effected it in two years: to ſupply the immediate want of caſh, he projected the iſſuing of exchequer bills. For this ſervice, he had the thanks of the houſe of commons in 1697. He was next year appointed firſt lord commiſſioner of the treaſury; and, reſigning that poſt in June 1700, obtained a grant of the office of auditor of the receipt of the exchequer; and the ſame year, Dec. 13, was created baron Halifax. On the acceſſion of king George I, he was a member of the regency; was appointed firſt lord commiſſioner of the treaſury, Oct. 5, 1714; created viſcount Sunbury and earl of Halifax, Oct. 15; and died May 15, 1715. He was a magnificent patron of learning; and was himſelf an elegant writer, as may be ſeen by his works in the Minor Poets.

[r] Matthew Prior has been reputed a native of London; but was born at Winburn in Dorſetſhire, July 21, 1664. (Hutchins's Hiſt. vol. II. p. 75.) His father dying while he was very young, his uncle (a vintner near Charing Croſs) had the charge of him, ſent him to Weſtminſter School, and afterward took him into his own buſineſs. In this ſituation,

he

Learn Prior's [r] lines; for they can teach you more
Than ſacred Ben [s], or Spenſer [t], did before:

And

he was accidentally diſtinguiſhed by Charles earl of Dorſet; who, determining to place him in a ſituation more ſuited to his fine parts, ſent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682; where he proceeded bachelor of arts in 1686, and was ſhortly after choſen fellow. At the univerſity, he contracted an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Charles Montague, afterward earl of Halifax. On the Revolution, he was brought to court by his great patron the earl of Dorſet. In 1690, he was ſecretary to the plenipotentiaries at The Hague; and king William was ſo ſatisfied with his ſervices, that, in the reſolution to keep him near his perſon, he appointed him a gentleman of the bed-chamber. He was again employed as ſecretary, at Ryſwick, in 1697; having been the ſame year nominated principal ſecretary of ſtate in Ireland. In 1697, he went ſecretary to the earl of Portland, in his embaſſy to France. In 1699, he was made under-ſecretary in the office of the earl of Jerſey; and in a few days was ordered back to Paris, to aſſiſt the ambaſſador in the Partition-treaty; which he diſpatched to the ſatisfaction of both Sovereigns. In 1700, he was appointed one of the lords commiſſioners for trade and plantations, and was elected member for Eaſt Grinſted. In 1704 and 1706, he exerted his poetical talent in honour of his country, on the ſucceſs of her Majeſty's arms. In July, 1711, he was employed in a ſecret negotiation at Paris. In Auguſt 1712, being ſent again to France, to accommodate ſuch matters as then remained unſettled in the congreſs at Utrecht, he had the honour of being preſented with the French king's picture ſet with diamonds. From the end of that month, he had the appointment and authority of an ambaſſador, till the death of the Queen; and remained at Paris in a public character ſome months after the acceſſion of king George I. On his arrival in England, March 25, 1715, he was taken into cuſtody. In 1717, he was excepted out of the act of grace; and, at the cloſe of that year, being diſcharged from his confinement, retired from buſineſs, to Down Hall, in Eſſex; where he died, of a lingering fever, Sept. 11, 1721.—'One Prior (ſays "Bp. Burnet), who had been Jerſey's ſecretary, upon his death, was em-"ployed to proſecute that which the other did not live to finiſh. Prior "had been a boy taken out of a tavern by the earl of Dorſet, who acci-"dentally found him reading Horace."—This *ill-natured* reflection produced the following epigram by Mr. Dodſley, "Trifles," p. 241.

"*One Prior!* and is this, this all the fame,
"The Poet from th' Hiſtorian can claim?
"No; Prior's verſe poſterity ſhall quote,
"When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote!"

[s] See ſome account of Jonſon, vol. II. p. 89.



[t] Edmund

And mark him [u] well that uncouth Phyſick's art
Can in the ſofteſt tune of Wit impart.
See Paſtorella o'er Florello's grave [w],
See Tamerlane [x] make Bajazet his ſlave;
And Phædra [y] with her antient vigour rave.

Through

[t] Edmund Spenſer, the celebrated author of the "Fairy Queen," father of the Engliſh heroic poem, and of true paſtoral poetry in England, was born in London, and educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; B. A. 1572; M. A. 1576. His "Shepherd's Calendar," introducing him to that great judge of merit Sir Philip Sidney, raiſed him from a ſort of obſcurity to the office of poet laureat to Elizabeth; but for ſome time he only wore the barren laurel, without receiving any penſion. Burghley, it is ſaid, prevented his receiving an hundred pounds which the queen intended for him. We find him, however, in conſiderable eſteem with many eminent men in his time. He was ſent abroad by Leiceſter; and was ſecretary to Lord Grey of Wilton when deputy of Ireland. The queen alſo at laſt rewarded his ſervices with a conſiderable grant of lands in Ireland. In the Iriſh rebellion under Deſmond, he was plundered, and deprived of his eſtate, and ſpent the latter part of his life with much grief of heart under the diſappointment of a broken fortune: he died in 1598-9.—Spenſer ſtands diſtinguiſhed from almoſt all other poets in that faculty by which a poet is diſtinguiſhed from other writers, namely, invention; and excelled all his contemporaries in harmonious verſification.

[u] Dr. Samuel Garth, the celebrated author of "The Diſpenſary."—The firſt edition of this admirable poem came out in 1694; and it went through three impreſſions in a few months. This extraordinary encouragement put him upon making ſeveral improvements in it; and in 1706, he publiſhed the fourth edition, with ſeveral additions. It was dedicated to Anthony Henley, eſq. and had commendatory verſes before it by Charles Boyle afterward earl of Orrery, Col. Chriſt. Codrington, Thomas Cheeke, eſq. and Col. Henry Blount.—Major Pack (Miſcell. p. 102.) obſerves, that "The Diſpenſary had loſt and gained in every edition; almoſt every "thing that Sir Samuel left out being a robbery from the publick, whilſt "every thing that he added was an embelliſhment to his poem."—On the acceſſion of king George I, he had the honour of being knighted with the duke of Marlborough's ſword. He died Jan. 18, 1718-19. His other pieces are printed in the collection of the Minor Poets.

[w] Characters which the Editor acknowledges he does not recollect.

[x] See Rowe's Play of Tamerlane.—Mr. Nicholas Rowe was born in 1673, was bred to the law, but ſeduced by the Muſes. Beſides "Tamer-"lane," he wrote ſix other tragedies, a comedy, and ſeveral poems publiſhed

Through Rapin's [z] nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona [a] ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe,
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With Apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,

liſhed in one volume under the title of "Miſcellaneous Works."—He was appointed poet laureat on the acceſſion of king George I; and died Dec. 6, 1718.—His tranſlation of Lucan was not publiſhed till ten years after his death; but a ſmall ſpecimen of it, which was printed by Mr. Collins in 1713, underwent a ſevere cenſure from Dr. Bentley, in his "Remarks on a Diſcourſe on Freethinking."

[y] Phædra and Hippolitus, a Tragedy, by Edmund Smith, firſt acted in 1707. Its excellence conſiſts in the beauty and harmony of the verſification. It was honoured with a prologue by Mr. Addiſon, to rally the taſte of the publick for Italian operas.—This ingenious poet was the ſon of Mr. Neale; but, aſſumed the name of Smith in compliment to an uncle who was his guardian. He was born in 1686, and died in 1710. He was a good-natured man, a finiſhed ſcholar, a great poet, and a diſcerning critic. From an affected careleſsneſs in dreſs, he was diſtinguiſhed by his friends by the name of "Captain Ragg;" and was ſtyled by the fair ſex "the "handſome Sloven." His Works, conſiſting of the abovementioned Tragedy, three or four odes, and a Latin oration, were publiſhed by Mr. Oldiſworth in 1719.

[z] Renatus Rapin, a French Jeſuit, born in 1621, died Oct. 27, 1687. He publiſhed "Hortorum Libri Quatuor," a work which has been much admired. An Engliſh tranſlation of it was publiſhed by Mr. Evelyn in 1673; and another, in 1706, by James Gardener, M. A. of Jeſus College, Cambridge.

[a] John Philips, born Dec. 30, 1676, was educated at Chriſt Church, Oxford. The firſt poem which diſtinguiſhed him was his "Splendid "Shilling," which the author of the Tatler ſtyles "the fineſt burleſque "poem in the Britiſh language." His next was "Blenheim." The third, "Upon Cyder," founded upon the model of the Georgics, is a very excellent piece in its kind, and has been tranſlated into Italian by a Florentine nobleman. A Latin Ode to Mr. St. John, which is alſo a maſter-piece, completes his works. He died at Hereford, Feb. 15, 1708. He was one of thoſe few poets whoſe Muſe and manners were excellent and amiable; and both were ſo in a very eminent degree.

Whom

Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

## PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye-balls ſhoot out fiery darts would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurprize.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late.
We often into our deſtruction ſink
By not allowing time enough to think.

Reſiſt

Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds encreaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe.
It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Myrrha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Becauſe that Love is pleaſing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſick may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the curs'd poiſons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground,
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.
O'er different ages Love bears different ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The Colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace:
We feed the Runner deſtin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd Courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious Youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his Love a Rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And, as they ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain,
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love.
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This Love's more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
Not by a quick ſurrender, but a ſiege;

That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.
Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with ſweets, from acids ſeek their health.
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails, too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet 'tis my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch Beaux[b] as be
Poſſeſt with ſo much vanity,
To think that whereſoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.
What they deſire they think is true,
With ſmall encouragement from you.
They will a ſingle look improve,
And take civilities for love.
"We all expected you at play:
"Was't not a Miſtreſs made you ſtay?"
The Beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
"I out of pity muſt be kind:
"She ſigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, ſoaring to the lively flame,
We ſee the vain ambitious Fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.

[b] It is obvious that this word conveys at preſent a very different idea from its original ſignification; which was plainly that of *an accompliſhed gentleman*.—How different are the manly Beaux of Farquhar from the preſent Macaronies! and how many intermediate gradations have ariſen between them! The genuine Beau appears to have been corrupted by a ſervile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit-maitre* of our neighbour nation; a title affected by ſuch of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand maitre*, Louis the Fourteenth. From theſe came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wildairs; and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macarony!

Both ſexes have their jealouſy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a ſudden vent to grief,
Occaſion'd by ſome perſons lying,
To ſet an eaſy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy caſe.
There is a Mount, Hymettus ſtyl'd,
Where Pinks and Roſemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a purple ſhow;
Where the ſweet Bays and Laurel ſhine,
All ſhaded by the lofty Pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his duſty labour done,
In the meridian of the ſun,
Into ſome ſecret hedge would creep,
And ſing, and hum himſelf aſleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for ſome cooler cry:
" O now, if ſome
" Cooler would come!
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come!
" Oh, AIR,
" Freſh and rare;
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come; Cooler, come; Cooler, come!"
A Woman, that had heard him ſing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For Females uſually don't want
A Fellow Goſſip that will cant;
Who ſtill is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries ſpiteful tales.

She thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife
By telling ſomething to his Wife:
That once upon a time ſhe ſtood
In ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lie,
As ſhe muſt tell her by the bye)
Her Huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.
"Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
"But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes;
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, "Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
"And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt:
"She ſtrait would heigh her to the wood,
"And he'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
"And now (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
"How time and place, and all agree:
"But here's a covert where I'll lie,
"And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face;
And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.

When

When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air;
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs Cooler.
Miſtruſting then no future harms,
She would have ruſh'd into his arms.
But, as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle.
He ſhot, then cried, "I've kill'd my Deer."—
"Ay, ſo you have," (ſays Cris) "I fear."—
"Why, Criſſy, pray what made you here?"
"By Goſſip Trot, I underſtood
"You kept a ſmall Girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt die
"For this thy fooliſh jealouſy:
"For 'tis a paſſion that does move
"Too often from exceſs of love."
But, when they fought for wound full ſore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump,
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump.
Then home moſt lovingly they went:
Neither had reaſon to repent.
Their following years paſs'd in content;
And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.

The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Leſt ſhe, by being tedious, ſhould be rude.
Unbrace Love's ſwans, let them unharneſs'd ſtray,
And eat Ambroſia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian Dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories;
With what diſcretion and what art they fought:
Let them record, "They were by OVID taught."

# POEMS

BY

# DR. KING:

THE FURMETARY,

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN,

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,

RUFINUS, OR THE FAVOURITE,

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM,

AND

MISCELLANY POEMS.

# THE FURMETARY;

## A very Innocent and Harmleſs POEM[a],

## IN THREE CANTO'S.

First printed in 1699.

## PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with Barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it is therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can be ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold Waters have obtained their commendation, and Wells are ſprung up from Acton to Iſlington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent champions of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that have ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, and eſpecially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To this end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in a morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral Matrons to ſtand at Smithfield-

[a] "The Furmetary" was written to pleaſe a Gentleman, who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a mean ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Diſpenſary," which has deſervedly gained a laſting reputation. Dr. King's Preface to his Miſcellanies.—See an account of Sir Samuel Garth above, p. 184.

bars, Leaden-Hall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* Furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a diſh, which is not dear, the Plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtiled Furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general eſteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore I have ſtyled it "The "Furmetary:" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the uſefulneſs of this Furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeymen Taylors, and Baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance of the ſame, in caſe the Coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to be as ſmooth in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my characters, as was poſſible. It is my caſe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the Reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other Furmetaries about this City, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

## CANTO I.

NO ſooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals ſtretch themſelves from ſleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly paſt,
And Baſket-women did to Market haſte;
The Watchmen were but juſt returning home,
To give the Thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A ſtately pile was offer'd to the ſight;
Three ſpacious doors let paſſengers go through,
And diſtant ſtones did terminate their view:

Juſt here, as ancient Poets ſing, there ſtood,
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland ſtone,
Each ſide ſupported by a god-like ſon [b].
But, underneath, all the three heroes ſhine,
In living colours, drawn upon a ſign,
Which ſhews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.

Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars,
When brought by Uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little, ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meager monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:

" Thou, Goddeſs Famine, that canſt ſend us blights,
" With parching heat by day, and ſtorm by nights,
" Aſſiſt me now: ſo may all lands be thine,
" And ſhoals of orphans at thy altars pine:
" Long may thy reign continue on each ſhore,
" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
" I muſt confeſs, that to thy gracious hand,
" I widows owe, that are at my command;

[b] As Dr. King's deſcription of Ludgate, though familiar to the preſent age, will be leſs intelligible to the riſing generation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has aſcribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its ſituation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forſter, who, from having been himſelf confined there, became lord mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Elizabeth on the Weſt front, and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons on the Eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of Elizabeth placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan in the Weſt. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouſe in Biſhopſgate ſtreet.

" I joy to hear their numerous childrens cries;
" And bleſs thy power, to find they've no ſupplies.
" I thank thee for thoſe Martyrs, who would flee
" From ſuperſtitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullneſs of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately ſhown,
" When men, that bravely have their country ſerv'd,
" Receiv'd the juſt reward that they deſerv'd,
" And are preferr'd to me, and ſhall be ſtarv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can deſpiſe,
" Innumerable of the London cries:
" When Peaſe, and Mackarel, with their harſher ſound,
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miſcarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, juſt by the Bridge of Fleet.
" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,
" A faithleſs Syren does entice the ſenſe,
" By fumes of viands, which ſhe does diſpenſe,
" To mortal ſtomachs, for rewarding pence.
" Whilſt each man's earlieſt thoughts would baniſh me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

## CANTO II.

WHILST ſuch-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
Who many years had for a Huſband ſtaid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus ſhe ſaid:
" My darling ſon, whilſt Peace and Plenty ſmile,
" And Happineſs would over-run this iſle,
" I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
" I've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the war:

" In

" In ſpite of us, A does on Veniſon feed,
" And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F's generous ſoul,
" To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl,
" H, I's good-nature, from his endleſs ſtore,
" Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
" For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
" L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
" And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat:
" Nice eating by R, S, is underſtood,
" T's ſupper, though but little, yet is good;
" U's converſation's equal to his wine,
" You ſup with W, whene'er you dine:
" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next Eating-houſe they find.
" Pleaſant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
" Sometimes with muſick, and ſometimes with play,
" Prolong their pleaſures till th'approaching day.
" AND PER SE AND alone, as Poets uſe,
" The ſtarving dictates of my rules purſues;
" No ſwinging coachman does afore him ſhine,
" Nor has he any conſtant place to dine,
" But all his notions of a meal are mine.
" Haſte, haſte, to him, a bleſſing give from me,
" And bid him write ſharp things on FURMETRY:
" But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
" And let Tobacco too thy buſineſs know;
" With famous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
" Rely on Sagoe, who is always wiſe:
" Amidſt ſuch counſel, baniſh all deſpair;
" Truſt me, you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:
" That project which they FURMETARY call,
" Before next Breakfaſt-time ſhall ſurely fall!"
This ſaid, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd:
Thus Hercules, when he his miſtreſs found,
Soon knew her by her ſcent, and by her ſound.

## CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command,
That FURMETARY ſhould no longer ſtand;
With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly riſe.
" Ariſe, my friend; for upon thee do wait
" Diſmal events and prodigies of Fate!
" 'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
" And all thy other liquors for a war:
" Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
" Illuminated round with beams of light,
" To my impatient mind will cauſe delight.
" How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
" To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
" Let handſome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
" For he has courage in the midſt of charms:
" Sagoe with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
" But then his wiſdom countervails his pains;
" 'Tis he ſhall be your guide, he ſhall effect
" That glorious conqueſt which we all expect:
" The brave Hectorvus ſhall command this force;
" He'll meet Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is worſe,
" Oppoſe the fury of Carmanniel's Horſe.
" For his reward, this he ſhall have each day,
" *Drink Coffee, then ſtrut out, and never pay.*"
It was not long e'er the Grandees were met,
And round *news-papers* in full order ſet;
Then Sagoe, riſing, ſaid, " I hope you hear
" Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
" Our great deſign admits of no delay,
" Famine commands, and we muſt all obey:
" That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
" Long ſince is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
" Her Spoons and Porringers with art diſplay'd,
" Many of Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
" To arms," Hectorvus cried: " Coffedro ſtout,
" Iſſue forth liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"

Great

Great One-and-all-i gives the firſt alarms;
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurprize ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
She does *diſpenſe* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and Youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſate,
Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of ſtate.
In the mean time, Tobacco ſtrives to vex
A numerous ſquadron of the tender ſex;
What with ſtrong ſmoak, and with his ſtronger breath,
He funks Baſketia and her ſon to death.
Coffedro then, with Teedrums and the band
Who carried ſcalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio ſtraight drives up a bulwark ſtrong,
And horſe oppoſes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio ſtands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrum's ſquadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrum's arts Carmannio could beſeech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though ſurpriz'd, reſolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY:
Before her throne courageouſly ſhe ſtands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous Plums like hail-ſhot flew about,
And Plenty ſoon diſpers'd the *meagre* rout.
So have I ſeen, at Fair that's nam'd from Horn,
Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne;

In

In vain he ſtrives their paſſions to aſſuage,
With threats would frighten; with ſoft words engage;
Until, through Milky gauntlet ſoundly beat,
His prudent heels ſecure a quick retreat.

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,*
*Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas!*

# MULLY OF MOUNTOWN[c].

First printed by the Author in 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN[d]! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;
For Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Beans, and Peaſe;
For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheeſe.
May clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly;
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a Pye.
May fat Geeſe gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want Gooſeberries or Apple-ſauce:
Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chicken in thy Pens,
And be thy Turkeys numerous as thy Hens:
May thy black Pigs lie warm in little ſtye,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die.
Mountown! the Muſes' moſt delicious theme;
Oh! may thy Codlins ever ſwim in Cream!
Thy Raſp- and Straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy White-wine, Sugar, Milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand Syllabub[e].

[c] It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many myſteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diverſion. Dr. King's Preface to his Miſcellanies.

[d] A pleaſant villa to the South of Dublin, near the ſea.

[e] "Peace to thy gentle ſhade, ſweet-ſmiling Henniver!"—would have been our Author's ejaculation, if he had lived in 1775; when the admirers of this "gentle viand" lamented the irreparable loſs of the foundreſs of the Lactarium.

*Lac mihi non æſtate novum, non frigore deſit*;

"My milk in ſummer's drought, nor winter fails;

was the Matron's invitation to the publick; whilſt her happy cottage preſented the livelieſt reflection of its benignant owner:

*Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans!*

"What luſcious milk, what rural ſtores are mine!"

Thy

Thy Tarts to Tarts, Cheeſe-cakes to Cheeſe-cakes join,
To ſpoil the reliſh of the flowing Wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Weſtphalian Ham, or Belgic Beef;
And, to complete thy bleſſings in a word,
May ſtill thy ſoil be generous as its Lord[f]!

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goeſt to brew,
Conſider well what you're about to do;
Be very wiſe, very ſedately think
That what you're going now to make is *drink*:
Conſider who muſt drink that drink, and then,
What 'tis to have the praiſe of *honeſt* men:
For ſurely, Peggy, while that drink does laſt,
'Tis Peggy will be *toaſted* or *diſgrac'd*.
Then, if thy Ale in *glaſs* thou would'ſt confine,
To make its ſparkling rays in beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Leſt a white ſubſtance to the ſurface fly,
And, floating there, diſturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim muſt be underſtood,
"Be ſure, nay very ſure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages ſhall of Peggy tell,
That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* Ale ſo well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath
Which in a moment they reſign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happieſt ſtate,
Not by their fault, but ſome o'er-ruling Fate!
Although fair flowers, that juſtly might invite,
Are cropt, nay torn away for man's delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a power to groan!
But all thoſe things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle Lamb has rhetorick to plead,
And, when ſhe ſees the Butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed:

[f] Judge Upton.

But

But cruel gain, and luxury of taſte,
With pride, ſtill lays man's *fellow-mortals* waſte:
What earth and waters breed, or air inſpires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.
MULLY, a Cow ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front, did Mountown's paſtures grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and, with a gentle ſtream,
Each morn and night gave Milk that equal'd Cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily *fed*:
" But Innocence cannot itſelf defend,
" 'Gainſt treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of Friend."
ROBIN of Derby-ſhire, whoſe temper ſhocks
The conſtitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place g, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a bluſhing modeſty aſham'd:
He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care,
But inwardly this ſullen churliſh thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's Beef;
His fancy fed on her, and thus he'd cry,
" Mully, as ſure as I'm alive, you die!
" 'Tis a brave Cow. O, Sirs, when Chriſtmas comes,
" Theſe Shins ſhall make the Porridge grac'd with Plums,
" Then, midſt our cups, whilſt we profuſely *dine*,
" This blade ſhall enter deep in Mully's Chine,
" What Ribs, what Rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, ſtew'd, and roaſt!
" There ſhan't one ſingle Tripe of her be loſt!"
When Peggy, Nymph of Mountown, heard theſe ſounds,
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
" What crime," ſaid ſhe, " has gentle Mully done?
" Witneſs the riſing and the ſetting Sun,
" That knows what Milk ſhe conſtantly would give!
" Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."
Daniel, a ſprightly Swain, that us'd to flaſh
The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's calaſh,

g The Devil's Arſe of Peak; deſcribed by Hobbes in a poem " De " Mirabilibus Pecci," the beſt of his poetical performances. See an account of Hobbes, vol. II. p. 142.

To

To Peggy's ſide inclin'd, for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe Cattle of his own.
Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly,
He'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
Pleading for Milk, his thoughts were on Mince-pye:
But all his arguments ſo dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
" You've ſpoke," ſays Robin; " but now, let me tell ye,
" 'Tis not fair ſpoken *words* that fill the *belly*;
" Pudding and Beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
" To recommend your bonny-clapper Soup;
" You ſay ſhe's innocent: but what of that?
" 'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe's *fat!*
" And that which is prevailing in this caſe
" Is, there's another Cow to fill her place.
" And, granting Mully to have Milk in ſtore,
" Yet ſtill this other Cow will give us more.
" She dies."—Stop here, my Muſe: forbear the reſt:
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt!

# ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

AS Poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent,
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let's know,
If any one will do ſo now.
This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the Siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh Harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife,
And they, as ſoon as match was made,
Set up the Ballad-ſinging trade.
The cunning varlet could deviſe,
For country folks, ten thouſand lies;
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *ſtrings*;
Could make a Tiger in a trice
Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice;
Could make a Lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a Stag,
And, by the help of pleaſing ditties,
Make Mill-ſtones run, and build up Cities;
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue,
If Dicé ſcolded, Orpheus ſung.
And ſo, by diſcord without ſtrife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters ſtood,
They got an honeſt livelihood:
Happy were mortals, could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were Poets, could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!
But, as theſe two went ſtroling on,
Poor Dicé's ſcene of life was done;

Away her fleeting breath muſt fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her ſtation;
How briſk ſhe was ſtill to advance,
The Harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune obſerve her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money ſtill.
Orpheus beſt knew what loſs he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almoſt mad,
And in deſpair to Linus ran,
Who was eſteem'd a Cunning-man;
Cried, "He again muſt Dicé have,
"Or elſe be buried in her grave."
Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your ſorrow:
"What fails to-day, may ſpeed to-morrow.
"Thank you the Gods for whate'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honeſt man's petition,
"That he may be in your condition.
"If ſuch a bleſſing might be had,
"To change a living wife for dead,
"I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
"Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
"Conſider firſt, you ſave her diet;
"Conſider next, you keep her quiet:
"For, pray, what was ſhe all along,
"Except the burthen of your ſong?
"What, though your Dicé's under ground,
"Yet many a woman may be found,
"Who, in your gains if ſhe may part take,
"Truſt me, will quickly make your heart ake:
"Then reſt content, as widowers ſhould—
"The Gods beſt know what's for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
"Is't poſſible?" cried he; "and can
"That noble creature, married man,
"In ſuch a cauſe be ſo profane?

" I'll fly thee far as I would death,
" Who from my Dicé took her breath."
Which ſaid, he ſoon outſtript the wind,
Whilſt puffing Boreas lagg'd behind,
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame;
Whoſe hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her Witch;
Down at her feet he proſtrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.
" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The Powers above, and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again?"
She ſmilingly replied, " I'll tell
" This eaſily without a ſpell:
" The wife you look for's gone to Hell—
" Nay, never ſtart, man, for 'tis ſo;
" Except one ill-bred wife or two,
" The faſhion is, for all to go.
" Not that ſhe will be damn'd; ne'er fear
" But ſhe may get preferment there.
" Indeed, ſhe might be fried in pitch,
" If ſhe had been a bitter bitch;
" If ſhe had leapt athwart a ſword,
" And afterwards had broke her word.
" But your Eurydice, poor ſoul!
" Was a good-natur'd harmleſs fool;
" Except a little cattervawling,
" Was always painful in her calling;
" And, I dare truſt old Pluto for't,
" She will find favour in his Court:
" But then to fetch her back, that ſtill
" Remains, and may be paſt my ſkill;
" For, 'tis too ſad a thing to jeſt on,
" You're the firſt man e'er aſk'd the queſtion;
" For huſbands are ſuch ſelfiſh elves,
" They care for little but themſelves.
" And then one rogue cries to another,
" Since this wife's gone, e'en get another:

" Though moſt men let ſuch thoughts alone,
" And ſwear they've had enough of *one*.
" But, ſince you are ſo kind to Dicé,
" Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye;
" E'en go to Hell yourſelf, and try
" Th' effect of Muſick's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend,
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend;
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to Hell—and you may ſwear
" She had but little Muſick there;
" For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
" Her merry dancing-days are done;
" She has a colt's tooth ſtill, I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand.
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
" Paſs on—Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
" The bold a way will find, or make,
" Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to Hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folk ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind,
Never conſider'd he ſhould find
Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
" Will Muſick do't?" cried he. " Ne'er heed!
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of Love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſsport to the Devil;
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bad him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;

Such

Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes;
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormondize on lighted Charcoal;
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bad him then go to thoſe caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A Kitchen-wench for being naſty:
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, "Oh, dear!
"Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?
"Tis that Queen's birth-day which you ſee,
"And you are come as luckily:
"You had no Ballad but we bought it,
"Paid Dicé when ſhe little thought it;
"When you beneath the yew-tree ſat,
"We've come, and all danc'd round your Hat;
"But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
"She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
"Theſe little chits would make one ſwear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt diſdain and fear.
"And dare theſe Urchins jeer my croſſes,
"And laugh at mine and Dicé's loſſes.
"Hands off—the monkeys hold the faſter;
"Sirrahs, I am going to your Maſter!"
"Good words," quoth Oberon: "don't flinch;
"For, every time you ſtir, I'll pinch;
"But, if you decently ſit down,
"I'll firſt equip you with a crown;
"Then for each dance, and for each ſong,
"Our pence apiece the whole night long."

Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of neceſſity,
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seemed to be Dicé's paſſing-bell,
At laſt, night let him eaſe his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to ſupper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have ſtrangers ſeldom,
" But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome."
" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtion.
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion?
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit?
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

" SIR,

" A roaſted ant, that's nicely done,
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies eggs, in moon-ſhine poach'd,
" This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,
" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' Park,
" And like t' have ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers vows, theſe courtiers hopes,
" Things to be eat by microſcopes:
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
" This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
" Madam, I find, they're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there's nothing you eſteem,
" That's half ſo groſs as our whipt-cream.
" And I infer, from all theſe meats,
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſheets."
" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you're dry!"
Then, ſpeaking to a Fairy by,
" You've taken care, my dear Endia,
" All's ready for my Ratifia."

" SIR,

"SIR,

" A drop of water, newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy-finger'd Morn;
" A pearl of milk, that's gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt;
" With half a one of Cupid's tears;
" When he in embryo firſt appears;
" And honey from an infant bee
" Makes liquor for the Gods and Me!"
" Madam," ſays he, " an't pleaſe your Grace,
" I'm going to a droughty place;
" And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
" The draught I have be ſomewhat larger."
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " a mighty bowl,
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,
" And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold.
" This from ſeven barley-corns I drew,
" Its years are ſeven, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
" But ſtay —
" When I by Fate was laſt time hurl'd,
" To act my pranks in t'other world,
" I ſaw ſome ſparks as they were drinking,
" With mighty mirth and little thinking,
" Their jeſts were *ſupernaculum*,
" I ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
" And in this cryſtal have them here,
" Perhaps you'll like it more than Beer."
Wine and late hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And Men and Fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of Harmony,
Purling ſtreams and amorous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills:
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting:
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,

Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the milleners ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops.
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſtening Fairies ſung.
Prince Prim, who pitied ſo much youth
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand;
"Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
"To ſee you out of Fairy Land,
"Into the Realm of Noſnotbocai;
"But let not fear or ſulphur choak ye;
"For he's a Fiend of ſenſe and wit,
"And has got many rooms to lett."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpſe,
Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
They ſoon arrive; find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's ſtewing.
"I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
"'Tis well," quoth Bocai: "what from him?"
"Why, ſomething ſtrange; this honeſt man
"Had his wife died; now, if he can,
"He ſays, he'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, ſmiling, cried, "You ſee,
"Orpheus, you'd better ſtay with me.
"For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
"Although it has an ugly face,
"If to its value it were ſold,
"Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold;

" And very famous in all ſtory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For, when ſome ages ſhall have run,
" And Truth by Falſehood be undone,
" Shall riſe the Whore of Babylon;
" And this ſame Whore ſhall be a Man,
" Who, by his lies and cheating, can
" Be ſuch a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the Devil:
" He and his pimps ſhall ſay, that when
" A man is dying, thither then
" The Devil comes to take the ſoul,
" And carry him down to this hole;
" But, if a man have ſtore of wealth,
" To get ſome prayers for his ſoul's health,
" The Devil has then no more to do,
" But muſt be forc'd to let him go;
" But we are no more fools than they,
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By theſe ſame pious Frauds and Lies,
" Shall many Monaſteries riſe:
" Friars ſhall get good meat and beer,
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, ſhall be given,
" To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
" Suppoſe a man has taken purſes,
" Or ſtolen ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
" And chances to be hang'd; you'd cry,
" Let him be hang'd, and ſo good by.
" Hold, ſays the Friar; let me alone,
" He's but to Purgatory gone;
" And if you'll let our Convent keep
" Thoſe purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep;
" The fellow ſhall find no more pain,
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, " Could I find the Whore you ſpake on,
" I'd give him my beſt flitch of bacon:
" I'd give him cake and ſugar'd ſack,
" If he would bring my Dicé back:

" Rather than ſhe ſhould longer ſtay,
" I'd find ſome luſty man to *pray*.
" And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
" I dare ſay, would requite the Friar."
Great Noſnotbocai ſmil'd to ſee
Such goodneſs and ſimplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of Hell;
A filthy place, that's ſeldom ſwept,
Where ſeeds of villainy are kept.
" Orpheus," ſaid he, " I'd have you take
" Some of theſe ſeeds here, for my ſake;
" Which, if they are diſcreetly hurl'd
" Throughout the parts of t'other world,
" They may oblige the Fiend you ſue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" Sow *pride-ſeed* uppermoſt; then above
" *Envy* and *ſcandal* plant *ſelf-love*.
" Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cauſe*,
" And here *contempt of honeſty and laws*;
" This hot ſeed's *anger*, and this hotter *luſt*,
" Beſt ſown with *breach of friendſhip*, and *of truſt*:
" Theſe *ſtorm*, *hail*, *plague*, and *tempeſt* ſeeds,
" And this a quinteſſence of weeds,
" This the worſt ſort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himſelf beſpoke;
" Nouriſh it well, 'tis uſeful *treachery*.
" This is a choice though little ſeed, a *lye*:
" Here take ſome now from theſe prodigious loads,
" Of tender things that look like Toads.
" In future times, theſe, finely dreſt,
" Shall each invade a Prince's breaſt;
" 'Tis *flattery* ſeed, though thinly ſown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly,
" Theſe are the ſeeds of *vanity*.
" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will beſt advance,
" If ſown in Eaſtern climates, or in France;

" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They're *Jeſuit bulbs* tied up with ropes,
" And theſe the Devil's grafts for future popes,
" Which with Fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean,
" You'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between:
" *Falſe-witneſs* ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, ſhould there be a plot:
" And now, dear Orpheus, ſcatter theſe but well;
" And you'll deſerve the gratitude of Hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In every thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the Poet's trade:
" And whatſoever they ſhall bring,
" You may aſſure yourſelf, I'll ſing.
" But pray what Poets ſhall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai — " let me ſee —
" But, ſince what I ſay cannot ſhame them,
" I'll e'en reſolve to never name them."
" But now," ſays Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,
" Unleſs you'll drink ſome Arſenick Claret:
" 'Tis burnt, you ſee; but Sam can ſpare it.
Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
" But Love, and I an inſtance can be,
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The ſtyle and paſſion both are good,
" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood.*"
He ſang; and pains themſelves found eaſe;
For griefs, when well expreſs'd, can pleaſe.
When he deſcrib'd the childrens loſs,
And how the Robins cover'd them with moſs;
To hear the pity of thoſe birds,
E'en Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.
&c.

RUFINUS;

# RUFINUS;

## OR,

# THE FAVOURITE*.

### Imitated from CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame;
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rowling furges of the briny main;
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year;
How Day and Night alternately appear;
Then am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
Some Firſt Informing Power directs the whole;
Some great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the Stars,
Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,
Who hangs the Earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various Fruits in various Seaſons riſe.
But, ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How *ill men*, crown'd with bleſſings, ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife:
Then am I loſt again; Religion fails,
Then Epicurus' bolder *ſcheme* prevails;

* This was written in 1711, and ſeems to be a harſh ſatire on the duke of Marlborough; but was perhaps dictated rather by party rage than truth.

Which

Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance;
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length RUFINUS' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *exiſtence* and his *juſtice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flouriſh, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down [b].

But

[b] The Reader (if ſuch an one by chance there be) who has received no entertainment from the preceding lines may ſpare himſelf the trouble of peruſing a maſterly imitation of the ſame original; which we are tempted to annex, as a rich repaſt for the Literati. To the very learned and now right reverend author of them our beſt excuſe is ſuggeſted by his own motto—*Licebit interdum* NOTISSIMA *eligere.*

" Oft have theſe thoughts my anxious ſoul oppreſs'd,
" With fluctuating fury tore my breaſt,
" Whether Omniſcient Powers, all good, beſtow
" Their care and bleſſing on mankind below;
" Or doth ſole arbitreſs, blind Chance, preſide.
" And things at random drive the giddy guide.
" When this harmonious whole I wondering found
" By laws directed, ſtricteſt union bound;
" How circling ſeaſons in their turns appear,
" To pour their products, and complete the year;
" How Night and Day in grateful change move round;
" How ſtraggling deeps, unwilling, own a bound;
" The tumult ceas'd.—Yet, though repreſs'd my fears,
" My mind ſtill labours with the leſſening cares.
" As when retiring ſtorms forſake the deep,
" Pant to the ſhore, and o'er the billows creep;
" While Ocean yet not all his peace regains,
" Nor baffled Boreas quits the heaving plains,
" Thick fluttering blaſts die in a diſtant roar,
" And fainter murmurs fall along the ſhore.
" But now a conſcious guidance I deſcry,
" Now ſee a Mind Almighty, thron'd on high:
" Who points the planets their unvaried way;
" Fills the fair womb of Earth with offspring gay;
" Gives changing Phœbe ſplendours not her own,
" And ſtores with unlent light the conſtant Sun;
" On central axes hangs the ſteady ball,
" Secure in air, and gives it laws to roll.

" When

But here inſtruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows,
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe.
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a *cabal* of Siſter Fiends.
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night.
Firſt, Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next, Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;
Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines.

---

"When lo! again —
"My views no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
"And all the promiſe of a God is loſt.
"Black gathering clouds my ruffled mind o'er-ſpread,
"Bewilder'd in the maze of life I tread,
"See the ſucceſsful Villain ride the ſtate;
"The Patriot ſinking in the ſtorms of Fate.
"Sudden Religion's ſtrong ſupports decay,
"And all the towering fabrick falls away;
"With mournful eyes the fleeting form I view,
"And forc'd, unwilling, other guides purſue;
"That through the void teach ſlooping atoms rain'd,
"By Chance aſſociate, and by Chance detain'd.
"While lucky jumbles of a thoughtleſs rout
"A world produce, and at an heat ſtrike out.
"Exiſts the whole, ungovern'd, ſelf-combin'd,
"Nor wants the ſtay of an immortal Mind.
"But all my doubts RUFINUS' fall remov'd;
"Abſolv'd the Gods, and Providence approv'd.
"Of tardy Vengeance now no more I rave,
"When proſtituted Purple courts the Slave;
"Hoiſted aloft, juſt ſhewn, then headlong flung,
"To deck the dunghill whence the inſect ſprung."

Miſcellaneous Tranſlations in Proſe and Verſe, 1724.

A train

A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears[c];
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confeſs the parent *bag* from whence they ſpring.
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort,
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
Amidſt th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like theſe, expreſs'd
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
" Shall we ſupine permit theſe *peaceful days*,
" So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
" Shall Pity melt, ſhall Clemency controul,
" A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *ſoul?*
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
" What all the horrid implements of Hell;
" Since mighty Jove debars us of his *ſkies*,
" Since Theodoſius too his *earth* denies?
" Such were the days, and ſo their tenor ran,
" When the firſt happy Golden Age began:
" Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
" With Piety and Faith, ſecurely reign;
" Nay, Juſtice, in imperial pomp array'd,
" Boldly explores this everlaſting ſhade;
" Me ſhe, inſulting, menaces and awes;
" Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
" And ſhall we then, neglected and forlorn,
" From every region baniſh'd, idly mourn?
" Aſſert yourſelves; know what, and whence, you are:
" Attempt ſome glorious miſchief worth your care;
" Involve the Univerſe in endleſs war.
" Oh! that I could in Stygian vapours riſe,
" Darken the *ſun*, pollute the balmy *ſkies*;
" Let looſe the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
" Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
" And ſhatter Nature into Chaos once again!"
So rag'd the Fiend, and toſs'd her *vipers* round,
Which hiſſing pour'd their poiſon on the ground.

[c] This is an inſtance in which Dr. King, in common with greater Poets, has ſacrificed Grammar to (even a very indifferent) Rhyme.

A murmur

A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different reſolves from different reaſons ſprung.
So when the fury of the ſtorm is paſt,
When the rough winds in ſofter murmurs waſte;
So ſounds, ſo fluctuates, the troubled ſea,
As the expiring *tempeſt* plows its way.
Megæra, riſing then, addreſs'd the throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong;
Whoſe food is entrails of the guiltleſs dead,
Whoſe drink is childrens blood by parents ſhed.
She ſcorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the ſavage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, ſhe flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monſtrous Wife
To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,
So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him inceſtuous to a Mother's arms:
She ſtung Thyeſtes, and his fury fed;
She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful ſpeech:
" Your *ſchemes* not practical nor lawful are,
" With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
" But, if the peace of Man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd Earth *deſtruction* ſpread.
" Then ſhall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from ſavage parents ſprung,
" Impetuous as a Tigreſs new with young;
" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
" I firſt receiv'd him to my nurſing care;
" And often he, when tender yet and young,
" Cried for the teat, and on my boſom hung:
" Whilſt my *horn'd ſerpents* round his *viſage* play'd;
" His features form'd, and there their *venom* ſhed,

" Whilſt

" Whilſt I, infuſing, breath'd into his heart
" *Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art;
" Taught him t'involve his ſoul in ſecret clouds,
" With falſe diſſembling ſmiles to veil his frauds.
" Not dying patriots' tortures can aſſuage
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can ſuffice
" His boundleſs and unſated *avarice*:
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' ſtreams,
" Nor Hermus glittering as the ſolar beams.
" If you the ſtratagem propos'd approve,
" Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
" There ſhall he ſoon, with his intriguing art,
" Guide uncontroul'd the willing Prince's *heart*.
" Not Numa's wiſdom ſhall that *heart* defend,
" When the falſe *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend*."
Soon as ſhe ended, the ſurrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black deſign applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair ſhe bound,
With a blue *ſerpent* girt her veſt around;
Then haſtes to Phlegethon's impetuous ſtream,
Whoſe pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and ſtraight, with wings diſplay'd,
Shoots ſwiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmoſt verge there lies,
Extended to the ſea and Southern ſkies;
Where once Ulyſſes, as old Fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;
Where oft, with ſtaring eyes, the trembling *hind*
Sees airy *phantoms* ſkim before the wind:
Hence ſprings the Fury into upper ſkies,
Infecting all the region as ſhe flies:
She roars, and ſhakes the atmoſphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the ſound.
Then ſtraight transform'd her ſnakes to ſilver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *ſage* appears;
Slowly ſhe creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs ſuſtain her weight.
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monſtrous birth, ſhe knew ſo well,

She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* addreſs'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breaſt:
" Can Sloth diſſolve RUFINUS? canſt thou paſs
" Thy ſprightly youth in ſoft inglorious eaſe?
" Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an *old* man's counſel canſt obey,
" The ſubject-world ſhall own thy ſovereign ſway:
" For my enlighten'd ſoul, my conſcious breaſt,
" Of Magic's *ſecret ſcience* is poſſeſs'd.
" Oft have I forc'd, with *myſtic midnight* ſpells,
" Pale *ſpectres* from their ſubterranean cells:
" Old Hecaté attends my powerful ſong,
" Powerful to haſten fate, or to prolong;
" Powerful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth — behold, with juſt ſurprize,
" An effort of my art—a *palace riſe.*"
She ſaid; and, lo! a *palace* towering ſeems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
RUFINUS, raviſh'd with the vaſt delight,
Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his *golden wiſh* enjoy'd:
But, as his ſtiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.
" Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *hut* he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring, ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinions ſpread;
But Juſtice, conſcious, ſhuns the poiſon'd air,
Where only *proſtituted tools* repair;
Where STILICO and Virtue not avail;
Where *royal favours* ſtand expos'd to ſale;

Where

Where now RUFINUS [d], ſcandalouſly great,
Loads labouring nations with oppreſſive weight;
Keeps

[d] To the elegant writer whom we have already quoted in p. 219, the Curious are alſo indebted for the following valuable Fragment:

— Slow daſtard Dulneſs is his native vice,
But Miſchief quickens, and informs the maſs;
From realm to realm as the Deſtroyer flies,
A following tract of bloody ruin lies:
Beneath the Line with fiercer fires he glows,
And adds new winter to Rhiphean ſnows.
An horrid reſpite chains and racks afford,
The cruel mercies of th' impending ſword:
Worſe than th' impending ſword protracted breath,
A life prolong'd to wail the woes of death.
If any, bolder than the reſt, deny
When call'd the Tyrant's coffers to ſupply;
Stung with the dire diſgrace, he foams with ire,
And his red eye-balls dart deſtructive fire.
So the ſtruck Savage roves Getulia's plain,
Tries the barb'd javelin, and provokes the pain;
Robb'd of her young, ſo the mad tigreſs roars,
Hangs on the parth, and thunders to the ſhores;
So hiſſes fierce, ſo meditates her foe,
The trodden ſnake, while her big columns glow:
But ſtill he thirſts, ſtill pines amidſt his ſtore,
A wretch, that's always craving, always poor.
See great FABRICIUS, great in indigence,
Slight the deluding tribute of a prince;
His ſmall paternal plot SERRANUS plows,
While ſweat bedews the toiling conſul's brows.
Thoſe lowly cots, the Curian names adorn,
On cloud-hid Palatine look down with ſcorn.
O ſacred ſtate! where wealth or want ne'er come;
To ſerve no motive, to enſlave no Rome!
Let luxury thy o'er-charg'd nature load,
And with fantaſtic dainties heap thy board.
To her full breaſts, me Mother Earth receives;
Cheaply I'll riot on the wealth ſhe gives.
There, figur'd walls betray the Tyrian loom,
Th' imperial *murix* * proudly paints thy dome.
Here, blooming meads their fragrant ſweets diſpenſe;
Here, living pleaſures court the raviſh'd ſenſe;
Embroider'd carpets every field adorn,
Blows in the grove, and opens in the lawn;

* A ſhell fiſh; of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will;
Advances thoſe, whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to *reſiſt*, and to *rebel*:
But thoſe *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
Who, dauntleſs, dare his *ſacred rights* defend.
Expounds ſmall *riots* into *higheſt crimes*,
Brands *loyalty* as *treaſon* to the *times*.
An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enſlaves the *ſubjects*, and inſults the *Throne*.
A thouſand diſemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlaſting homage to the *ſea*;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams:
But yet the *ſea* confeſſes no increaſe,
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
In craving, ſtill RUFINUS' ſoul remains,
Though fed with ſhowers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he deſpoils and ravages the land,
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand;
Treaſures immenſe he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.

---

The flowery couch and gently-murmuring ſtreams
Lull to ſoft ſlumbers and unbroken dreams.
There, clamorous clients croud long rooms of ſtate,
And fawning levees call the Wretched, Great!
Here, on ſmooth whiſpers, balmy Zephyr blows,
And every Muſick wakes from calm repoſe.
A virtuous Poverty's a good confeſs'd,
When Nature made us men, ſhe made us bleſs'd.
So live the Wiſe, who hear her heavenly voice,
Who know to make, and know to uſe, their choice *.

* "Adeo tritum thema eſt, atque ab omnibus jactatum, otium & ſeceſſum præponere vitæ forenſi, & occupatæ, propter ſecuritatem, libertatem, dulcedinem, dignitatem, aut ſaltem ab indignitatibus immunitatem, *ut nemo tractet hunc locum quin bene tractet*; ita humanis conceptibus in experiendo, & conſenſibus in approbando conſonat." Bacon, de Augm. Scient.

Oh!

Oh! whither would'ſt thou rove, *miſtaken man?*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain:
For now, ſuppoſe thy *avarice* poſſeſs'd
Of all the ſplendour of the glittering Eaſt,
Of CROESUS' maſs of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own;
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
FABRICIUS, in himſelf, in virtue great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Conſul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty *dome*;
Though there, thy furniture of radiant die
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid,
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there, thy *ſycophants*, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
NATURE on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail.

Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* ſtrew the plain.
But, oh! RUFINUS is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.
No *bribes* his growing appetite can ſate;
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict *oaths* his profer'd faith he binds,
Falſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a Patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking *nation's* cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can controul,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed gain:
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightening in her eyes, and poiſon in her tongue.
Nor will thoſe families eraz'd ſuffice;
But provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the *ſtate*;
Subverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to ſave
A man purſued by *faction* from the *grave*;
Then he invents new puniſhments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *ſilence*, and from *truth* reſtrains[e]:
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own:
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulſive ſorrow* tear the *mind*.

[e] Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed Advocate. See vol. II. p. 180.

Envy

Envy is mute—'tis treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But STILICO's ſuperior ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the *ſtate*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempeſts* beat;
He is the ſafe *retreat*, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*.
He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken force,
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river, ſwell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains;
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe;
With unreſiſted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided *ſurges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the ſound,

# BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

## OR,

## Lord BOLINGBROKE's Welcome from FRANCE [f].

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat
" Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
" Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what's now the laſt reſult of Fate;
What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war;

[f] Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France, accompanied by Mr. Hare one of his under-ſecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier, Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. See the note, p. 234.

Then

Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey:
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky;
" The reſt let Nereus tell" —
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
" Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the watery realms ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace:
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt:
" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.
" The Southern coaſts, to Britain ſcarcely known,
" Shall grow as hoſpitable as their own:
" No monſters ſhall be feign'd, to guard their ſtore,
" When Britiſh trade ſecures their golden ore:
" The fleecy product of the Cotſwold field
" Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
" Iron ſhall there intrinſic value ſhow,
" And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
" Britannia's royal fiſhery ſhall be
" Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
" That mighty taſk to Glaucus we aſſign,
" Of more importance than the richeſt mine;
" He ſhall direct them how to ſtrike the Whale,
" How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
" What treaſure lies upon the frozen coaſt
" Not yet explor'd, nor negligently loſt.
" In vaſt Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
" Towns ſhall be built, ſacred to Anna's § name;

§ Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" The ſilver fir and lofty pines ſhall riſe
" From Britain's own united Colonies;
" Which to the maſt ſhall canvas wings afford,
" And pitch, to ſtrengthen the unfaithful board;
" Norway may then her naval ſtores with-hold,
" And proudly ſtarve for want of Britiſh gold.
" O happy Iſle! to ſuch advantage plac'd,
" That all the world is by thy counſels grac'd;
" Thy nation's genius, with induſtrious arts,
" Renders thee lovely to remoteſt parts.
" Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
" When Burleigh [h] at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
" The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt Queen:
" The Indians, from the Spaniſh yoke made free,
" Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
" Drake [i] round the world his Sovereign's honour ſpread,
" Through ſtraights and gulphs immenſe her fame convey'd;
" Nor reſts enquiry here; his curious eye
" Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
" In which vaſt ſpace, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuſe their ſtars.
" Raleigh [k], with hopes of new diſcoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the Weſtern world, in ſearch of fame,
" Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires, that will records be
" Immortal of a Queen's virginity [l].
" But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
" Or that thy princes have leſs power to ſway;

h Sir William Cecil was made preſident of the court of wards Jan. 10, 1561, at which time he was alſo ſecretary of ſtate; and was created lord Burleigh, Feb. 25, 1570-1. He died Aug. 4, 1598, in his 78th year, after having had a principal ſhare in the adminiſtration 40 years. He has been deſervedly placed at the head of our Engliſh ſtateſmen; not only for his great abilities and indefatigable application, but alſo for his inviolable attachment to the intereſt of his ſovereign. See more in Granger.

i See above, p. 92.

k See vol. II. p. 93.

l Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

" Whatever

" Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen,
" With a re-doubled vigour ſprings again:
" Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas controul,
" And ſpread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counſels leſs,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth.
" No nation can fear want, or dread ſurprize,
" Where Oxford's [m] prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies;
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans,
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of Queens:
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war ſhall ceaſe, and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtreights of Europe were confin'd.
" The Britiſh Sailors, from their Royal Change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford ſhall be their Pole-ſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:

[m] Robert Harley, eſq. was born Dec. 5, 1661. On the acceſſion of king William, he was elected member for Tregony; and afterward for Radnor, which he repreſented till called to the upper houſe. Feb. 11, 1701-2, he was choſen ſpeaker; as he was again, 31 Dec. following; and a third time, in the firſt parliament of queen Anne. April 17, 1704, he was ſworn of the privy council; and, May 18 following, appointed ſecretary of ſtate, being ſtill ſpeaker of the houſe of commons. His office of ſecretary he reſigned Feb. 12, 1707-8. Aug. 10, 1710, he was made a commiſſioner of the treaſury and chancellor of the exchequer; and three days after ſworn again of the privy council; where, on the 8th of March following, his life was attacked by Guiſcard. The addreſs of both houſes of parliament ſhews their great anxiety on that alarming occaſion. Her majeſty, in reward for his many ſervices, advanced him to the peerage, by the title of baron Harley, earl of Oxford and earl Mortimer. On the 29th of May, he was appointed lord treaſurer; Aug. 15, choſen governor of the South Sea company, of which he had been the founder; and, Oct. 26, 1712, was honoured with the Garter. July 27, 1714, he reſigned the treaſurer's ſtaff. June 10, 1715, his lordſhip was impeached by the houſe of commons; and was committed to The Tower July 9, where he was confined till July 2, 1717, when the impeachment was diſmiſſed. He died May 21, 1724.

" Whence,

" Whence, through his conduct, traffick ſhall encreaſe,
" Ev'n to thoſe Seas which take their *name* from *peace* [n].
" Peace is the ſound muſt glad the Britons' ears
" But ſee! the noble Bolingbroke [o] appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" The approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cœrulean race ſafe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep;
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.
" Ye Tritons, ſons of Gods! 'tis my command,
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air;
" The River-gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wondering, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice.

[n] The Pacific Ocean.

[o] Henry St. John, eſq. was ſecretary at war from April 20, 1704, to Feb. 12, 1707-8. He ſucceeded Mr. Boyle as ſecretary of ſtate, Sept. 21, 1710; and July 7, 1712, was created baron St. John and viſcount Bolingbroke: an honour he received reluctantly, having been diſappointed of an earldom and of the Garter. On the acceſſion of king George I, he was made lord lieutenant and cuſtos rotulorum of the county of Eſſex. The ſeals were taken from him Oct. 13, 1715, and all the papers in his office ſecured. Soon after the meeting of the new parliament, perceiving himſelf in danger, he withdrew into France. In 1723, his majeſty having granted him a full and free pardon, he returned to his native country; and in about two years obtained an act of parliament, to reſtore him to his family inheritance. He remained, however, ſtill a mere titular lord, not being admitted to take his ſeat in parliament. Inflamed with this taint, he again entered upon the public ſtage, and embarked ſtrongly in oppoſition againſt Sir Robert Walpole; which he carried on with inimitable ſpirit, till, in 1735, on a diſagreement with his principal coadjutors, he retired to France, with a full reſolution never more to engage in public buſineſs. On the death of his father, who lived to be extremely old, he ſettled at Batterſea, the ancient ſeat of the family, where he paſſed the remainder of his days in the higheſt dignity; and died, Nov. 15, 1751, on the verge of fourſcore. During the latter part of his life, he was much in the confidence of Frederick prince of Wales, and is ſuppoſed to have been the adviſer of the moſt important ſteps in that prince's political conduct.

" The

" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams, confeſs their true content.
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine:
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But Peace and Plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."
Faction, that through the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great deſigns, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever-turning ſchemes, and reſtleſs courſe.
Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls, to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleaſure, look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unuſual ſhow,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;

But they devis'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallic King, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh Peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choiceſt friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To bear her Queen's commands through yielding ſkies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight,
With meſſage heavenly; and, with equal light,
Diſpels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his Miſtreſs' name for Peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great King receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,
Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air:
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel:
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride,
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide:
No limit's ſet to their ambitious ends,
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſtening Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe:
Such as fond Oxford to her Son ſupplied,
Deſign'd her own, as well as Britain's pride.

Who,

Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins:
Out-do whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow,
Prepare the Roſe and Lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
To Anna's intereſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy; but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

## TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

THE time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther Eaſt,
To Carolina, and the diſtant Weſt,
Your name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
Through Spain and tracts of Libyan ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
Your greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold:
How there appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
Beauty, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
Theſe let the world admire.—From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

P A paraphraſe on Naudæus's Addreſs to Cardinal de Bagni. Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

## S O N G.

YOU ſay you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night
Endymion ſighing lay,
Gaz'd on the Moon's tranſcendent light;
Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the Goddeſs brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

## SONG, TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis, cold returns,
Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with diſdain!

See

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears for Damon's ſake deſpiſe;
Let her kneel ſtill for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
Men can revenge their ſex.

## An incomparable ODE of MALHERBE's [q], written by him when the Marriage was on foot between this King of FRANCE [r] and ANNE of AUSTRIA.

Tranſlated by a great Admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry.

*Cette Anne ſi belle,*
*Qu'on vante ſi fort,*
*Pourquoy ne vient elle?*
*Vrayment, elle a tort!*
*Son Loüis ſoûpire*
*Apres ſes appas:*
*Que veut elle dire,*
*Que elle ne vient pas?*
*Si il ne la poſſéde,*
*Il s'en va mourir;*
*Donnons y reméde,*
*Allons la querir.*

This Anna ſo fair,
So talk'd of by fame,
Why don't ſhe appear?
Indeed, ſhe's to blame!
Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Of her charms, as they ſay;
What excuſe can ſhe make
For not coming away?
If he does not poſſeſs,
He dies with deſpair;
Let's give him redreſs,
And go find out the Fair.

q The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only in the ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of theſe three words, "as they ſay;" which he thinks is excuſable, if we conſider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's paſſion, as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. The Tranſlator thinks it more mannerly and reſpectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearſay.

KING.

r Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE

## THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were paſt,
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte;
Yet ſtill my monumental log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.
Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
"From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
"Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
"Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare;
"That, having many fires and flames withſtood.
"Its antient teſtimonial may laſt good
"In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"

## TO LAURA,

### In Imitation of PETRARCH.

AT ſight of murder'd Pompey' head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conqueſt views;
Nay weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears,
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

## To the Right Honourable the late Earl of ——[s], upon his diſputing publicly at Chriſt Church, Oxford.

MUSE, to thy maſter's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodneſs won't deny:
With due ſubmiſſion, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this deſign,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard juſt now from vanquiſh'd Truth:
"Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis ſtrange that there ſhould be
"In this confeſſion pleaſure ev'n to me.
"With well-wrought terms my hold I ſtrongly barr'd;
"And rough diſtinctions were my ſurly guard.
"Whilſt I, ſure of my cauſe, this ſtrength poſſeſs,
"A noble youth advancing with addreſs,
"Led glittering falſehood on with ſo much art,
"That I ſoon felt ſad omens in my heart.
"Words with that grace," ſaid I, "muſt needs perſuade;
"I find myſelf inſenſibly betray'd.
"Whilſt he purſues his conqueſt, I retreat,
"And by that name would palliate my defeat.
"But here methinks I do the proſpect ſee
"Of all thoſe triumphs he prepares for me,
"When Virtue or when Innocence oppreſt
"Fly for ſure refuge to his generous breaſt;
"When with a noble mien his youth appears,
"And gentle voice perſuades the liſtening peers.
"Judges ſhall wonder when he clears the laws,
"Diſpelling miſts, which long have hid their cauſe:

[s] Probably James the third of Argleſea. See the Memoirs of Dr. King, in our Firſt Volume.

" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, ſhall ſure prevail:
" Thouſands of wreaths to me he ſhall repay
" For that one laurel Error wears to-day."

## A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wiſhes firſt I ſought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You ſaw how ſtill my fire encreas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You ſaid, " till I to wander ceas'd
" You'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of paſſion ſwore
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain:
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

## THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I'll ſtrive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh, Muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of love.

I'll ſearch heaven, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My ſoul muſt ſtill endure the pain,
And with freſh torment rave:
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's ſlave.

## THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

### A Soliloquy by NAN THRASHERWELL, being Part of a Play called "The New Troop."

O MY dear Thraſherwell, you're gone to ſea,
And happineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
Perhaps he is on land at Portſmouth now
In the embraces of ſome Hampſhire Sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
"You're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy here."—
"Pox on them all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
"With whom the torments of my life began:
"She is a bitter one!"—You lye, you Rogue;
You are a treacherous, falſe, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a ſhirt?
Woe worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all your dirt!
Did not my intereſt liſt you in the Guard?
And had not you ten ſhillings, my reward?
Did I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace?

And Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
When I had the whole Regiment to louſe.
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your ſword,
The juſt revenger of your injur'd word:
The martial Youth round in a circle ſtood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood.
You, with ſome oaths that ſignified conſent,
Cried "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you went.
Then I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep:
The Enſign thump'd my bum, and made me leap.
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

## THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whoſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made cenſorious perſons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his ſoul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, ſhe'd uſe
To give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was diſturb'd or contradicted:
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With, "'Tis not ſo—pray give me leave to ſpeak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.
He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday noon would ſhew
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;

"When

" When their good company he would entreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aking heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe,
And prays dear Sukey, that one day, at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
" I'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, " that you may ſee
" 'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy Farmer with his ſimpering dame.
" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why doſt not thou appear?
" Are theſe thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"
" I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; " I'd not offend
" Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying, " There was nothing fit to eat:
" The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef's not enough,
" The Bacon's ruſty, and the Hens are tough;
" The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to Oil;
" And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
" 'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſate
" Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
" What Teeth or Stomach's ſtrong enough to feed
" Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?
" Why muſt old Pidgeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
" When there's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
" This Beer is ſour, this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
" And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."
Sue all this while many excuſes made,
Some things ſhe own'd, at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, " This e'en ſhall roll:
" I'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
" This is Skim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
" And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte,
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.

" Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, " my dear: I'll find
" A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt;
" I'll try, my joy," ſhe cried, " if I can pleaſe
" My Deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe."
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang: " Is't the Old Cheeſe, my Dear?
" No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch: " I'll ſwear,
" I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

## THE SKILLET.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of Wives agree.
Clod thought a Cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt:
Therefore, reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a Wife none but himſelf could touch,
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young handſome jolly laſs made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſon for't,
That, ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt he had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, with " Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt:
At laſt the Tinker cried, " Few words are beſt;

" Give

" Give me that Skillet then; and, if I'm true,
" I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
" And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
Says ſhe, " Give me your Skillet then, and try."
" My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;
" I wiſh it were a Copper for your ſake."
After all this, not many days did paſs
Clod, ſitting at Jolt's houſe, ſurvey'd the Braſs
And glittering Pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf.
Then, after ſome gruff muttering with himſelf,
Cried, " Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
" You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; " 't'en't mine;
" But I'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cried, " You've got the better:
" For tell me, Deareſt, whether would you chuſe
" To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
" As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
" We've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

## THE FISHERMAN.

TOM Banks by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how Fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick and water clear
They'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft he'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.

His net well pois'd with lead he'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;
And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their owzy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale;
"Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
"They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
"With water ſometimes ink, and ſometimes whey,
"According as you meet with mud or clay.
"Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
"And now the blame of this all's laid on you;
"For it will be a diſmal thing to think
"How we old Trots muſt live and have no drink:
"Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
"Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."
Says Banks, "I'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
"Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
"Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis Fortune tries one
"To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;
"And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
"By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
"Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
"There's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
"Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
"I'd rather you ſhould choak, than I ſhould ſtarve."

A CASE

# A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you to a hair
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
At home he had occaſion for a light
To turn Socinus[t], Leſſius, Eſcobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
And therefore, as he from the chapel came,
Extinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
By which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
The uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
There happen'd a Phyſician to be by,
Who thither came but only as a ſpy,
To find out others faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This Doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, "He lack'd
"To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudious gravity replies,
"That's as the place or as the matter lies:
"If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
"A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;
"Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
"There would be nothing different in the caſe;
"But, if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
"'Twere height of ſacrilege, as Doctors all agree."
"Then," ſays the Doctor, "for more light in this,
"To put a ſpecial caſe, were not amiſs.
"Suppoſe a man ſhould take a Common Prayer
"Out of a Chapel where there's ſome to ſpare."
"A Common Prayer!" ſays Paddy, "that would be
"A ſacrilege of an intenſe degree."

[t] Marianus Socinus, an eminent civilian, born in Tuſcany in 1482, died in Auguſt, 1556. He is introduced here, as are the following perſonages, for his great ſkill in caſuiſtry. He was grandfather to Fauſtus Socinus, the founder of the ſect which bears their name.

"Suppoſe

" Suppoſe that one ſhould in theſe holidays
" Take thence a bunch of Roſemary or Bays."
" I'd not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
" But 'twould be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
" What if a man ſhould from the chapel take
" A taper's end: ſhould he a ſcruple make,
" If homeward to his chambers he ſhould go,
" Whether 'twere theft, or ſacrilege, or no?"
The ſly inſinuation was perceiv'd,
Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
" Unleſs in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
" But this may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
" As to the taper, it could be no theft,
" For it had done its duty, and was left:
" And ſacrilege in having it is none,
" Becauſe that in my ſleeve I now have one."

## THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Conſidering both were waſh'd away with beer,
With Strap the Conſtable by Fortune meets,
Whoſe lantherns glare in the moſt ſilent ſtreets.
Reſty, impatient any one ſhould be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he:
" Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, " at hours ſo late?
" Anſwer. Your name; or elſe have at your pate."—
" I wo'nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can't. Why muſt you know
" From whence it is I come, or where I go?"
" See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; " trembling behold
" Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
" Wooden authority when thus I wield,
" Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
" Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
" Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."

" You!

" You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that never ſpare:
" If that be all, commit me if you dare;
" No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhame,
" Durſt commit me, that once had heard my name."—
" Pray then, what is't?"—" My name's ADULTERY;
" And, faith, your future life would pleaſant be
" Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

## LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London, Paul the Carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town,
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, " How do'ſt, Paul?"—" Thank you: and how do'ſt, Betty?"
" Didſt ſee our Jack, nor Siſter? No, you've ſeen,
" I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen."
" Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, " are true,
" I came from Windſor [u]; and, if ſome folks knew
" As much as I, it might be well for you,"
" Lord, Paul! what is't?"—" Why give me ſomething for't,
" This kiſs; and this. The matter's then in ſhort:
" The Parliament have made a proclamation,
" Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
" That Maids with little mouths do all prepare
" On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
" And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there:
" For Maids with little mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
" From theſe young men chooſe two apiece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering grace,
Cries, " Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
" For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?"
" Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he; " pray pardon me:
" Maids with huge gaping wide mouths muſt have three."

[u] Where Queen Anne and her Court frequently reſided.

Betty

Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquawl,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
" Oh! ho! is't ſo? The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
" Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten;
" I warrant I'd find mouth, if they'll find men."

## HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard, he'd retire,
His foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he,
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs;
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
" What a rare Jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
" You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
" Ah," ſays another, " we can have no hope
" Of getting thither to't without a rope."
Says then the ſleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
" Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
" How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
" Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
" Why mayn't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
" For that contrivance pray let me alone.
" Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you,
" And then I warrant you the thing will do.

" But,

" But, if there's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon complied,
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend:
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend,
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me,
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them; and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my lads! ſo ho!
" You're gone, unleſs ye all hold faſt below.
" They've ſerv'd my turn, ſo 'tis fit time to drop them;
" The Devil, if he wants them, let him ſtop them."

## THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray,
More out of choice, than that he loſt his way,
He let his company the Hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view.
A Beggar by her trade; yet not ſo mean,
But that her cheeks were freſh, and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two ſhou'd
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind,
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her ſhoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often aſk'd her to expoſe; but ſhe
Still fear'd the coming of his Company.
Says ſhe, " I know an unfrequented place,
" To the left hand, where we our time may paſs,
" And the mean while your horſe may find ſome graſs."
Thither they come, and both the horſe ſecure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter ſure.

She's

She's aſk'd to ſit: but then excuſe is made,
" Sitting," ſays ſhe, " 's not uſual in my trade
" Should you be rude, and then ſhould throw me down,
" I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
He ſmiling cries, " Come, I'll the knot untie,
" And, if you mean the Child's, we'll lay it by."
Says ſhe, " That can't be done, for then 'twill cry.
" I'd not have us, but chiefly for your ſake,
" Diſcover'd by the hideous noiſe 'twould make.
" Uſe is another nature, and 'twould lack
" More than the breaſt, its cuſtom to the back."
" Then," ſays the Gentleman, " I ſhould be loth
" To come ſo far and diſoblige you both:
" Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould do?"
" Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"
With ſpeed incredible to work ſhe goes,
And from her ſhoulders ſoon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toſs
Upon her generous friend, and, like a croſs,
The ſheet ſhe with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
The Gentleman had ſcarce got time to know
What ſhe was doing; ſhe about to go,
Cries, " Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
" I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
" But, ere you get another, 'ten't amiſs
" To try a year or two how you'll keep this."

## THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnoar'd, and eat, and fatten'd there,

When

When he the houſe-keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of Pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good:
When met, he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I find,
"That in your principles you're well inclin'd:
"But then you're all ſolicitous for Sunday,
"None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
"Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
"As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;
"But, when you have haſh'd meat and nothing more,
"You only curſe the day that went before.
"On Tueſday all folks dine by one conſent:
"And Wedneſdays only faſt by Parliament,
"But Faſting ſure by Nature ne'er was meant.
"The Market will for Thurſday find a diſh,
"And Friday is a proper day for fiſh,
"After Fiſh, Saturday requires ſome Meat,
"On Sunday you're oblig'd by law to treat;
"And the ſame law ordains a Pudding then,
"To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
"Take Hens, Geeſe, Turkies, then, or ſomething light,
"Becauſe their legs, if broil'd, will ſerve at night,
"And, ſince I find that roaſt Beef makes you ſleep,
"Corn it a little more, and ſo 'twill keep.
"Roaſt it on Monday, pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd,
"On Tueſday Mutton either roaſt or boil'd.
"On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
"A Loin or Breaſt of Veal, and Pigeon Pye.
"On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice,
"'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
"And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
"We'll have a diſh of Fiſh, and one diſh more.
"On Saturday ſtew'd Beef, with ſomething nice,
"Provided quick, and toſs'd up in a trice,
"Becauſe that in the afternoon, you know,
"By cuſtom, we muſt to the Ale-houſe go;
"For elſe how ſhould our houſes e'er be clean,
"Except we gave ſome time to do it then?

" From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
" None part without remembering firſt our Wives.
" But theſe are ſtanding rules for every day,
" And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay:
" After each meal, let's take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we ſup.
" Now for the application, and the uſe,
" I found your care for Sunday an abuſe:
" All would be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d'you dine?
" I have roaſt Beef, choice Veniſon, Turkey, Chine:
" Every one's hawling me. Then ſay poor I,
" It is a bitter buſineſs to deny;
" But, who is't cares for fourteen meals a day,
" As for my own part, I had rather ſtay,
" And take them now and then — and here and there,
" According to my preſent bill of fare.
" You know I'm ſingle: if you all agree
" To treat by turns, each will be ſure of me."
The Veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſeven wiſeſt of them bad him come.

## THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town.
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens ſwept;
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept,
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briney rain.
Some few days after two young ſparks came there;
And whilſt ſhe does her Coffee freſh prepare,
One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
T'other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.

" Pray,

" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
" For I believe there's no great reaſon for't,
" As if the folks t'other day ſwept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There's nothing in't," ſays Jenny; " that is done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
" And, gentlemen, you'd much miſtaken be,
" If any one ſhould not think that of me.
" Within theſe walls, my ſuppliant vaſſals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
" My word's a law; when I my power advance,
" There's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
" Not Preſter John, or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houſes Monarch more than I.
" My Houſe my Caſtle is, and here I'm King,
" I'm Pope, I'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
" What though my wife be partner of my bed,
" The Monarch's Crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his diſcourſe too long:
Her conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch lies,
And to her knowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
" D'ye hear — you — Sirrah — Monarch — there? — Come down
" And grind the Coffee — or I'll crack your Crown."

## THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind,
" Humpus," ſays he, I order that you find
" Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
" As in this paper now I give you here.

" Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
" Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
" For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
" Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air and look profound,
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, " Sir, my Maſter bad me pray
" Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls his off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent him he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The Maſter thus accoſts him, " Sir, you're wet,
" Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, " If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
" I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
" This is not very uſual," thinks the Clown:
" But is not all the family his own?
" And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake
" Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
" If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
" What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the Daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand."
Young Maſter next muſt riſe, to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine:
He does. The Father aſks, " What have you there?
" How dare you give a ſtranger Vinegar?"
" Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—" Sir, indeed!
" Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed,

" Don't

" Don't ſpare him for his tears nor age, I'll try
" If Cat of nine tails can excuſe a lye."
Thinks the Clown, " That 'twas wine, I do believe;
" But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
" He's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
" And how know I but 'tmay be for his good?"
When the deſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault,
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, poiſonous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was aſk'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, " Sir, it was my Lady gave them me."—
" I'll take care ſhe ſhall no more Poiſon give,
" I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting ſhe ſhould live,
" Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
" And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be by?"
Then, ſmilling, ſays the Clown, " Upon my life,
" A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
" And, ſince that actually is your deſign,
" Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine."

## APPLE-PYE.

OF all the Delicates which Britons try,
To pleaſe the palate, or delight the eye;
Of all the ſeveral kinds of ſumptuous fare;
There's none that can with APPLE-PYE compare,
For coſtly flavour, or ſubſtantial paſte,
For outward beauty, or for inward taſte.
When firſt this infant-diſh in faſhion came,
Th' ingredients were but coarſe, and rude the frame;
As yet unpoliſh'd in the modern arts,
Our Fathers eat Brown Bread inſtead of Tarts:
Pyes were but indigeſted lumps of Dough,
Till time and juſt expence improv'd them ſo.

King COLE (as ancient Britiſh Annals * tell)
Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
Pippins in homely Cakes with Honey ſtew'd,
" Juſt as he bak'd," the Proverb ſays, " he brew'd!"
Their greater art ſucceeding Princes ſhow'd,
And model'd Paſte into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And Sugar pointed out the way to Spice.
But here for ages unimprov'd we ſtood,
And Apple-pye was ſtill but homely food;
When god-like Edgar, of the Saxon Line,
Polite of taſte, and ſtudious to refine,
In the Deſert perfuming Quinces caſt,
And perfected with Cream the rich repaſt.
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With Crinkumcranks adorn the poliſh'd brim;
And each freſh Pye the pleas'd ſpectator greets
With virgin-fancies, and with new conceits.
Dear NELLY, learn with care the Paſtry art,
And mind the eaſy precepts I impart:
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And ceaſe not to fatigue your Rolling-pin:
Of Eggs and Butter ſee you mix enough:
For then the Paſte will ſwell into a Puff,
Which will, in crumpling ſounds, your praiſe report,
And eat, as Houſewives ſpeak, " exceeding ſhort."
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie;
They give a charming reliſh to the PYE.
If you are wiſe, you'll not Brown Sugar ſlight,
The browner (if I form my judgement right)
A deep Vermillion tincture will diſpenſe,
And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.
When this is done, there will be wanting ſtill,
The juſt reſerve of Cloves and Candied Peel;
Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
Of Orange-water, for perfuming-ſake.
But here the nicety of art is ſuch,
There muſt not be too little, nor too much:

* See the old Ballad of " King Cole," in the original Anglo-Saxon language, in the ſecond volume of this collection, p. 87.

If

If with diſcretion you theſe coſts employ,
They quicken appetite; if not, they cloy.
Next, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
"Never o'ercharge your PYE with coſtly fruit:"
Oft let your Bodkin through the lid be ſent,
To give the kind impriſon'd treaſure vent;
Leſt the fermenting liquor, cloſely preſt,
Inſenſibly, by conſtant fretting, waſte,
And o'er-inform your tenement of Paſte.
To chuſe your Baker, think, and think again
(You'll ſcarce one honeſt Baker find in ten):
Aduſt and bruis'd, I've often ſeen a PYE,
In rich diſguiſe and coſtly ruin lie,
While penſive Cruſt beheld its form o'erthrown,
Exhauſted Apples griev'd, their moiſture flown,
And Syrup from the ſides ran trickling down.
O be not, be not tempted, lovely NELL,
While the hot-piping odours ſtrongly ſmell,
While the delicious fume creates a guſt,
To lick th' o'erflowing juice, or bite the cruſt.
You'll rather ſtay (if my advice may rule)
Until the hot's corrected by the cool;
Till you've infus'd the luſcious ſtore of Cream,
And chang'd the purple for a ſilver ſtream;
Till that ſmooth viand its mild force produce,
And give a ſoftneſs to the tarter juice.
Then ſhalt thou, pleas'd, the noble fabrick view,
And have a ſlice into the bargain too;
Honour and fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat, what you ſo richly make.

# The ART of making PUDDINGS.

" —PUDDING is own'd to be
" Th' effect of NATIVE INGENUITY."
ART of COOKERY, ver. 358.

## I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of FOOD, by Britiſh Nurſe deſign'd,
To make the Stripling brave, and Maiden kind.
Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe.
Let PUDDING's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant Cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of Roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal Matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paſte:
Yet Milk in proper Skillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of Mace;
Then ſet ſome careful Damſel to look to't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the Biſhop's-foot;
For, if burnt Milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks ſick.
Into the Milk her Flour ſhe gently throws,
As Valets now would powder tender Beaux:
The liquid forms in HASTY MASS unite,
Forms equally delicious as they're white.
In ſhining diſh the HASTY MASS is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.
Yet ſtill the Houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of Butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diſplays;
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A Silver ſoil bedeck'd with ſtreams of Gold!

## II. A HEDGE-HOG after a QUAKING PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongued fork he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes.
The higheſt Hills, Nature's ſtupendous Piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into Iſles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty Pines,
And Snow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING breaks,
Her Fork indents irreparable ſtreaks,
The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt Almonds thick
With bright Loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

## III. PUDDINGS of VARIOUS COLOURS in a Diſh.

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from PUDDINGS there's a Landſcape made.
And WISE and LONDON [x], when they would diſpoſe
Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

x The two Royal Gardeners. KING.—Mr. Addiſon was of opinion, that "there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry. Your makers "of paſtures and flower-gardens are epigrammatiſts and ſonneteers in "this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and caſcades, are "romance-writers. WISE and LONDON are our heroic poets; and if, "as a critic, I may ſingle out any paſſage of their works to commend, I "ſhall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kenſington, which "was firſt nothing but a gravel-pit. It muſt have been a fine genius for "gardening, that could have thought of forming ſuch an unſightly hol-"low into ſo beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with ſo un-"common and agreeable a ſcene as that which it is now wrought into—"I never yet met with any one, who has walked in this garden, who was "not ſtruck with that part of it." Spectator, No 477; and ſee above, p. 126.—A good poem, by Mr. Tickell, intituled, "Kenſington Garden," is printed in the firſt volume of Dodſley's Collection.

## IV. Making of a GOOD PUDDING gets a GOOD HUSBAND.

YE Virgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crouds of Youth may ever be at ſtrife,
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his Wife!

## V. SACK and SUGAR to QUAKING-PUDDING.

"Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where muſt our Confeſſion firſt begin,
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin?

## VI. BROILED PUDDING.

HID in the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright PEWTERIA's love-ſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding's loſt, but may with freſh delight,
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

## VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
Whoſe ſingle joint y may conſtitute a treat;
When made a Pudding, you excel the reſt
As much as That of other Food is beſt!

y A Loin. KING.

To

## To Mr. CARTER, Steward to the Lord CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is;
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own.
For CARTER's drink, when in his Maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his BREWING to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with WELL-DRIED MALT.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.
May your accompts ſo with your Lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

## NERO. A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate ſlain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued,
His tender Mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning-light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, even to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:

Yet

Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in Northern ſnow;
Where Southern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of Power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of NERO'S rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The Sword unjuſt to Poiſon join'd!

## Ad AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus [z] in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latéque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta Deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

### Attempted in ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore,
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
Strong towers and palaces their riſe began,
And liſtening ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran.
Juſt laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe;
So Dido's thong did Carthage firſt incloſe:
So Rome was taught OLD Empires to ſubdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the NEW.

[z] Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES

## ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

ULY. TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
Eſtate when ſunk, and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh: thus Miſery is ſcorn'd!
TIR. Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your Wit, and view again
Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.
ULY. Sage friend, whoſe word's a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee:
The ſparks, who made my wife ſuch offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe.
Lineage and virtue, at this puſh,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a ruſh.
TIR. Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor;
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly.
The Firſt-fruits of your early Spring,
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By juſtice for that crime purſued.
Never the wall, when aſk'd, refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend, to ſave your ſhoes.
ULY. 'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.
TIR. Why, by that means you'll never thrive.
ULY. It will be very hard, that's true:
Yet I'll my generous mind ſubdue.

Tranſlation

## Tranſlation from TASSO, Canto iii. St. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore:
The ſea grown high, and pole unknown, do find:
How falſe is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wiſh'd-for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe:
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger, and the tedious way.

## From HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
But chearful Friendſhip, mix'd with Innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreeteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when, by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd [a].

## VERSES left in the King of FRANCE's Bedchamber, after the Death of the Duke DE MONTMORENCY.

ON ne ſe jouvient que du Mal;
Ingratitude regne au monde:
L'Injure ſe grave au metal,
Et le Bien-fait s'ecrit ſur l'onde.

[a] That is, they were as happy as the day is long. KING.

THAME

## THAME and ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Iſis ſlides:
His ſtrength, her ſoftneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join;
Now no cœrulean Nymph, or Sea god, knows
Where Iſis, or where Thame, diſtinctly flows;
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial River—THAME.

## Of DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh through the multitude of Buſineſs."
Eccleſ. v. 4.

"Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
"Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mittunt
"Sed ſibi quiſque facit," etc. PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for Propheſies deſign'd;
Nor by æthereal Beings ſent us down,
But each man is creator of his *own*:
For, when their weary limbs are ſunk in eaſe,
The ſouls eſſay to wander where they pleaſe;
The ſcatter'd images have ſpace to play,
And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

### I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains:
But for her Laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, HA, HA, HE!

One

## One of Lord BLESSINGTON's Similes in his Play, called, "The Loſt Princeſs, A TRAGEDY."

BUT, as a Huntſman going out to *hawk*,
And finds *two* Filberds growing on *one* ſtalk;
The *one* he cracks, and, finding it not *ſound*,
Fancies the other *ſo*, that's on the ground.

## A PASSAGE from the ſame PLAY.

——"Stand here alive!
"Nay, he ſhall die," quoth he, "ſo may I thrive.
"That is to ſay, One, Two, and likewiſe Three."
To the *firſt* Knight thus inſtantly ſpake he,
"I did condemn thee, therefore thou ſhalt dye,
"And for your death there's a neceſſity;
"For you have been the cauſe of *that* [b] Knight's death."
Then, turning to the *third* Knight, thus he ſaith,
"Thou haſt not done what I commanded thee."
And thus he caus'd them to be ſlain *all Three!*

## Another, from the ſame.

Upon a day, betwixt them *two* ſaid thus,
A Lord is loſt if he be vicious.
And drunkenneſs will be a foul record
Of any man, and chiefly of a Lord:
For there are many an eye, and many an ear,
Still waiting on a Lord, he knows not where.
For God's love, therefore, drink more temperately;
Wine makes a man to loſe moſt wretchedly,
His mind, his ſenſe, and his limbs every one.
Thou ſhalt ſee the reverſe, quoth he, anon,
And prove it by your own experience,
That wine's not guilty of ſo great offence.
There is no wine bereaves me of my ſenſe.

[b] i. e. The *ſecond* Knight. KING.

A LET-

## A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR DICK!

I HEARD yeſterday, that on Friday laſt your hopes of marrying the fair lady Melinda were all vaniſhed, and that ſhe is in the embraces of your rival. I proteſt, it made ſtrong impreſſions on me, ſo that I fled to Boëthius for Conſolation. But, his notions being too philoſophical for me (yet to comfort you I was reſolved), I ſet myſelf to ſearch my conſtant guide in affairs of this life, to ſee if I might find any thing that in ſuch diſtreſs might be an aſſiſtance to my Friend. The guide I mention is my little Grammar, which, for the many Receipts, both in the Syntax and *Qui mihi*, may vie with any Philoſopher who pretends to Morality or Politicks. I conſidered, Why may not he, that treats ſo much of Words and Speech, have ſomething concerning Women, who have ſo vaſt a talent in them both? and at leaſt, if any thing concerning Matrimony may be found, it will be in his deſcription of the Three Concords. I went therefore to my fate, and, as a lucky omen, the firſt line I met with was,

*Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori:*

"Love all things conquers; e'en we yield to Love."

And here, thought I, appears the cauſe how ſo ingenious, ſedate, and thoughtful a man as my Friend could let himſelf be ruffled with the paſſion of Love: but it is like our Deſtiny; ſooner or later we muſt all come to it, and therefore, reſiſtance being in vain, we ought to comply with its firſt motions, that ſo our doom may be quickly known, without the torment of expectation: and this agrees excellently with the verſes of an old Friend of mine;

"Might o'ercomes Right; and powerful Love can conquer
"The grey-hair'd Senator and ſparkiſh Yonker.
"Then, ſince this Love will conquer one by one,
"Let's all agree to yield; the work is done."

I had ſcarce given myſelf time to look on the Book, but I again caſt my eye on a paſſage, which I thought might juſtify my Friend in his endeavours to "alter his condition," as the married people term it, which was this;

*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

"The Times are chang'd; and with them, chang'd are we."

But then I again conſidered, that this change is not always for the better, and that it might happen to my Friend as it did to Jack Croſly,

"Times change; we change: but, Jack, it is thy curſe,
"Ever to change, and ever for the worſe."

So that there may happen that, in my Friend's caſe, a danger may have been avoided, inſtead of a bleſſing being loſt. For we find in the Accidence, that happineſs in Marriage ſeems to be confined only to Kings and Queens. There is no ſuch expreſſion as *Ricardus et Melinda ſunt beati*, "Richard and Melinda are "happy;" but only, *Rex et Regina ſunt beati*, "The King and "the Queen are happy;" which made me fall into this pathetic expreſſion;

"If Kings and Queens are only to be bleſt
"When join'd together, e'en God help the reſt!"

ſo that the Comforts of Matrimony ſeem to be the flowers and prerogatives of the Crown, never to be alienated.

Indeed, let my Friend remember the troubles he underwent in his Courtſhip, the tempeſts, the hopes, the jealouſies, the contempt, and the deſpair; and I think I ought to congratulate my Friend's deliverance. To ſee the hard-heartedneſs of theſe Women,

*Pectora percuſſit, pectus quoque robora ſiunt.*

Upon which, an Acquaintance of mine made this Paraphraſe:

"At Cynthia's feet, the victim of her eyes,
"The wretched, ſad, deſpairing, Damon lies,
"And does ſuch piteous tales of love rehearſe
"As might an adamantine fortreſs pierce:
"He ſtrikes his breaſt, but with a wondrous ſtroke
"'Tis Cynthia's breaſt that hardens into *oak*.
"Each fainting ſigh and each heart-rending groan
"Increaſe her inclinations to be *ſtone*.
"But, O! that ſtone her charming beauty keeps;
"Cynthia's the marble, but 'tis Damon weeps.

I know my dear Friend, as he can have no deſire of torments, ſo for the continuance of ſuch, he has in him an inſeparable appetite after liberty, and being the maſter of his time as

well as inclinations. How ſweet is the ſound of *Diluculo ſurgere ſaluberrimum eſt*, when it can be pronounced without any one to contradict it!

" O, may your hours of life be unconfin'd,
" And wear an equal freedom with your mind!
" And may no Screech-owl's voice from curtains prate,
" How your diverting friends have kept you late!
" And, when Aurora rouzes you to wealth,
" And with her fragrant dawn would give you health,
" Obey her voice: and let it not be ſaid,
" You were commanded then to lie in bed."

I will detain you but with one contemplation more, which ſhall be upon theſe words, in the ſame place,

*Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio eſt*;

which plainly ſeems to me to deſcribe this opinion of ſome old Philoſophers, that envy and ſtrife were the firſt principles of all things; and that, when people had fought and ſquabbled till they were weary, they became very loving, and fell to the production of creatures. I have ſent you this Tranſlation out of a Fragment which may belong to Lucretius or ſome other Author:

" Men ſay, the goddeſs Strife preſides above,
" And cauſes things, and mixes e'en with Love.
" He that adores her muſt expect her ſcorn,
" Whilſt crowds of bleeding ſlaves her ſtate adorn.
" She wars, makes peace, is croſs, gay, ſour, and kind,
" And flies the compaſs of the various wind.
" But, when ſhe ſeems the conquereſs in the field,
" She'll in that unexpected minute yield.
" Then let Hymen's rites begin;
" Io, triumph; enter in.
" But you that have th' inconſtant torment got,
" Conſider not the fortune of your lot;
" That Goddeſs, who now bears the name of Wife,
" Was *yours* for hours before; now *his* for life."

For my part, I ſhould not envy his bargain; and I am ſure I wiſh you as well as myſelf; and I am, with all ſincerity,

Your obliged Friend (though perhaps out of your memory)

BALTHASAR ICHENKEVELT.

*P. S.* If you ſhew this to any perſon breathing, you ſhall ſurely be pinched by the Fairies.

# A PINDARIC ODE

## TO THE MEMORY OF

## DR. WILLIAM KING[c].

I.

A WIDOW'D Friend invites a widow'd Muſe
To tell the melancholy news,
And cloath herſelf with ſable weeds,
Such as will ſhew her heart with ſorrow bleeds;
With grief ſhe can't expreſs,
But in ſoft moving verſe,
Which melts to tears, like that dark night
In which thou vaniſhed'ſt from ſight,
To mount the regions of eternal light.
For Heaven, it ſeems, denied a longer date.
Thy happy courſe was run,
Thy buſineſs here was done,
And thou art ſet, like the all-glorious ſun.
Yet, juſt before thy death,
Thou rais'dſt thy tuneful breath.
Like dying ſwans at their approaching fate.

II.

Come hither, friendly Muſe, and tell
How this good Prophet fell,
That liv'd ſo well:
What ſaucy meſſenger durſt ſtrike the blow
Of fatal Death,
And ſeize his breath,
Who always was in readineſs to go?

[c] Written by Mr. Oldiſworth, who continued the Examiners when Dr. Swift had given them up, and whom our Author is ſuppoſed occaſionally to have aſſiſted in thoſe papers.—Whatever may be thought of Mr. Oldiſworth's poetry, the warmth of friendſhip which breathes through this Pindarick demands our commendation.

Could

Could not thy wit command
The Fugitive to ſtand,
Which others could forbid to die,
And bleſs their names with immortality?
Hadſt thou but us'd thy art,
Death would have dropt his dart,
And wondering ſtopt the preſſure of his leaden hand.

III.

Alas, he's cold! Oh, for a grave
To bury the ſad tale;
For tears will not prevail
Where Humour, Wit, or Virtue, could not ſave!
Learning we boaſt in vain:
A tomb is all we gain
For a life ſpent in ſtudy and in pain.
Wretched Mortality!
Couldſt thou thyſelf but ſee,
Thou wouldſt hate life as we love thee.
Why then ſo fond to live are vain mankind?
Why all thoſe joys purſue,
That ſeem to make life new?
Becauſe they can no greater pleaſures find.
But thou, my Friend, didſt higher go,
Reſolv'd ſublimer things to know,
Wing'd Heaven, and left us here below.

IV.

How ſhouldſt thou live in ſuch an age of vice?
The Phœnix only dwells in Paradiſe.
Earth was too narow for thy mind,
And thou, to all its flatteries blind,
Now in the bowers of bliſs
Strikeſt thy harmonious Lyre,
Where endleſs Pleaſures reign,
And Peace and Piety remain
Amidſt the bliſsful choir;
Thou doſt in all perfections ſhine,
And add'ſt freſh luſtre to the courts divine;

Whilſt we lament thy too, too early fate:
But greateſt bleſſings have the ſhorteſt date.
In mournful Poetry
Our laſt efforts we'll try,
Who beſt can write upon a theme ſo great.

V.

Like warriours well appointed for the fight,
Poſſeſs'd with generous rage,
Each Poet ſhould engage;
Each ſtrive who beſt could prove
His duty or his love;
Each freely pay his tributary mite.
Well may we grieve, well may we mourn thy loſs,
From whom ſo many drew
Such Heliconian dew,
From whoſe celeſtial ſpring ſuch influence flows.
Thy wit did kindly give
Food by which others live:
For, at thy call, mirth ſat on every face;
The ſavage throng
Follow'd thy ſong:
Thus raviſh'd and amaz'd,
They danc'd around in one harmonious pace;
And ſtill with aweful ſilence gaz'd.

VI.

But why do I expoſtulate,
Since ſorrow comes too late
To hinder thine or ſave another's fate?
When Heaven doth a deſiring ſoul receive,
He ſeems to envy, that pretends to grieve.
Of what ſtrange atoms are we made,
That we of Death ſhould be afraid,
That's but a ſtill, refreſhing dream?
Why ſhould we dread to mix with Earth,
Our parent-clay that gave us birth:
Or meet the Tyrant who hath loſt his ſting.
The King of Terrors; then no more a King,
But we triumphant o'er the Grave and Him?

VII. The

VII.

The world, ungrateful, ſeldom doth produce
A fruitful harveſt for a virtuous Muſe;
If Piety appear
To crown the happy year,
'Tis always with indifference heard,
And with ſuch cool regard,
The grudging ſoil juſt nouriſhment denies,
And ſo the hopeful plant too early dies;
Such marks of goodneſs ſeldom laſt,
But where they're rooted faſt.
Religion here and Duty eaſy grew,
Thy Loyalty no new-taught doctrines knew,
But principles from education drew.
Envy herſelf muſt ſtop ev'n here,
And cloſe the falſe malicious ear.

VIII.

Thy Virtue's fled beyond her poiſonous blaſt,
Which can no longer laſt;
Since Heaven, from her peculiar care,
Did for thy fame prepare,
For fear the vicious world ſhould ſpoil the growth,
Have chang'd thy virtue, or debas'd thy worth!
But pity 'twas that thou ſhouldſt die,
Firſt-born of modeſt Poetry;
Pity, thy gaiety and wit,
Should only now for worms be fit,
And, mix'd with Nature's rubbiſh, huddled lie!

# CRAPULIA;

## OR,

## The Region of the CROPSICKS[d]:

### A Fragment, in the Manner of RABELAIS[e].

### CHAP. I.

*The Situation of the Country.*

CRAPULIA is a very fair and large territory, which on the North is bounded with the Æthiopic Ocean, on the East with Laconia and Viraginia, on the South by Moronia Felix, and Weſtward with the Tryphonian Fens. It lies in that part of the Univerſe where is bred the monſtrous bird called RUC, that for its prey will bear off an Elephant in its talons; and is deſcribed by the modern Geographers.

The ſoil is too fruitful, and the heavens too ſerene; ſo that I have looked upon them with a ſilent envy, not without pity, when I conſidered they were bleſſings ſo little deſerved by the inhabitants. It lies in ſeventy-four degrees of longitude, and ſixty degrees of latitude, and eleven degrees diſtant from the Cape of Good Hope; and lies, as it were, oppoſite to the whole coaſt of Africa. It is commonly divided into two provinces, Pamphagonia and Ivronia, the former of which is of the ſame length and breadth as Great Britain (which I hope will not be taken as any reflection), the other is equal to the High and Low Dutch Lands. Both obey the ſame prince, are governed by the ſame laws, and differ very little in their habit or their manners.

[d] "A ſatire on the Dutch," ſays the Editor of Dr. King's "Remains."—His conjecture may poſſibly be right; or, having Dr. King's papers in his poſſeſſion, it may even have appeared from them that ſuch was the intention if it had been completed. But, in its preſent unfiniſhed ſtate, it muſt be owned, there is no ſtriking reſemblance.

[e] Of whom, ſee above, p. 96.

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

### PAMPHAGONIA: or, *Glutton's Paradiſe.*

PAMPHAGONIA is of a triangular figure, like that of antient Ægypt, or the Greek letter *Delta*, Δ. It is mountainous, incloſed with very high hills: its ſoil is of the richeſt, ſo that birds which come thither to feed, if they tarry but three months, grow ſo very fat and weighty, that they cannot fly back again over the mountains, but ſuffer themſelves to be taken up in the hand, and are as delicious as the Ortolan or the Beccaficos of the Italians. And it is no wonder to them who know that Geeſe in Scotland are generated from leaves fallen into the water, and believe the teſtimony of one of our Embaſſadors that in the North-Eaſt parts of the world Lambs grow upon ſtalks like Cabbages and eat up the graſs all round about them, to find the ſame ſort of proviſions in this country. Beſides, the Fiſh upon that coaſt are in ſuch plenty, and ſo voracious (whether they conform themſelves to the genius of the place and people, or preſage to themſelves the honour of ſo magnificent a ſepulchre as was given to Nero's Turbot), that, as ſoon as the hook is caſt in, they preſs to it as the Ghoſts in Lucian did to Charon's boat, and cling to the iron as Miners do to a rope that is let down when the light of their candle forebodes ſome malignant exhalation.

The ſea-ports, with which this country abounds more than any other, are of no other uſe than to receive and take in ſuch things as are edible, which they have for their ſuperfluous wool and hides: nor may the inhabitants export any thing that has the leaſt relation to the palate. You ſee nothing there but Fruit-trees. They hate Plains, Limes, and Willows, as being idle and barren, and yielding nothing uſeful but their ſhade. There are Hops, Pears, Plumbs, and Apples, in the hedge-rows, as there is in all Ivronia; from whence the Lombards, and ſome counties in the Weſt of England, have learned their improvements. In antient times, Frugonia, or the Land of Frugality, took in this country as one of its provinces; and Hiſtories tell us, that, in Saturn's time, the Frugonian Princes gave laws to all this part of the world, and had their palace there; and that their country was called Fagonia, from the ſimplicity of their diet, which conſiſted

only in Beech-maſt. But that yoke has been long ago ſhaken off; their manners are wholly changed, and, from the univerſality of their food, they have obtained, in their own country language, the title of Pamphagones.

## CHAP. III.

### *The Firſt Province of* PAMPHAGONIA.

FRIVIANDY, or Tight-bittia (that we may take the provinces in their order), were it not for a temperament peculiar to the place, is rather of the hotteſt to produce thoſe who are properly called good Trencher-men. Its utmoſt point, which other Geographers call the Promontory of the Terra Auſtralis, is of the ſame latitude as the moſt Southerly parts of Caſtile, and is about forty-two degrees diſtant from the Æquator. The inhabitants have curled hair and duſky complexions, and regard more the delicacy than the largeneſs and number of their diſhes. In this very promontory, which we ſhall call the Black one from its colour (for it is a very ſmoaky region, partly from the frequent vapours of the place, partly from its vicinity to the Terra del Fogo, which, by the common conſent of Geographers, lies on the right-hand of it, but rather nearer than they have placed it) is the city Lucina, whoſe buildings are lofty, but apt to be ſmoaky and offenſive to the ſmell; from whence a colony went, perhaps, as far as the Indies, where it remains to this day by the name of Cochin-China.

Here is the famous temple of the great Deity Omaſius Gorgut, or Gorbelly. It is a vaſt pile, and contains a thouſand hearths, and as many altars, which are conſtantly employed in the Rucal Feſtivals. In the midſt is a high pyramid, as lofty as the hand of man can erect it, little inferior to thoſe of Memphis. It is called the Cheminean Tower. This, riſing high, gives the ſignal of war to the adjoining countries: for, as we by Beacons lighted upon a high hill diſcover the danger of an approaching enemy, ſo theſe, on the contrary, do the ſame by letting their ſmoke ceaſe and their fires go out: for, when the perpetual vapour ceaſes to roll forth in thick and dark clouds of ſmoke, it is a token

a token that the Hambrians are drawing nearer, than whom there can be no enemy more terrible to this nation. There are ſeveral ſmaller towns, that lie under the dominion of this ſupreme city. Charbona is the largeſt village, and, what is ſeldom ſeen elſewhere, lies all under ground. Upon its barren ſoil ariſes another, though of leſs note, called Favillia. After theſe lies Tenaille, a narrow town, and Batillû, a broad one, both conſiderable. On the left are ſome ſubſervient petty hamlets, as Aſſadora, Marmitta, Culliera, as uſeful for the reception of ſtrangers, amongſt which, that of Marmitta is watered by the river Livenza; which, as is ſaid of a fountain in the Peak of Derby, boils over twice in four-and-twenty hours.

## CHAP. IV.

### *The Second Province of* PAMPHAGONIA.

NEXT to this is the Goloſinian diſtrict, the moſt pleaſant part of Pamphagonia, covered with Dates, Almonds, Figs, Olives, Pomegranates, Oranges, Citrons, and Piſtaches; through which run the ſmootheſt of ſtreams, called the Oglium. Here is the beautiful city of Marzapane, with noble turrets glittering with gold, but lying too open to the enemy. Over it hang the Zucker hills, out of whoſe bowels they draw ſomething that is hard, white, and ſparkling, but ſweet as that moiſture which the Ancients gathered out of the reeds which grew in Arabia and the Indies. You ſhall find few people here, who are grown up, but what have loſt their teeth, and have ſtinking breaths. Near to this is the little city Seplaſium, which admits of no tradeſmen but Perfumers. It is a town of great commerce with the people of Viraginia, eſpecially the Locanians, who uſe to change their Looking-glaſs with them for Oils and Paſtils. The agreeableneſs of the place, and the bounty of the Heavens, is favourable to their art; for the whole track of land, at certain ſeaſons, is covered with aromatic comfits, that fall like hail-ſtones: which Anathumiaſis I take to be eſſentially the ſame as that aërial Honey which we often find upon our oaks, eſpecially in the ſpring, and that it differs only in thickneſs: for whereas that Honey

Honey is ſprinkled in drops, the little globules are hardened by the intenſe cold of the middle region, and rebound in falling.

## CHAP. V.

### *Of the Third Province of* PAMPHAGONIA.

IN the fifty-fifth degree, we come into the plains of Lecania, and ſo into the very heart of Pamphagonia, where the chief city we meet with is Cibinium, which is waſhed with the acid ſtreams of the river Aſſagion. In the Forum, or market-place, is the tomb (as I conjecture by the footſteps of ſome letters now remaining) of Apicius, that famous Roman, not very beautiful, but antique. It is engraved upon the ſhell of a Sea-crab; and it might happen, notwithſtanding what Seneca ſays, that this famous Epicure, after having ſought for larger Shell-fiſh than the coaſts of Gallia could ſupply him with, and then going in vain to Africa to make a farther enquiry, might hear ſome rumour concerning this coaſt, ſteer his courſe thither, and there dye of a ſurfeit. But this I leave to the Criticks. Here I ſhall only mention the moſt fertile fields of Lardana and Offulia. The delicious ſituation of Mortadella, the pleaſanteſt of places, had wonderfully delighted me, had it not been for the Salt-works which often approach too near it. There is an offenſive ſtinking town called Formagium, alias Butterboxia, and Mantica a boggy place near the confines of Ivronia.

I haſten to the metropolis of the whole region, which, whether you reſpect the uniformity of the building, the manners of the people, or their way of living, their rules for behaviour, their law and juſtice, will ſhew as much as if I were to deſcend to particulars.

## CHAP. VI.

### *Of the Metropolis of* PAMPHAGONIA, *and the Cuſtoms of the Inhabitants.*

THERE are but very few villages in this country, as well as in ſome others; from whence a Traveller may conjecture, that the country-towns are devoured by the cities, which

are

are not ſo many in number as they are large and populous; of which the mother and governeſs is called Artocreopolis. The report goes, that in ancient times there were two famous cities, Artopolis and Creatium, which had many and long conteſts about the ſuperiority: for ſo it happens to places, as well as men, that increaſe in power; inſomuch as the two moſt flouriſhing Univerſities in the world (to both of which I bear the relation of a Son, though I am more peculiarly obliged to one of them for my education), notwithſtanding they are ſiſters, could not abſtain from ſo ungrateful a contention.

Artopolis boaſted of its antiquity, and that it had flouriſhed in the Saturnian age, when it had as yet no rival. Creatium ſet forth its own ſplendour, pleaſantneſs, and power. At laſt, a council being called, Creatium got the preference by the univerſal votes of the aſſembly: for ſuch is the iniquity of the times, that though the head be covered with grey hairs, yet nothing is allowed to the reverence of Antiquity, when encountered by a proud and upſtart Novelty. The other city is now ſo far neglected, that the ruins or footſteps of its magnificence are ſcarce remaining, any more than of Verulam, as is moſt elegantly ſet forth by our noble Poet Spenſer in his verſes on that ſubject; the latter uſurping the name of the other, as well as the other has now the double title of Artocreopolis. The city is more extenſive than beautiful: it is fortified with a large and deep ditch of running water, which waſhes almoſt all the ſtreets, wherein are a thouſand ſeveral ponds for Fiſh; upon which ſwim Ducks, Geeſe, Swans, and all ſorts of Water-fowl, which has been wiſely imitated by the people of Augſburg. This ditch is called Grueſſa. There are two walls, whoſe materials were furniſhed by the Fleſh-market; for they are made of Bones, the larger ſerving for the foundations, the leſſer for the ſuperſtructure, whilſt the ſmalleſt fill up what is wanting in the middle; being all cemented with the Whites of Eggs, by a wonderful artifice. The houſes are not very beautiful, nor built high after the manner of other cities; ſo that there is no need of an Auguſtus to reſtrain the buildings to the height of ſeventy feet, as was done at Rome; nor is there room for a Seneca or Juvenal to complain of the multitude of their ſtairs and number of their ſtories.

They

They have no regard for Stair-caſes; for indeed none of the citizens care for them, partly from the trouble of getting up them (eſpecially when, as they often do, they have drunk heartily) as much as for the danger of getting down again. Their houſes are all covered with large bladebones, very neatly joined together. There are no free citizens admitted, but ſuch whoſe employment has more immediately ſome relation to the Table. Huſbandmen, Smiths, Millers, and Butchers, live in their colonies, who, when they have a Belly of an unwieldy bulk, are promoted to be Burgeſſes; to which degree none were anciently admitted but Cooks, Bakers, Victualers, and the graveſt Senators, who are choſen here, as in other places, not for their prudence, riches, or length of beard; but for their meaſure, which they muſt come up to yearly if they will pretend to bear any office in the public. As any one grows in dimenſions, he riſes in honour; ſo that I have ſeen ſome who, from the meaneſt and moſt contemptible village, have, for their merits, been promoted to a more famous town, and at laſt obtained the ſenatorial dignity in this moſt celebrated city: and yet, when by ſome diſeaſe (as it often happens), or by age, they have grown leaner than they are allowed to be by the Statutes, have loſt their honour, together with the bulk of their carcaſe. Their ſtreets were paved with poliſhed Marble; which ſeemed ſtrange amongſt a people ſo incurious, both becauſe the workmanſhip was troubleſome, and there might be danger in its being ſlippery. But the true reaſon of it was, that they might not be forced to lift their feet higher than ordinary by the inequality of the pavement, and likewiſe that the chairs of the ſenators might the more eaſily be puſhed forward: for they never go on foot, or on horſe-back, nor even in a coach, to the Exchange, or their public feaſts, becauſe of their weight; but they are moved about in great eaſy Elbow-chairs, with four wheels to them, and continue ſitting ſo fixed, in the ſame poſture, ſnoring and ſlabbering till they are wheeled home again.

At the four gates of this city, whoſe form is circular, there ſit in their turns as many ſenators, who are called Buſcadores. Theſe carefully examine all who come in and go out: thoſe that go out, leſt they ſhould preſume by chance to do it faſting, which they can eaſily judge of by the extent of their bellies; and, the matter being proved, they are fined in a double ſupper: thoſe

that come in, to ſee what they bring with them upon their return; for they muſt neither depart with empty ſtomachs, nor come back with empty hands. Every month, according to the laws, which they unwillingly tranſgreſs, there are ſtated Feaſts, at which all the ſenators are obliged to be preſent, that after dinner (for no perſon can give his vote before he has dined) they may deliberate concerning the public affairs. The name of their Common-hall is Pythanos-come[f]. Every one knows his own ſeat, and his conveniences of a cloſe-ſtool, and a couch to repoſe upon when the heat of their wine and ſeaſoned dainties incline them to it. Their greateſt delicacies are ſerved up at the firſt courſe; for they think it fooliſh not to eat the beſt things with the greateſt appetite: nor do they cut their Boars, Sheep, Goats, and Lambs, into joints, or quarters, as commonly we do, but convey them whole to table, by the help of machines, as I remember to have read in Petronius Arbiter. They are fineable who riſe before they have ſet ſix hours; for, when the edge of their ſtomach is blunted, they do, what they call, "ſit and pid-"dle." They eat and drink ſo leiſurely, for the ſame reaſon as the famous Epicure of old wiſhed that his neck were as long as a Crane's. They meaſure the ſeaſonable time for their departure after this method: they have a door to their Town-houſe, which is wide enough for the largeſt man to enter when he is faſting; through this the gueſts paſs; and when any one would depart, if he ſtops in this paſſage, he is truſted to go out at another door; but if it be as eaſy as if he were faſting, the Maſter of the Ceremonies makes him tarry till he comes to be of a ſtatutable magnitude: after which example, Willfrid's needle in Belvoir Caſtle[g] was a pleaſant trial of Roman Catholic ſanctity. They have Gardens of many acres extent, but not like thoſe of Adonis or Alcinoüs; for nothing delightful is to be expected in them, neither order, nor regularity of walk, nor graſs-plots, nor variety of flowers in the borders; but you will find all planted with Cabbages, Turnips, Garlick, and Muſk-melons, which were carried hence to Italy, and are in quantity ſufficient to feaſt an hundred Pythagoreans.

There is a public College, or Hoſpital, whither they are ſent who have got the Dropſy, Gout, or Aſthma, by their eating and

[f] The Devil take the hindmoſt. KING.

[g] The beautiful reſidence of the duke of Rutland.

drinking;

drinking; and there they are nouriſhed at the public expence. As for ſuch as have loſt their teeth by their luxury, or broken them by eating too greedily or incautiouſly, they are provided for in the Iſland of Sorbonia. All the richer ſort have ſeveral ſervants, in the nature of vaſſals, to cultivate their gardens, and be employed in inferior offices, who have their liberty when they can arrive at ſuch a bulkineſs. If any of the Grandees of the country die of a ſurfeit, he is given, as being all made up of the moſt exquiſite dainties, to be eaten up by his ſervants; and this they do that nothing ſhould be loſt that is ſo delicate. The men are thick and fat to a miracle; nor will any one ſalute another, whoſe chin does not come to the midſt of his breaſt, and his paunch fall to his knees. The women are not unlike them, and in ſhape reſemble the Italians, and have breaſts like the Hottentots. They go almoſt naked, having no regard to their garments. The magiſtrates and perſons of better figure have gowns made of the ſkins of ſuch beaſts as they have eaten at one meal. All wear a knife, with a large ſpoon, hanging upon their right-arm. Before their breaſts they wear a ſmooth ſkin, inſtead of a napkin, to receive what falls out of their mouths, and to wipe them upon occaſion; which whether it be more black or greaſy, is hard to determine.

They are of a very ſlow apprehenſion, and no way fit for any ſcience; but yet underſtand ſuch arts as they have occaſion for. Their Schools are Public-houſes, where they are educated in the ſciences of Eating, Drinking, and Carving; over which, one Archiſilenius, an exquiſite Epicure, was then Provoſt, who, inſtead of Grammar, read ſome Fragments of Apicius. Inſtead of a Library, there is a public repoſitory of Drinking-veſſels, in which Cups of all orders and ſizes are diſpoſed into certain claſſes. Cups and Diſhes are inſtead of Books. The younger Scholars have leſs, the elder have greater; one has a Quart, the other a Pottle, the other a Gallon: this has a Hen, that a Gooſe, a third a Lamb or a Porker: nor have they any liberty, or receſs, till the whole is finiſhed; and if, by a ſeven years ſtuffing, they are no proficients in Fatneſs, are preſently baniſhed into the Fancetic Iſlands; nor are they ſuffered long to ſtay there idle and without improvement. Hither likewiſe are ſent all Phyſicians who preſcribe a courſe of diet to any perſon. When any

any one is ſick, without recourſe to Æſculapius, they make him eat Radiſh, and drink warm Water; which, according to Celſus, will purge and vomit him. Veniſon is that which they moſt delight in; but they never take it in Hunting, but by Nets and Gins. They look upon the Swine as the moſt profitable and beſt of all animals; whether it is for the likeneſs of its manners, as being good for nothing but the table, or elſe from its growing fat on the ſudden with the worſt of nutriment. It may not ſeem credible; yet parſimony appears in the midſt of their profuſeneſs: but then it is very ill placed, for it is in Crumbs, Bones, and Cruſts. They do not ſo much as keep any Dogs, Cats, Hawks, or any thing that eats fleſh. If any Perſon ſuffer meat to ſtink, he is impaled; but Veniſon and Rabbits are to have the *haut-gout*: and then their Cheeſe is kept till it is overrun with little Animals, which they devour with Muſtard and Sugar. This is an odd ſort of cuſtom, derived from the Dutch.

The country abounds with Rivers, which ebb and flow according to their digeſtion, and generally overflow at the beginning of January, and towards the end of February, and do miſchief to the neighbouring country.

## CHAP. VII.

### *Of the Wars of the* PAMPHAGONIANS.

THE Pamphagones have perpetual wars with the Hambrians, or the Fancetic Iſlands, and the Frugonians. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

*Cætera deſunt.*

FOUR

# FOUR DEDICATIONS.

## I.

## To my Honoured Friend Sir EDMUND WARCUPP, of Oxfordſhire, Knight [h].

SIR,

I SHALL make you but a bad return for lending me theſe Memoirs, by ſending them back in *my* Engliſh. However, I did not think I could be too intent upon them, when, the longer I read and conſidered this Book, the characters of two *ſuch Brothers* as the Duke of Bouillon and Mareſchal Turenne raiſed in me a true and more lively idea of your Sons, the Colonel and the Captain. It is true, that the *former*, being born Princes, became great Generals; but then they lived long in the world to obtain it: whereas the other *two Brothers*, though cut off in their bloom, had done more than any of ſuch an age could do, towards equalling *their* great examples.

The Battle of Sedan, in which the duke of Bouillon got his greateſt glory, has nothing more conſiderable in it than the action by which he gained the enemy's cannon: and, upon reading this, who could not but have an image of colonel Warcupp's bravery in the battle of Steynkirk [i], where he drove the French from their cannon, and laid his own half-pike upon them. In the ſame battle, when the count de Soiſſons ſhould have received the advantage of the victory, it is with ſurprize that we find him dead. This naturally brings captain Warcupp to our remembrance, who, when *he* ſhould have received the new commands which for his valour the King deſigned him, was (in-

[h] Prefixed by Dr. King to "New Memoirs and Characters of the "Two Great Brothers, the Duke of Bouillon and Mareſchal Turenne." Tranſlated by him, from the French, in 1693.

[i] In this battle, which was fought Aug. 3, 1692, the Confederates were commanded by king William in perſon, and the French by the duke of Luxemburg. The Engliſh were forced to retreat, with the loſs of ſeveral thouſand brave officers and ſoldiers.

ſtead

ſtead of enjoying the reward) found mortally wounded in his Majeſty's ſervice.

This, to a common Reader, may ſeem a melancholy and an improper addreſs to a Father; but then they muſt be ignorant of the greatneſs of Sir Edmund Warcupp's mind, and his true notions of honour. Lacedæmon heretofore gloried in ſo great a man as Thraſibulus, who, receiving his ſon Pitanas dead upon a ſhield in his country's ſervice, interred him with theſe expreſſions: "Let other Fathers ſhed tears; I will not. This "Youth died like mine, like a Spartan."

England has reaſon to boaſt of a double honour in Sir Edmund Warcupp, who, with ſuch an evenneſs of temper and heroic patience, could bear the loſs of *two Sons*, ſo young, ſo brave, ſo very much his own, and ſo true Engliſhmen.

As for my own part, were I to be a Father, I ſhould wiſh for ſuch Sons; and, muſt they die! I would loſe them after the ſame manner. And I am ſure that, in bearing of my misfortune, I could have no better pattern than yourſelf.

But, in the circumſtances I am in at preſent, there is nothing I am more ambitious of, than to be admitted amongſt the number of,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful friends,

and humble ſervants,

W. KING.

## II[k].

## To the Right Honourable LORDS and GENTLEMEN, Members of the Immortal BEEF-STEAK CLUB[l].

LORDS, and GENTLEMEN,

IT is generally preſumed, that a Miſcellany ſhould conſiſt of what the world moſt delights in, that is, Variety. There the Serious may find Contemplation; the Witty, Mirth; the Politicians, State Maxims; the Humourſome, freſh Airs; the Amorous, new Sonnets; true Worth may gain Preferment, and Vice meet with its due Correction: in ſhort, it ſhould contain ſuch things as may ſatisfy the mind when its thoughts incline either to Inſtruction or Pleaſure. It ſeems, therefore, moſt proper that ſuch a Miſcellany ſhould be dedicated to ſome Club, or collection of perſons; that, if any part ſhould not pleaſe all, yet it may have its lucky chance, and at one time or another find a Patron amongſt ſome of them. To whom then ſhould the Author addreſs ſooner than to the noble BEEF-STEAK-CLUB, where every valuable quality reigns differently, but are all cemented by the ties of good-nature and good-humour? When Dido laid the foundations of Carthage, ſhe encloſed her ſubjects, the wiſe and valiant Phœnicians, within the compaſs of a thong, which ſhe cut out of an Ox's hide; and from thence aroſe a formidable Empire: So this Club, under the denomination of another part of the Ox, comprehends perſons of ſuch valour, worth, and conduct, as may render their Country happy, and their Miſtreſs great and glorious.

But now to the Meat—Beef has been that which has always reliſhed with the world, either whole or in pieces, in imagination or reality. Jupiter made his court to Europa in the ſhape of a Bull, and brought her over to this continent, which ſtill retains her name: it was the ſame Jupiter who turned the fair Io to a beautiful Cow, and ſo preſerved his Miſtreſs from the fury of his Wife, and for a reward cauſed her to be wor-

[k] Prefixed to a Collection of our Author's Miſcellanies, publiſhed by himſelf, in one volume 8vo, in or about the year 1709.

[l] See an account of Eſtcourt, their Proveditor, above, p. 86; and ſome further particulars of him, in the Obſervations annexed to this Volume.

ſhiped throughout all Ægypt. Paſiphaë fell in love with a natural Bull, and ſo got a whimſical heir to the Cretan kingdom. But now, ſince the Britons have brought the French Muſhrooms, Truffles, and Kickſhaws, into contempt, people begin to relinquiſh Fables, and come to ſolid Beef and fat Lincolnſhire Oxen. Patroclus and Achilles of old delighted moſt in Chines, Barons, Ribs, and Surloins roaſted; and that not without reaſon, for they are excellent. Guy of Warwick regaled himſelf with boiled Rumps, Buttocks, Flanks, and Briſkets, not leſs admirable. There is no reaſon but to believe that Beef-ſteaks, when nicely broiled with the Gravy in them, may produce as good blood and vigorous ſpirits as either of the former; ſeeing they, approaching neareſt to the fire, the place of greateſt danger, have conſequently gained to themſelves the poſt of honour. Such bravery cannot fail of ſucceſs; and I doubt not but in a little while the Members of this Club will be able to broil their Steaks upon the magnificent and ſtupendous Gridiron of the Eſcurial. In the mean time, I deſire them to accept of the hearty wiſhes for their proſperity, of

Their moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

## III [m].

## To the Reverend Dr. KNIPE, Maſter of Weſtminſter School [n].

SIR,

THOUGH I have loſt my *natural* Parents, who were moſt indulgent to me, and the great Dr. Buſby [o], whoſe memory

[m] Prefixed to "An Hiſtorical Account of the Heathen Gods and "Heroes," printed in the beginning of the year 1711.

[n] Thomas Knipe, D. D. was alſo a prebendary of Weſtminſter. He did not long ſurvive the date of this Dedication; dying 8 Id. Aug. 1711, aged 73. His epitaph is printed in Dart's Hiſtory of that Abbey.

[o] Richard Buſby, D. D. was born Sept. 22, 1606; and, having paſſed

mory to me ſhall be for ever ſacred; yet, I thank God, I have a Maſter ſtill remaining, to whom I may pay my duty and acknowledgment for the benefits I have received by my education. It is in ſome meaſure to expreſs this duty, that I lay the following papers before you, expecting pardon for the faults that may be in them, from your innate goodneſs, which I have ſo often experienced.

The ſubject of the Poetical Hiſtory has exerciſed the pens of Clemens Alexandrinus, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, Arnobius, St. Auſtin, and the learned Biſhops Fulgentius and Euſtathius; and is uſeful, not only for the better knowledge of the Claſſicks and all other polite Literature, but even of the Holy Scriptures themſelves. It muſt be acknowledged, that the utmoſt end of your inſtruction tends to the underſtanding of the Text of the Holy Bible in all the learned Languages; and the Fundamentals of our Religion, as taught in the Catechiſm, Nine and Thirty Articles, and Homilies, of the Church of England: ſo that whoſoever has had the happineſs of an education under you at Weſtminſter muſt attribute it to his own neglect, if he be not a good Chriſtian, and conſequently a loyal Subject. That, by your wholeſome inſtructions to the young Gentlemen of this nation, you may long contribute to the good of the Church and State, and the honour of her Majeſty's Royal Foundation in which you are ſo eminently placed, is the hearty wiſh of, Sir,

Your moſt dutiful and obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

through the claſſes of Weſtminſter School as a king's ſcholar, was elected ſtudent of Chriſt Church in 1624; made prebendary of Wells and rector of Cudworth, July 1, 1639; maſter of Weſtminſter School, Dec. 13, 1640; and by his ſkill and diligence in the diſcharge of this moſt laborious and important office for the ſpace of fifty-five years, bred up the greateſt number of eminent men, in church and ſtate, that ever adorned at one time any age or nation. He was inſtalled prebendary of Weſtminſter, July 5, 1660; died April 6, 1695, aged 89; and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, where a fine monument is erected to his memory.

IV. To

## IV[p].

## To the moſt Noble Prince HENRY SOMERSET Duke of BEAUFORT, Marquis and Earl of WORCESTER, Earl of GLAMORGAN, Baron HERBERT, and Lord of CHEPSTOW, RAGLAND, and GOWER, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of SOUTHAMPTON, Lord Warden of the New Foreſt, and One of Her MAJESTY's moſt Honourable Privy Council, &c.[q]

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

THE ſubject of the following papers makes it ſeem proper that they ſhould be preſented to your Grace: for, ſince you have been admitted to her Majeſty's Council, it is convenient you ſhould ſee all the meaſures that have been taken by perſons advanced to the like ſtation. Mr. Gabriel Naude[r], who was the Author of the French from which this is a Tranſlation, is accounted one of the moſt celebrated geniuſes of the latter age, for his knowledge of men and books, the variety and extenſiveneſs of his converſation, and his good fortune in being admitted to the ſervice of the moſt illuſtrious perſons then in Europe. His wiſdom, prudence, good humour, and temperance, recommended him ſo far, that, having ſtudied Phyſick in Padua, with the famous Mr. Patin, under Mr. Moreau, and being returned from his travels, he was, in the year 1630, being then about

[p] Prefixed to "Political Conſiderations on Refined Politicks, &c." tranſlated from the French of Gabriel Naudæus in 1711.

[q] See a poem, addreſſed to this noble peer, above, p. 237. He ſucceeded to his grandfather's titles in 1699, and died in 1714. His grace was twice married, and had the misfortune to loſe both ladies in childbed; the firſt of them (lady Mary Sackvile, only daughter to Charles earl of Dorſet) in 1705, without iſſue; the ſecond (lady Rachel Noel, ſecond daughter to Wriotheſley Baptiſt earl of Gainſborough) in September 1709. By the ſecond ducheſs, he had three ſons, two of which ſucceſſively inherited the titles.

[r] He was born at Paris, Feb. 12, 1600.

thirty, ſent by Cardinal Richlieu [s] upon an eſpecial occaſion to Rome, where he remained above twelve years as Library-keeper [t] to the Cardinal de Bagni, a perſon that had improved himſelf ſo far in all good Authors relating to Politicks, and eſpecially in Ariſtotle's Rhetorick, which was his favourite, that Cardinal Pamphilio, who afterwards ſucceeded by the name of Innocent the Tenth [u], ſaid, he feared no other rival beſides him for the popedom; but death prevented it. Mr. Naude was afterwards Library-keeper to Antonio Barbarini, nephew to Pope Urban VIII [w]. Upon his coming back from Rome, he was admitted into the ſervice of the Cardinal Mazarine [x], of whoſe penetration into mankind the whole world is ſenſible. To theſe patrons he owed his preferments of canon of Verdun and

[s] John Armaud du Pleſſis de Richlieu, the illuſtrious ſtateſman of France, was born Sept. 5, 1685; obtained a diſpenſation for being made biſhop of Lucon at the early age of 22; was dignified with the title of cardinal in 1622; was prime miniſter in 1624, and died in 1642. The hiſtory of his life would be the hiſtory of France. We ſhall therefore only add, that, amidſt other qualifications, his various political treatiſes demonſtrate him to have been an able writer; he was alſo a poet, and, in the true ſpirit of that *genus irritabile*, is ſaid to have envied Corneille the glory of his "Cid," and to have obliged the French academy to publiſh a criticiſm in 1637 to its diſadvantage.

[t] He had been before employed in a like capacity by Henry de Meſmes, preſident à mortier.

[u] He filled the pontifical chair from 1644 to 1655.

[w] Better known by the name of Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini. He was advanced to the pontifical chair in 1623, and died July 29, 1644. He was equally famous for the variety of his learning and the elegance of his genius. His Latin poems were re-publiſhed, by Joſ. Browne, A. M. in 1726.

[x] This celebrated ſucceſſor of Richlieu had the happineſs of compleating many of the great plans his predeceſſor had ſchemed, but left unfiniſhed.—Naudæus founded for this miniſter a library of 40,000 volumes, at that period an immenſe collection; but had the mortification, on the cardinal's diſgrace, of ſeeing the whole, which he had collected with ſo much labour, diſperſed. Naudæus himſelf purchaſed all the books in phyſic, for 3500 livres. His abilities in the ſelecting of books may be diſcovered in his "Avis pour dreſſer un Bibliotheque," which was tranſlated into Engliſh, under the title of "Inſtructions for creating a "Library, written by Gabriel Naude, publiſhed in Engliſh, with ſome "Improvements, by John Evelyn, Eſq. Lond. 1661."

prior

prior of Artige in the Limoiſin. Queen Chriſtina, who reſolved to make Sweden famous by her encouragement of learning, invited him to Stockholm, where ſhe ſhewed him particular marks of her eſteem. Upon his journey thence, he died at Abbeville, July 29, 1653, and ſo hindered us from ſeveral things he had deſigned to perfect y. Pardon this ſhort account of the Author; for it is in ſome meaſure an apology for the preſumption of the Dedication; for I would have nothing approach your Grace, but what had formerly been ſo far received in the world as that it might juſtify its appearance once again in publick.

The Author, in his Work, has made a ſufficient apology for his ſearching ſo far into "the Secrets of State;" and ſhewn that a great ſpirit can have no prejudice, but rather reap advantage, from the diſcovery of them. Now if Youth, under all the temptations of the world, can produce commendable actions fitting the dignity of a perſon's birth and grandeur; if the ſtricteſt rules of œconomy are preſerved, and temperance mixed with the ſweeteſt affability be always the product of his converſation, either in friendſhip or conjugal affection, the niceſt trials of humanity; what may be expected from the finiſhed years of ſuch a one, when he knows the rocks and quick-ſands he is to avoid, and has no other port in view but where his anceſtors ſafely harboured? It cannot be doubted, therefore, but the virtues and honour inherent in your Grace's family and perſon will always conduct you through the difficulties of ſtate affairs, and guard you againſt the crafts of policy, preſerving you in the love of your countrymen and the favour of your Prince.

That your Grace will accept of this firſt eſſay of my gratitude, is the utmoſt ambition of your Grace's

Moſt obliged, moſt dutiful, humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

y Naudæus was very prudent and regular in his conduct, very ſober, never drinking any thing but water. Study being his principal occupation, he wrote a great number of books; from which Mr. Bayle embelliſhed his Dictionary with many extracts.

## ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

VOL. I. p. 1. It ſhould have been mentioned, that another young ſtudent of Chriſt-Church, Mr. Edward Hannes, had a hand in the "Reflections on Varillas." This gentleman was, in 1690, elected profeſſor of chemiſtry; and was the author of ſeveral ingenious Latin poems, ſome of which are printed in the "Muſæ Anglicanæ" and in other Miſcellanies. Mr. Addiſon has addreſſed a Poem, "Ad D. D. Hannes, inſigniſſimum Medicum et Poetam."

P. 2. M. Varillas intituled his book, "Hiſtoire des Revolutions "arrivées en Europe en matiere de Religion." Paris, 6 vols. 4to, 1636, &c.; and again in 1687, 12mo. It was alſo printed in both ſizes at Paris in 1690; and had before been publiſhed at Amſterdam. It begins with the year 1374, and ends in 1650. At the head of the firſt volume, Varillas had put the following advertiſement: "In compoſing this work, I have taken my materials "indifferently from Catholic and Proteſtant writers; citing theſe "laſt in their own words as often as I found them ingenuous "enough not to ſuppreſs or diſguiſe the moſt important truths; "and it is through their own fault that I have been obliged to "have recourſe to the Catholicks."

P. 5. l. 18. This extract of M. Hozier's letter is cited in the Preface to M. Larroque's "Nouvelles Accuſations contre M. "Varillas, ou Remarques Critiques contre une partie de ſon "premier livre de l'Hiſtoire de l'Hereſie. Amſtelod. 1687."

Ibid. l. 27. It ſhould be obſerved, in juſtice to Varillas, that he denied this matter of the penſion. It is true, Le Long tells us (Biblotheque Hiſtorique de la France, art. VARILLAS), "that "he was offered ſuch by ſeveral French noblemen, as well as by "foreigners; which he always refuſed: and particularly the "States of Holland offered him one, in 1669, to write their "hiſtory; but he alſo refuſed this, by the advice of M. Pom-"pone. He accepted that only of the clergy of France, which "M. de Harlai, Archbiſhop of Paris, had procured for him." But Varillas contradicts this; and, in his anſwer to Burnet, ſays, "that he never accepted the penſion which M. Harlai had ob-"tained for him from the clergy of France in 1670; nor yet that "which he procured of the King for him, charged upon the ab-"bey of La Victoire, in 1672; and that all that he received by "the Archbiſhop's means was, a preſent from the aſſembly of the "Clergy in 1670, and a grant from the King of two thouſand "livres in 1685." See Niceron's Memoires, tom. V. p. 64. Paris, 1728, 8vo.

P. 93. July 24, 1775, the Empreſs beſtowed on the marſhal Romanzow an eſtate of 5000 Peaſants, 100,000 roubles in money; a ſervice of plate; a hat with a wreath of laurel, enriched with

precious

precious ſtones to the value of 30,000 roubles, a diamond ſtar and ſhoulder-knot, &c. &c.

P. 135. Dr. Richard Bentley [z] was born at Wakefield in Yorkſhire, Jan. 27, 1661-2, and received there the firſt part of his education; whence being removed to St. John's college, Cambridge, he followed his ſtudies with indefatigable induſtry. In 1689, being then maſter of arts, he was incorporated in the ſame degree at Wadham college, Oxford. Oct. 2, 1692, he was inſtalled in a prebend at Worceſter, by Bp. Stillingfleet, to whom he was domeſtic chaplain; and whoſe recommendations, with thoſe of Bp. Lloyd, obtained for him the honour of opening Mr. Boyle's famous lectures. In April 1694, he obtained the patent of keeper of the royal library; in 1700, was preſented to the maſterſhip of Trinity college; was collated archdeacon of Ely, June 12, 1707; had a good benefice in that iſland; and was chaplain to queen Anne, as he had been to king William. In 1709, a complaint was laid againſt him by ſeveral of the fellows, before the biſhop of Ely as viſitor, which, after above twenty years continuance, was terminated in his favour. In 1717, he had another diſpute with his college, on the fees of creation for a doctorate; on which occaſion he was ſuſpended and degraded; but reſtored by a mandamus from the king's bench. He died July 14, 1742.

Ibid. Dr. Aldrich died Dec. 14, 1710. He was a learned and pious Divine; a warm zealot for the church intereſt; a ſtout champion for the prerogatives of the crown; and made himſelf famous, by contriving the hieroglyphical figures of the Oxford Almanacks; in ſome of which, many people fancied ſtrange alluſions, particularly in favour of the Pretender.

Ibid. Mr. Charles Boyle, born in Auguſt 1676, was entered, when only 15, of Chriſt Church, Oxford. He ſucceeded to the title of earl of Orrery, Aug. 23, 1703, on the death of his elder brother Lionel, and had a regiment given him; was elected a knight of the thiſtle, Oct. 13, 1705; raiſed to the rank of major general in 1709, and ſworn of the privy council. At the time the peace of Utrecht was ſettling, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the ſtates of Flanders and Brabant, Jan. 11, 1710-11; and, for his ſervices, was created baron Boyle of Marſton, Somerſetſhire, Sept. 10, 1711. He reſided at Bruſſels, as envoy, till June 1713; and, on the acceſſion of king George I, was continued in his command in the army, made a lord of the bed-chamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of Somerſet, Dec. 3, 1714. He reſigned his poſt in the bed-chamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him. He was committed to The Tower,

[z] He was "the ſon a tradeſman," ſays the writer of his article in the "Biographia Britannica;" which Mr. Cumberland, in his "Letter to "the Bp. of Oxford, 1767," p. 23, ſtyles "a miſrepreſentation," and a "debaſing of his condition from that of a gentleman to a mean tradeſman."

Sept. 28, 1722, on ſuſpicion of being concerned in Layer's plot; whence he was at length diſcharged, after ſuffering ſeverely in his health. He died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57. His taſte as a fine writer is well eſtabliſhed; and the noble inſtrument which bears his name is a proof of his mechanical genius; he had alſo a peculiar turn to medicine; and bought and read whatever was publiſhed on that ſubject.

P. 139. l. 3. *Add, as a Note,* An Engliſh tranſlation of Phalaris was publiſhed in 1634; but the Tranſlator confeſſed he had no ſkill in Greek, and that he did it from "the moſt approved ver-"ſions in three ſeveral languages."—Another tranſlation was publiſhed by Mr. Whately of Magdalen College [probably that ſaid to be by J. S. 1699.]—Mr. Budgell tranſlated a few particular Letters, which he annexed to his Memoirs of the Boyles.—And, laſtly, Dr. Franklin hath given a tranſlation of the whole, in 1749. From the laſt-mentioned writer, we have extracted the following remarks:—"The controverſy was on both ſides carried "on with great learning and ſpirit; and convinced the world "that no ſubject was ſo inconſiderable, but, if in the hands of "able men, might produce ſomething worthy of their attention. "I never heard my lord Orrery's abilities as a ſcholar called in "queſtion; and Dr. Bentley was always looked on as a man of "wit and parts; and yet I have been aſſured that, whilſt the diſ-"pute was in its height, the partizans of each ſide behaved with "a partiality uſual in ſuch caſes. The friends of Phalaris and "Mr. Boyle would not allow their adverſary any wit; whilſt the "Doctor's advocates, on the other hand, made it their buſineſs to "repreſent Mr. Boyle as void of learning,; and attributed all "the merit of his book to the aſſiſtance of ſome men of diſtin-"guiſhed merit in the college and univerſity of which he was a "member; and ſo far did this malicious affectation prevail, that "Dr. Swift alludes to it as a fact in his "Battle of the Books," "where he ſays, "that Boyle had a ſuit of armour given him by "all the gods." Many indeed, who gave into this fooliſh opinion, "did at the ſame time allow, in juſtice to the late lord Orrery, "that, if the weapons were put into his hand, he had at leaſt the "ſkill to manage them to the beſt advantage. To recompenſe "any uneaſineſs, which might ariſe from reports of this kind, "Mr. Boyle had the ſecret ſatisfaction of ſeeing his enemies, whilſt "they endeavoured to leſſen his reputation, pay him the higheſt "compliment, by attributing his work to the Literati of Chriſt "Church; who, if they had really been concerned in it any far-"ther than caſual hints of converſation on the ſubject, would, I "believe, long before this time have cleared their titles to a ſhare "in the reputation acquired by it; which as they have never yet "done, I ſee no reaſon why Mr. Boyle ſhould not be looked "upon as the ſole author of that piece; or why, as the labour "and merit of it was his own, his claim to the deſerved ap-

"plauſe

" plauſe it has met with ſhould ever for the future be called in " queſtion."

Ibid. *After* l. 25, *add*, This occaſioned the three following treatiſes:

" An Eſſay concerning Critical and Curious Learning; in " which are contained ſome ſhort Reflections on the Controverſy, " &c. by T. R. eſq. 1698." [Q. Thomas Rymer, eſq.]

" View of Diſſertation, &c. [by John Milner, D. D. late vicar " of Leeds, in Yorkſhire], 1698."

" A Chronological Account of the Life of Pythagoras, and " other famous Men his Contemporaries; with an Epiſtle to the " Rev. Dr. Bentley, concerning Porphyry's and Jamblichus's Lives " of Pythagoras. By the Right Reverend Father in God William " [Lloyd] Lord Biſhop of Coventry and Lichfield, 1699." The letter is dated Dec. 30, 1698.

Ibid. Mr. Boyle, in his *ſecond* edition, corrected ſome miſtakes; and annexed to it " A ſhort Account of Dr. Bentley, by " way of Index."—To the *third* edition, he added a ſmall Appendix, of four pages, occaſioned by " A View of the Controverſy " between Dr. Bentley and Mr. Boyle, upon the Epiſtles of Pha- " laris, &c in order to the manifeſting the Incertitude of Heathen " Chronology." [This ſeems to be Dr. Milner's book.]

P. 140. *After* l. 15, *add*, " An Anſwer to the " Short Ac- " count, &c." in relation to ſome Mſ. Notes on Callimachus and " Mr. Bennet's Appendix," was publiſhed, in 1699, by Mr. Whately.

Ibid. Dr. Bentley gave a very full and particular anſwer to the accuſation relative to Sir Edward Sherburn, in the Preface to his Diſſertation, p. xliii. et ſeqq.; which was as poſitively contradicted by Sir Edward, in the " Short Account, &c." p. 134. —Sir Edward was born Sept. 18, 1618; was clerk of the ordnance to King Charles I, but ejected in 1641 for adhering to the royal cauſe. Retiring with the King to Oxford, he was there made maſter of arts. On the ſurrender of that city to the parliament, he ſettled in the Middle Temple, and publiſhed ſeveral learned works. He recovered his office under King Charles II, but was again turned out by James II; and betook himſelf ever after to a retired and ſtudious courſe of life. He died Nov. 4, 1702, in his 85th year.

P. 141. *Add to Note*, Dr. Bentley's memory failed him here: it was not Rupilius, but his adverſary, who *permagna negotia dives habebat Clazomenis*. Or perhaps he miſtook wittingly, in order to compare the *permagna negotia* with the *pus atque venenum*.

P. 142. This Letter from Dr. King was not immediately addreſſed to Mr. Boyle, but " to a Friend of that Gentleman." See " Boyle againſt Bentley," p. 6.

P. 143. The following P. S. was annexed to Dr. King's Letter, in the " Short Account, &c." p. 138. " I hope, Sir, this

" anſwer of Dr. Bentley will divert you as much as his former " *Diſſertation*, his *own few Notes on Callimachus*, or his extra- " ordinary *Collection of Pills to purge Melancholy* (London, 8vo, " 1698, printed for *Playford)*; which He may have more uſe of, " than when it was firſt publiſhed."

P. 150. *Add to Note*, Mr. Preſton has given a good deſcription of a ſimilar amphitheatre, at Hockley in the Hole, under the title of " Æſop at the Bear-garden, a Viſion, 1715." It was dedicated originally, he ſays, to Bull-baiting, Bear-baiting, Prize-fighting, and all other ſorts of *rough game*; and was not only attended by Butchers, Drovers, and great crowds of all ſorts of mob, but likewiſe by Dukes, Lords, Knights, Squires, &c. There were ſeats particularly ſet apart for the quality, ornamented with old tapeſtry hangings, into which none were admitted under half a crown at the leaſt. Its neighhourhood was famous for ſheltering Thieves, Pickpockets, and infamous Women; and for breeding Bull-dogs.

P. 152. *Add to Note*, St. Nicholas ſtill holds his rank and veneration in the Ruſſian Calendar, and has almoſt as many altars as the Virgin himſelf. Wraxall's Tour, 1774, p. 233.

P. 165. l. 5. *Add to Note*, Wotton's attainments in the languages were ſo remarkable, as to be ſet forth by his father, in a Pamphlet dedicated to King Charles II, intituled, " An Eſſay on " the Education of Children in the firſt Rudiments of Learning; " together with a Narrative of what Knowledge William Wot- " ton, a Child of Six Years of Age, hath attained unto, upon the " Improvement of thoſe Rudiments in the Latin, Greek, and " Hebrew Tongues. By Henry Wotton, of Corpus Chriſti " College, Cambridge, and Miniſter of Wrentham in Suffolk." Re-printed in 8vo. 1752.

Ibid. l. 16. Dr. King was very right in this aſſertion; the ſhape of Neſtor's cup hath been miſtaken by all who have written about it, from the days of Martial to thoſe of our Engliſh Homer; as is very ſatisfactorily ſhewn by Mr. Clarke, in " The Con- " nection of Roman, Saxon, and Engliſh Coins," p. 218.

P. 170. l. 12. *read* How far.

P. 174. Richard Flecknoe, who lived in the reigns of Charles the Firſt and Second, was better acquainted with the Nobility than with the Muſes. If his own works are not ſufficient to tranſmit his name to poſterity, Mr. Dryden has effectually performed that office in his celebrated ſatire called " Mac Flecknoe." Langbaine enumerates five of his dramatic productions. His other works conſiſt of Epigrams and Ænigmatical Characters, and of a Diary, in burleſque verſe, 12mo, 1655. Dryden, in his Dedication to Limberham, has ſeverely raillied an Epiſtle Dedicatory of Flecknoe's to a Nobleman; but to what book it was prefixed is now unknown.—Langbaine tells us, he never could get one of his plays acted: but this is a miſtake. His " Love's

" King-

"Kingdom, a Paſtoral Tragi-comedy," appears, by the Dedication to William Marquis of Newcaſtle, to have been acted and damned. Q. If this is not the Dedication Dryden alludes to? His "Love's Dominion, a Dramatique Piece full of excellent Mora-"litie, written as a Pattern for the reformed Stage, 1654," 12mo, is dedicated to Lady Eliz. Claypole, Cromwell's daughter.

Ibid. Thomas Decker was contemporary with Ben Jonſon, and contended with that celebrated Laureat for the bays. Though his writings are in ſmall eſtimation, he had in that age many friends amongſt the Poets, particularly the ingenious Richard Brome. He wrote eight plays; clubbed with Webſter in writing three more; and with Rowley and Ford in another. That which was in moſt eſteem was "The Untruſſing the humourous "Poet," publiſhed in 1602, in his own defence, againſt "The "Poetaſter" of Jonſon, in which he was laſhed under the title of Criſpinus. Though far inferior to his antagoniſt, Decker gained ſome applauſe, and retaliated on the Laureat under the name of Horace Junior.

P. 175. l. ult. *r* Critick.—Ibid *Note*, l. 1. "The Generous "Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers," a comedy, 1672, was written by John Carey; or rather, according to Langbaine, ſtolen by him from four eminent poets.

Ibid. l. 2. "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," 1679, was a tragedy of Dryden's; the plot of it is founded on the hiſtory of Cleobuline queen of Corinth.

P. 179. l. 34. One of the firſt efforts of the Engliſh Stage; it was printed in the year 1575, under the following title, "A ryght "pithy pleaſaunt and merie Comedie, intytuled Gammer Gur-"tons Nedle played on Stage not longe ago in Chriſtes Col-"ledge, in Cambridge, made by Mr. S. Maſter of Arts." It is alſo printed in Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. I. and in Hawkins's "Origin of the Engliſh Drama," vol. I.

Ibid. l. 37. Printed in Dodſley's Collection, vol. V. under the title of "Grim the Collier of Croydon, or the Devil and his "Dam; with the Devil and S. Dunſtan, by J. T." It was firſt printed in 1662, 8vo. The plot is taken from Machiavel's "Mar-"riage of Belphegor."

P. 185. *Add*, See vol. II. p. 130.

P. 200. John Swammerdam, born at Amſterdam in 1637, applied himſelf early in life to anatomical and medical ſtudies, purſuing at the ſame time his favourite amuſement of diſcovering, catching, and examining, flying inſects. In 1651, he went to Leyden; and was admitted a candidate of phyſic in 1663. From this time he applied diligently to anatomy; and in 1667 firſt injected the uterine veſſels of a human ſubject with ceraceous matter, which uſeful attempt he afterward improved and perfected. In 1668, he declined a ſplendid offer of an eſtabliſhment under the grand duke of Tuſcany; and publiſhed the next year

his

his general hiſtory of Inſects; whoſe nature and properties were then his chief ſtudy. In 1673, he publiſhed his treatiſe on Bees; but, after that fatiguing performance, never recovered his former health and vigour, and took a total diſtaſte to worldly affairs. He died Feb. 17, 1680.

P. 201. Lewis Maimbourg, born at Nancy in 1610, was admitted into the ſociety of Jeſuits in 1626; but being obliged in 1682 to quit it, for aſſerting too boldly the authority of the Gallican church, againſt the court of Rome, was rewarded, by Louis XIV, with a very honourable penſion, with which he retired to the abbey of St. Victor, where he died Aug. 13, 1686. He had great reputation as a preacher, and publiſhed two volumes of Sermons. He was a voluminous hiſtorian; having written the Hiſtory of Arianiſm, of the Iconoclaſtes, of the Croiſades, of the Schiſm of the Weſt, of the Schiſm of the Greeks, of the Decay of the Empire, of the League, of Lutheraniſm, of Calviniſm, of the Pontificate of St. Leo; and was compoſing the Hiſtory of the Schiſm of England when he died. Mr. Bayle ſays, "Father Maimbourg's hiſtories are very agree-"ably written, contain many lively ſtrokes, and a great variety of "occaſional inſtructions."

P. 202. Dr. Caſe (on Mr. Granger's authority) is ſaid to have been ſent for, to attend John Dennis in his phrenzy, though in fact it was to Partridge the Almanack-maker. We may the rather be excuſed in following this able Biographer in ſo ſmall a miſtake, as we have ſo frequently profited by his correct remarks. The fact, however, for which that circumſtance was mentioned, is equally true—that he was living in 1708. When Tutchin publiſhed his Obſervators, John Caſe uſed frequently to advertize himſelf at the end of that paper, beginning in this formal manner, "Your old Phyſician Dr. Caſe deſires you not to forget "him," &c. &c.

P. 205. l. 31. *r.* with chicken, white beets, &c.

P. 207. l. 4. *r.* remarkable.

Ibid. l. 7. *Add this Note,* In the Temple. This Pump has been perpetuated by Dr. Garth, in The Diſpenſary, canto ii.

"So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
"And Hare Court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams."

Ibid. l. 18. This circumſtance is noted by The Tatler, vol. V. N° 47.

P. 213. l. 12. Tom Britton, the famous muſical ſmall-coal-man, was born at or near Higham Ferrers in Northamptonſhire. He came to London; and, having ſerved ſeven years to a ſmall-coal-man in St. John's Street, received a ſum of money from his maſter, not to ſet up in buſineſs. After having ſpent the money in Northamptonſhire, he returned to London, and ſet up the ſmall-coal trade in a houſe adjoining to the little gate of

St. John of Jeruſalem next Clerkenwell Green, where he became a great proficient in chemiſtry; and was as famous for his knowledge in the theory of muſic, in the practical part of which ſcience he was alſo very conſiderable. He left behind him a valuable collection of muſic, moſtly pricked by himſelf, which was ſold for near an hundred pounds; and an excellent collection of printed books of chemiſtry and muſic. Beſides theſe, he had in his life-time ſold to lord Somers a curious collection of pamphlets, for about five hundred pounds; and had ſold by auction a noble library, principally of Roſacruſian writings, which excited general admiration. He had alſo a conſiderable collection of muſical inſtruments, which were ſold for fourſcore pounds after his death; which happened in September 1714, being upwards of threeſcore years of age. The muſical club, alluded to by Dr. King, was kept up by Britton for many years, at his own charges, at his own little cell. He was univerſally eſteemed for probity, ſagacity, diligence, and humility; and continued in his original profeſſion, though he might have lived very reputably without it, till the time of his death.

Ibid. l. 26. *r.* Grim.—Ibid. *Second Note*, *r.* Gervaſe Markham, author of a play called "Herod and Antipater," 1622.

P. 214. l. 7. Dr. King here miſtakes the perſon who wrote this piece. It was not the Author of "Oceana;" but Sir John Harrington, the Tranſlator of Arioſto. It was called "A New "Diſcourſe of a ſtale Subject, called "The Metamorphoſis of "A-Jax." Written by Miſacmos to his Friend and Coſin Phi-"loſtilpnos," 8vo, 1596, printed by Field.

P. 240. l. 21. *r.* Codrington. P. 244. l. 37. *r.* Florence.

P. 263. A cork tree is now (1776) growing at Wimbledon.

## VOL. II.

P. 9. M. De Boodt publiſhed, in 1637, "Hiſtoria Gemmarum "& Lapidum, *Lugd. Bat.*" 8vo.

P. 20. Spencer Cowper, eſq. was tried July 16, 1699. The ſtory of Sarah Stout's death, which furniſhed the materials for ſeveral pamphlets at that time (re-printed with the State Trials) is recorded by Mrs. Manley, in the firſt volume of her Atalantis. It alſo occaſioned, in 1729, two indelicate poems, under the titles of "Sarah the Quaker to Lothario in the Shades," and "Lothario's Anſwer."

P. 60. There is a print of the queen of France and duke of Suffolk, engraved on a large ſheet, from an original belonging to the late earl of Granville, now Mr. Walpole's. On the right hand of the duke is his lance, appendent to which is a label, inſcribed,

"Cloth of gold, do not deſpiſe,
"Though thou be match'd with cloth of frize:

"Cloth

" Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
" Though thou be match'd with cloth of gold."

Mary queen of France, youngeſt ſiſter to Henry VIII, was one of the moſt beautiful women of her age. It is pretty clear that Charles Brandon gained her affections before ſhe was married to Lewis XII; as, ſoon after the death of that monarch, which was in about three months after his marriage, ſhe plainly told him, " that if he did not free her from all her ſcruples within a certain " time, ſhe would never marry him." His caſuiſtry ſucceeded within the time limited; and ſhe became his wife. This was probably with the king's connivance. It is however certain, that no other ſubject durſt have ventured upon a queen of France, and a ſiſter of the implacable Henry VIII.—Charles Brandon was remarkable for the dignity and gracefulneſs of his perſon, and his robuſt and athletic conſtitution. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf in tilts and tournaments (the favourite exerciſes of Henry), and made a conſpicuous figure at the famous interview of the Engliſh and French monarchs in the *camp de drap d'or*, between Guînes and Ardres. He was brought up with that prince, ſtudied his diſpoſition, and exactly conformed to it. That conformity gradually brought on a ſtricter intimacy; and the king, to bring him nearer to himſelf, raiſed him from a private perſon to a duke. Granger.

P. 146. Sir William Temple having in ſome meaſure been the original cauſe of the controverſy between Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley; it may be entertaining to annex an extract of a letter of his, from Moor Park, March 30, 1698. " I think there can " be no exception to any thing in it [Mr. Boyle's Book], beſides " his partiality to me; which perhaps will be leſs forgiven him " by the Doctor, than any other fault. For the reſt, the com- " paſs and application of ſo much learning, the ſtrength and per- " tinence of arguments, the candour of his relations, in return to " ſuch foul-mouthed railing, the pleaſant turns of wit, and the " eaſineſs of ſtyle, are, in my opinion, as extraordinary, as the " contrary of all theſe all appear to be in what the Doctor and " his Friend have written. So that I have as much reaſon to be " pleaſed with finding myſelf in Mr. Boyle's good opinion, as I " ſhould be ſorry to be in theirs." See the " Short Account of " Dr. Bentley's Humanity, &c." p. 140.

P. 165. l. 4. *r.* phyſician.—P. 169. Lotteries were firſt drawn, in St. Paul's Church, about 1569; and the drawing continued night and day till all was finiſhed.

P. 170. " Plays, gaming-booths, and muſical-booths, at May-Fair, were prohibited, by proclamation, April 21, 1709.

P. 180. Dr. Sacheverell was the ſon of Joſhua Sacheverell, of Marlborough, clerk (whom Biſſet, p. 255, calls a Dean). Henry became demy of Magdalen College in 1687, at the age of 15. A tranſlation of his, from Virgil's Firſt Georgick, dedicated to Mr. Dryden, is in the third volume of " Miſcellany Poems," 1693.

P. 191.

P. 191. The benevolent chancellor of Wincheſter, whom we mentioned as the laſt ſurviving male of the Hoadly family, died March 11, 1776. He was maſter of the hoſpital of St. Croſs, and had ſeveral other good preferments.

P. 198. Lieutenant-general Meredith, major-general Maccartney, and brigadier Honeywood, were caſhiered, in December 1710, for drinking "Damnation to the preſent Miniſtry!"

P. 200. On the 11th of November, 1717, Dr. Welton, with his congregation, conſiſting of about 250 Nonjurors, was ſurprized by the juſtices and conſtables; and moſt of them, refuſing the oaths, were ordered to be proſecuted.

P. 233. Lancelot Addiſon, the ſon of Lancelot a clergyman, was born in 1632, educated at Appleby, and ſent thence to Queen's College, Oxford; admitted to the degree of B. A. Jan. 25, 1654; M. A. July 4, 1657. Being choſen a *terræ filius* for the act in 1658, his oration was ſo ſatirical, on the pride, ignorance, hypocriſy, and avarice, of thoſe then in power, that he was compelled to make a recantation, and aſk pardon on his knees. He accepted the chaplainſhip of Dunkirk, where he continued till it was delivered to the French in 1662; and next year went chaplain to Tangier. In 1670, he was appointed king's chaplain; ſoon after, prebendary of Sarum; dean of Lichfield, July 3, 1683; and archdeacon of Coventry, Dec. 8, 1684. He died April 20, 1703, after having publiſhed many learned and uſeful treatiſes, which are enumerated in the Biographical Dictionary. The celebrated Joſeph Addiſon was his ſon.

P. 245. Dr. Swift tells us, vol. XIV. p. 228, "Sir James of the "Peak ſaid to Bouchier the gameſter, Sirrah, I ſhall look better "than you, when I have been a month in my grave."

P. 268. Nicholas Lechmere, eſq. repreſentative in parliament for Cockermouth, and one of the Managers againſt Sacheverell, was an eminent Lawyer, a ſtaunch Whig, and an Oppoſer of all the meaſures of the laſt four years of Queen Anne, having been removed from his office of queen's counſel in June 1711. He was appointed ſolicitor-general in October 1714; chancellor of the dutchy court of Lancaſter; attorney-general in March, 1717-18; and was created a Peer. Dying June 18, 1727; the title became extinct. The Reader will find a very humorous Ballad, called "Duke upon Duke," on a quarrel between this Nobleman and Sir John Guiſe, in Swift's Works, vol. VI. p. 114.

P. 305. Dr. John Freind was born, in 1675, at Croton in Northamptonſhire, where his father was rector. He was ſent to Weſtminſter-ſchool, with his brother Robert, who was afterwards maſter of it. He was elected to Chriſt Church in 1690; and, under the auſpices of Dean Aldrich, undertook, with another ſtudent, to publiſh two orations, one of Æſchines, the other of Demoſthenes, which were well received; and was alſo prevailed upon to reviſe an edition of Ovid's Metamorphoſis,

which Dr. Bentley ſeverely reprehends. He was director of the ſtudies to Mr. Boyle; and, ſays the great Critic, "was of the "ſame ſize for learning with the late Editor of the Æſopean "Fables [Mr. Alſop]. If they can but make a tolerable copy "of verſes, with two or three ſmall faults in it, they muſt pre-"ſently ſet up to be Authors." But, whatever may be thought of thoſe juvenile performances, in his profeſſional capacity he was a maſterly writer. After having publiſhed ſeveral curious medical treatiſes, he was choſen profeſſor of chemiſtry at Oxford in 1704; and the next year attended lord Peterborow on his Spaniſh expedition; of which Dr. Freind publiſhed an account in 1707. He was created M. D. that year; in 1712, was elected a Member of the Royal Society; and attended the duke of Ormond that year into Flanders. After his return, he reſided chiefly at London, and gave himſelf up wholly to the cares of his profeſſion. He was elected a burgeſs for Launceſton in 1722; and, being ſuſpected of having a hand in Layer's plot, was committed to The Tower, March 15, 1722-3, where he continued a priſoner till the 21ſt of June following. Soon after he obtained his liberty, he was made phyſician to the prince of Wales; and, upon that prince's acceſſion to the crown, became phyſician to queen Caroline, who honoured him with a vaſt ſhare of her confidence and eſteem. He did not enjoy this office long; dying July 26, 1728, in his 52d year. Their majeſties, in conſideration of his great merit, ſettled a penſion upon his widow. His celebrated "Hiſtory of Phyſic," the firſt part of which was printed in 1725, was tranſlated into Latin by Dr. Wigan, and publiſhed, with the Latin works of Dr. Freind, at London, in folio, 1733. They were re-printed at Paris, in 4to, 1735.

## VOL. III.

P. 8. Hedington, Hinkſey, Cowley, and Marſton, are all in the neighbourhood of Oxford.

P. 9. *Note*, l. 13. *r.* apophthegms. P. 17. l. 1. *r.* Franklin.

P. 56. l. 22. This claim ſtill remains in force; at leaſt, it was certainly exerciſed, in 1727, by the lord of the manor of Bardolf, in Addington, Surrey. See "Verſes on the Coronation of their "late Majeſties King George II, and Queen Caroline, 1761," 8vo, p. 64. The claim is mentioned in Speed's Hiſtory, under Richard II.

P. 73. Sir Charles Sedley outlived all his contemporary Wits, except the duke of Devonſhire, the earl of Godolphin, and the duke of Buckingham, who married his granddaughter Catharine; ſee above, p. 138.

P. 79. Jeffery Hudſon was born at Okeham in Rutland. He hath been celebrated by Davenant, in his "Jeffreidos," a poem in three cantos.

P. 84.

P. 84. Vinegar was the keeper of the Ring in Moor-fields, and was ſo called from the ſourneſs of his looks, and the auſterity of his government. The rabble paid him a profound veneration, and allowed his determination in all diſputes and controverſies, either at cudgels or wreſtling, to be final and concluſive. Thus Mr. Preſton tells us, Æſop at the Bear Garden, p. 26,

" —great VINEGAR appear'd,
" By the whole rabble either lov'd or fear'd;
" Father of noiſe! Methought I heard him ſay,
" Clear, clear the Ring; the Bear ſhall have fair play."

Ibid. Brawn was maſter of The Rummer Tavern in Great Queen-ſtreet. See a character of his kitchen, vol. II. p. 304.

P. 86. Dick Eſtcourt was Mr. Bickerſtaff's apothecary; ſee Tatler, N° 2. His talents and extraordinary qualifications are celebrated in the Spectator, N° 264. 358. 370. and 468. He was author of a play, called " The Fair Example," 1706.

P. 113. The Kit-cat Club, a Society of the firſt rank, is ſaid to have been ſo called from their meetings being originally at the houſe of one Chriſtopher Catt.—Charles earl of Dorſet was one of the firſt founders of this Club, which conſiſted of no more than thirty-nine members, all men of the firſt rank for quality or learning, moſt of whom had been employed in the greateſt offices of ſtate and in the army, and none were admitted but thoſe of the greateſt diſtinction in ſome way or other. All their pictures were drawn by that great maſter Sir Godfrey Kneller; and were kept, in commemoration of the auguſt aſſembly, by their ingenious Secretary Mr. Jacob Tonſon; and are ſtill in the poſſeſſion of his family. Sir Richard Blackmore publiſhed, in 1708, a poem, called " The Riſe and Progreſs of the Kit-cat " Club." A ludicrous account of it is alſo in Ned Ward's Hiſtory " of Clubs," which repreſents Mr. Tonſon as the firſt inſtitutor.

P. 138. Richard Duke, M. A. was preſented by the biſhop of Wincheſter to the rich living of Witney in Oxfordſhire, which was afterward enjoyed ſucceſſively by Dr. Freind, maſter of Weſtminſter School, and his ſon the dean of Canterbury. Fifteen of Mr. Duke's " Sermons on ſeveral Occaſions" were printed in 1715, 8vo, and a third time in 1730. By the title-page, he appears to have been prebendary of Glouceſter, rector of Whitney, and chaplain in ordinary to queen Anne. His poems were collected by Mr. Tonſon, and publiſhed with thoſe of Roſcommon in 1717.

P. 175. l. 6. *Gleek* is uſed by Shakeſpeare, as a noun, in the ſenſe of muſick, or a muſician; as a verb, in that of ſneering, gibing, or drolling upon. In Scotland, it is ſtill retained, and ſignifies to fool or ſpend time idly, with ſomething of mimickry or drollery. See Johnſon's Dictionary.

P. 179. Lady Chudleigh alſo publiſhed, in 1710, a volume of " Eſſays upon ſeveral Subjects, in Proſe and Verſe;" and complains,

plains, in the Preface, of Mr. Lintott's having added, without her conſent, to the ſecond Edition of her Poems, "a Dialogue," (firſt printed without a name in 1700) occaſioned by a Wedding Sermon of Mr. John Sprint, a Nonconformiſt Divine, at Milton Port, Somerſetſhire, called "The Bride-woman's Counſellor, "1699."

P. 185. Rowe's Lucan was firſt publiſhed, in folio, in 1718.

P. 259. The poem on "Apple Pye" hath been claimed as Mr. Welſted's, in "The Weekly Oracle," Auguſt 16, 1735; with a remark, that "Dr. King, the Civilian, a gentleman of no mean re-"putation in the world of letters, let it paſs ſome years, without "contradiction, as his own."

P. 263. A fourth edition of De la Quintinye's "Complete Gardener," 8vo. tranſlated by George London and Henry Wiſe, was publiſhed in 1704. They alſo wrote "The Retired Gardener."

*** In the progreſs of theſe Volumes through the preſs, the Editor could not but frequently remark a ſtriking ſimilarity between Dr. King and the Author of the "Epiſtles to Lorenzo;" an obſervation, however, which he had no thought of mentioning, till he obſerved, in a monthly publication [a], the latter of thoſe writers had been compared with Mr. Sterne.—Without the moſt diſtant intention either of "offering a ſop to Cerberus [a]," or of degrading the abilities of Dr. Kenrick; it is ſubmitted to the attentive Reader, whether our parallel be not the more faithful reſemblance. Dr. King's moſt ſtriking characteriſticks were, an inexhauſtible fund of real wit, and an irony moſt ſeverely poignant; talents which Dr. Kenrick poſſeſſes in perfection. The former was properly a *bon vivant*, and had a heart ſo exquiſitely convivial, that he was the delight of all with whom he aſſociated: in this point of view, the compariſon will ſcarcely be diſputed. And even their poetry (admitting the remark of the Reviewer, "that it is eaſier for a middling Poet in theſe "days to make good rhymes, than it was formerly for a good "one [a]") is not unlike. Our Author, in his "Art of Love," like the Writer of the "Epiſtles," wiſhed rather, perhaps, to attach his readers by the power of his philoſophy, than by the ſweetneſs of his poetry. Yet that many inſtances might be produced, where the *ſenſe* of *both* muſt be allowed to be happily adorned with the moſt judicious choice of *rhyme*, the ſlighteſt inſpection of the "Orpheus and Eurydice" of the one, or the "Moral Epiſtles" of the other, will plainly teſtify. In their *lighter* Eſſays, their manner is ſtill more congenial: the ſame conciſeneſs, the ſame epigrammatic turn, is evidently conſpicuous. And, to heighten the ſimilarity, if Dr. King ventured boldly to enter the liſts with Dr. Bentley, Dr. Kenrick hath, not leſs daringly, waged literary war with a modern Ariſtarchus, the juſtly celebrated Author of The Rambler.

[a] Monthly Review, for December, 1775.

INDEX

# INDEX of PERSONS, PLACES, BOOKS, &c. incidentally mentioned, and occaſionally illuſtrated, in the NOTES.


ADAMS, Dr. John, ii. 211.
Addiſon, Dr. Lancelot, ii. 235. iii. 305.
Æſop, iii. 58. 120.
Aldrich, Dean, i. 135. iii. 297.
Alleyn, Edward, iii. 3.
Almanack-makers, ii. 115.
Alſop, Mr. i. 236. iii. 305.
Amboyna, i. 67.
Arthur, king, ii. 147.
Aſtrop, i. 67.

Baker, Dr. William, ii. 217.
Baliol, John, ii. 64.
Bantam, i. 67.
Barbarini, cardinal, iii. 294.
*Bardana*, ii. 160.
Bartholinus, Thomas, i. 125.
Bartholomew Fair, ii. 169.
Bathurſt, Dr. Ralph, i. 239.
Battle Royal, i. 221.
*Bawd*, iii. 14.
Baxter, Richard, ii. 185.
*Bear-garden*, iii. 300.
*Beau*, iii. 188.
Beaufort, duke of, iii. 293.
Bedell, bp. i. 227.
Behn, Mrs. Afra, iii. 178.
Bentley, Dr. Richard, i. 141. iii. 33. 35. 297.
Barnard, Dr. i. 226.
Betterton, Thomas, ii. 60.
Biſſet, William, ii. 181. 261.
Borrichius, i. 125.
Boſſu, Le Rene, iii. 188.
——, Charles, iii. 297.
Boyle, Robert, ii. 94.
Bradford, Dr. Samuel, ii. 217.
Bralesford, Humphry, ii. 255.
Brady, Dr. i. 235.
Brahe, Tycho, i. 124.
Brandon, Charles, iii. 303.
Brawn, of the Rummer, iii. 306.
Britton, Tom, iii. 302.
Buckingham, Sheffield duke of, iii. 138.
——— Villiers, duke of, ii. 150.
Bunyan, John, ii. 184.
Burgeſs, Daniel, ii. 191.
Burleigh, lord, iii. 232.
Burnet, bp. ii. 204.
Buſby, Dr. Richard, iii. 291.
Buſh, William, ii. 272.

Callimachus, i. 140.
*Cantor*, at Rome, iii. 5.
Carliſle, counteſs of, i. 234.
Cartwright, William, i. 234.
Caſe, Dr. John, i. 202. iii. 302.
Charles, archduke, ii. 130.
Chudleigh, lady, 179. 307.
Cibber, Caius Gabriel, i. 127.
Ciofani, Hercules, iii. 120.
*Cithern*, ii. 79.
*City Hunt*, ii. 169.
Clarendon, earl, ii. 269.
Clarke, Poſture-maſter, ii. 18.
*Coaches*, i. 193.
Colman, George, iii. 4.
Compton, bp. ii. 253.
Cooper, Thomas, ii. 78.
Coward, Dr. William, i. 237.
Cowley, Abraham, iii. 180. His remark on Ovid, 117.
Cowper, lord, ii. 214.
——— Spencer, ii. 20. iii. 303.
Creech, Thomas, iii. 9.
Crew, bp. i. 226.

Damaree, a Waterman, ii. 192.
Dampier, captain William, iii. 92.

Darien, ii. 133.
De Boodt, iii. 333.
Decker, Thomas, iii. 301.
De Foe, Daniel, ii. 183.
Delegates, Court of, i. xiv.
*Demoivois*, i. 152.
Denham, Sir John, iii. 122.
Denmark, Reformation there, i. 119.
Derham, Dr. William, ii. 115.
Dervorgilla, queen, ii. 64.
Dialogues of the Dead, i. 144.
Domeſday Book, i. 12.
Dorſet, earl of, iii. 181.
Drake, Sir Francis, iii. 92.
Dryden, John, iii. 62. 139.
Duke, Richard, iii. 138. 307.
D'Urfey, ii. 118.
Dutch-woman, the tall, i. 204.

Eachard, Dr. John, i. 214.
Edwin, Sir Humphry, ii. 225.
Ely; ſee *Ridel.*
Engliſh Rogue, ii. 182.
Eſſex, Robert earl of, i. 228.
Eſtcourt, Dick, iii. 86. 306.

Farnaby, Thomas, i. 236.
Feaſt of the Oaks, iii. 58.
Fell, bp. i. 238.
Fernelius, Dr. iii. 70.
Fiſher, Payne, i. 237.
Flamſteed, John, ii. 263.
Flecknoe, Richard, iii. 300.
Fleetwood, bp. ii. 246. 262.
Ford, Charles, i. xxiv.
Formoſa, Hiſtory of, ii. 133.
France, Mary queen of, iii. 303.
Franklin, Dr. Thomas, iii. 298.
Freind, Dr. John, iii. 305.
Fuller, William, ii. 253.

Gammer Gurton's Needle, iii. 301.
Garth, Sir Samuel, iii. 184.
*Gawdy*, iii. 30.
Gibſon, bp. i. 236.
Gibſon, James, ii. 249.
*Gleek*, iii. 307.
Glouceſter, duke of, i. 44.
Goddard's Drops, ii. 126.
Goddard, Thomas, ii. 270.
Gouldman, Francis, iii. 102.
Granger, James, i. xv.
Greatrix, Valentine, ii. 45.
Grim the Collier of Croydon, iii. 301.
Grimſton, lord, iii. 65.
*Grout*, iii. 306.

Halifax, earl of, iii. 182.
Hall, Jacob, i. 204.
Hannes, Dr. Edward, iii. 296.
Hare Court Pump, iii. 302.
Harley, Robert, iii. 233.
Harrington, Sir John, i. 224. iii. 303.
Harris, Dr. John, ii. 217.
Harvey, Dr. William, iii. 70.
Haverſham, lord, i. xv.
Head, Richard, ii. 182.
Hearne, Thomas, iii. 75.
Henniver, Mrs. iii. 203.
Heylyn, Dr. Peter, i. 225.
Highgate, ii. 154.
Hoadly, bp. ii. 190.
——— chancellor, iii. 304.
Hobbes, Thomas, ii. 139. iii. 39.
Hobſon the Carrier, iii. 51.
Holbein Hans, i. 261.
Holinſhead, Raphael, iii. 74.
Horſe-races, i. 152.
Hudſon, Jeffery, iii. 79. 306.

James, Sir; ſee *Peak.*
——— Richard, i. 231.
Jenkins, Old, ii. 89.
Jews, many in Jamaica, i. 257.
Johnſon, Samuel, ii. 215.
Jonſon, Ben, ii. 89.

Kennet, bp. iii. 37.
Kenrick, Dr. William, iii. 308.

Kenſington-gardens, iii. 126. 263.
Kirkman, Francis, i. 180.
Kit-Cat Club, iii. 306.
Kneller, Sir Godfr. iii. 71. 307.
Knipe, Dr. Thomas, iii. 221.
Koningſmark, count, iii. 49.
Kynaſton, Sir Francis, i. 235.

*Lactarium*, iii. 203.
Lady's Travels into Spain, ii. 151.
Le Brun Anthony, i. 278.
Lechmere, Nicholas, iii. 305.
Leeuwenhoeck, A. V. ii. 103.
Lilly, William, i. 161.
Linacre, Thomas, i. 240.
Lincoln's Inn Fields, i. 145.
Lintott's Miſcellanies, iii. 37.
Liſter, Dr. Martin, i. 161.
Littleton, Adam, ii. 83.
Lloyd, bp. ii. 233. 264.
Locman, iii. 58.
London, George, iii. 263. 307.
Lotteries, ii. 169. iii. 304.
Ludgate, iii. 197.
Ludolf, Job, ii. 91.

Malherbe, Francis, iii. 174.
Mandevile, Sir John, ii. 62.
Manethon, iii. 48.
Manley, Mrs. Delarivier, ii. 184.
Markham, Gerv. i. 213. iii. 303.
Marſham, Sir John, iii. 48.
May Fair, ii. 169. iii. 304.
Mazarin, cardinal, iii. 294.
Meeting-houſes, ii. 191. iii. 313.
Mentz; ſee *Printing*.
Milner, Dr. John, iii. 299. 313.
Modena, ducheſs of, ii. 128.
Molewörth, lord, i. 37.
Monſmouth, duke of, i. 217.
Moor Fields, ii. 145.
Moore, Francis, ii. 115.
More, Sir Thomas, i. 259.
Morland, lady, ii. 90. iii. 513.
Moſs, Dr. Robert, ii. 217.
Muſgrave, Dr. William, ii. 49.

Naudæus, Gabriel, ii. 9. iii. 294.
Neſtor's Cup, iii. 300.
Nicholas, St. i. 152. iii. 300.
Nicolſon, bp. i. 256.

Ogilby, John, iii. 90.
Oldenburg, Henry, ii. 6.
Oldham, John, iii. 54.
Oldiſworth, Mr. iii. 274.
Oliver's Porter, i. 217.
Orinda, iii. 178.
Ortelius, Abraham, iii. 113.
Oſborn, Francis, ii. 84.
Otaheite, i. 162. ii. 81.
Overbury, Sir Thomas, iii. 152.
Ovid, a Canon Lawyer, iii. 117.
Oyſters, *green* Colcheſter, iii. 100.

Park, St. James's, iii. 73.
Parliaments, i. 14.
Parr, Thomas, iii. 31.
Partridge, John, ii. 115. 263.
Peak, Sir James of the, ii. 245. iii. 305.
Pearſon, bp. ii. 221.
Pembroke, earl of, iii. 105.
*Petit Maitre*, iii. 188.
Phalaris, iii. 298.
Philip king of Spain, ii. 130.
Philips, Mrs. Catharine, iii. 178.
——— John, iii. 185.
*Pie-powder* Court, i. 176.
Planudes, iii. 120.
Plaxton, George, ii. 67.
Plot, Dr. Robert, ii. 7.
Poland, i. 70.
Politianus, Angelus, iii. 114.
Poor Robin, ii. 115.
*Printing*, when firſt uſed at Mentz and at Spire, i. 259; at Oxford, 262.

Prior, Matthew, iii. 182.
Pſalmanazar, George, ii. 133.

Rabelais, iii. 96.
Ralegh, Sir Walter, ii. 93. iii. 128.
Ramſey, John, ii. 218.
Randolph, Robert, ii. 118.
——— Thomas, ibid.
Rapin, Renatus, iii. 185.
Ray, John, ii. 12.
Reformation of Manners, ii. 184.
Richlieu, cardinal, iii. 294.
Richmond, ducheſs of, ii. 64.
Ridel, Geoffry, bp. of Ely, i. 256.
Ridpath, George, ii. 183.
Robinſon, Dr. Tancred, ii. 31.
——— Thomas, i. 257.
Rocheſter, earl of, ii. 253.
Rome, Stage-riots there, iii. 5.
Roper, Abel, ii. 183.
Rowe, Nicholas, iii. 184. 308.
Runic Poetry, ii. 176.
Ruſſel, lady, ii. 66.
Ruſſia, i. 95. 152. iii. 296. 300.

Sacheverell, Dr. Henry, ii. 180. 242. iii. 304.
Saffold, Dr. i. 202.
Saint John, Henry, iii. 234.
Salmon, Dr. William, ii. 4.
Sandys, George, iii. 121.
Savage, Dr. William, ii. 218.
Savile, Sir Harry, i. 262.
Scrope, Sir Car, iii. 138.
Sedley, Sir Charles, iii. 73.
Seyley the Chimney-ſweeper, i, 213.
Sherburn, Sir Edward, iii. 299.
Sherlock, Dr. William, i. 210.
Sidney, Sir Philip, ii. 89.
*Slavery*, i. 93.
Sloane, Sir Hans, ii. 5.
Small-coal-man, the Muſical, iii. 302.
Smallridge, bp. ii. 217.
Smith, Edmund, iii. 185.
Snape, Dr. Andrew, ii. 218.
Socinus, Marianus, iii. 249.
Sorbiere, Samuel, i. 23.
South, Dr. Robert, i. 210.
Spain, ii. 151.
Spanheim, iii. 122.
Spenſer, Edmund, iii, 184.
Spira, Francis, ii. 160.
Stanihurſt, Richard, i. 218.
Stat. 1 Geo. I, ii. 226.
Stepney, George, iii. 182.
Stillingfleet, bp. ii. 231.
Stow, John, iii. 184.
Stradling, Sir Edward, i. 230.
Strafford, earl of, ii. 192.
Sutton, Gibbon, ii. 218.
Swammerdam, John, iii. 301.
Sweden, i. 70.
Swift, Thomas, i. 218.
Sydenham, Dr. Thomas, i. 32.

Talieſſin, iii. 56.
Taſſo, Torquatus, iii. 174.
Temple, Sir William, ii. 146. iii. 304.
Thynne, Thomas, iii. 49.
Tillotſon, bp. ii. 230.
*Timorodee*, ii. 81.
Tonſon, Jacob, iii. 307.
*Topography*, i. 257.
*Torpedo*, iii. 100.
Tracey, Richard, i. 232.
Tuke, Sir William, iii. 8.
Turner, Dr. John, ii. 217.
——— Mrs. i. 162. iii. 153.
Tutchin, capt. John, ii. 183. 279.
Tyrrel, Sir Thomas, i. 228.

Van Dyck, Sir Anthony, i. 261.
Varillas, Antoine, i. 2. iii. 296.
Vernon of Chriſt Church, i. 236.
——— George, i. 225.
Upton, judge, i. xviii.
Uſher, archbp. i. 227.

Wadham, lady, ii. 64.
Waller, Edmund, iii. 181.
Wallis, Dr. John, ii. 167.
Walter, Sir John, ii. 244.
Wanley, Humphry, ii. 61.
Ward, bp. ii. 208. iii. 38.
Welton, Dr. Richard, ii. 200. iii. 304.
Whaley, Nathanael, ii. 217.
Wheate, Sir Thomas, ii. 245.
Wickham, William of, i. 262.
Wickliff, John, i. 3.
Wilkins, bp. ii. 168.
Wiſe, Henry, iii. 263. 307.
Wolſey, cardinal, ii. 286.
Wotton, William, i. 167. iii. 300.

York, Roger archbp. of, i. 253.

Zouch, Richard, i. 234.

Vol. II. p. 90. *Firſt Note, after* 1679-80, *add*, "ætatis 19°." She was his ſecond lady. There are three inſcriptions on her tomb, in Hebrew, Æthiopic, and Engliſh.

*Reform the ſecond Note thus*, On an adjoining tablet, are three inſcriptions, to the memory of Sir William's firſt lady, in Hebrew, Greek, and Engliſh, the latter of them in theſe words: "Carola "daughter of Roger Harſnett, eſq. and of Carola his wife, "the truly loving (and as truly beloved) wife of Samuel Mor- "land, knight and baron[illegible], bare a ſecond ſon Oct. 4, died Oct. 10, "Anno Domini 1674, ætatis 23°."

P. 191. *Note.* The ſame mob deſtroyed the meeting-houſes of Mr. Earl in Long Acre, Mr. Bradbury in New-ſtreet, Mr. Taylor in Leather Lane, Mr. Wright in Black Fryars, and Mr. Hamilton in Clerkenwell; and burnt the pulpit, pews, and ſome of the Bibles. They threatened to demoliſh Mr. Hoadly's church and houſe; and, when the guards came up, were detaching parties to deſtroy Mr. Shower's meeting-houſe, and to pull down the Bank, which ſtood near it. "Hiſtorical Account of Sacheverell."

Vol. III. p. 299. The title of the tract mentioned in the fourth and ſixth paragraphs is, "A View of the Diſſertations upon the "Epiſtles of Phalaris, Themiſtocles, &c. lately publiſhed by the "Rev. Dr. Bentley; alſo of the Examination of the Diſſertation "by the Hon. Mr. Boyle. In order to the manifeſting the Incer- "titude of Heathen Chronology."

# CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

USEFUL Miſcellanies, Part the Firſt.

1. Preface of the Publiſher of Joan of Hedington, a Tragi-comedy, Pag. 3
2. The Tragi-comedy, 17
3. Some Account of Horace's Behaviour during his Stay at Trinity College in Cambridge. With an Ode to entreat his Departure thence. Together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of Trinity College Buttery, by a Well-wiſher to that Society, 24
4. An Anſwer to Clemens Alexandrinus's Sermon, upon *Quis Dives ſalvetur?* "What Rich Man can be "ſaved?" proving it eaſy for a Camel to go through the Eye of a Needle, 37

The Art of Cookery; in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry. With ſome Letters to Dr. Liſter and Others; occaſioned principally by the Title of a Book publiſhed by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Cœlius, "concerning the Soups "and Sauces of the Ancients:" With an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book, 41

The Art of Love: In Imitation of Ovid *De Arte Amandi.* With a Preface, containing the Life of Ovid, 103

The Furmetary, 195

Mully of Mountown, 203

Orpheus and Eurydice, 207

Rufinus, or The Favourite, 218

Britain's Palladium; or, Lord Bolingbroke's Welcome from France, 230

Verſes to the Duke of Beaufort, 237

MISCELLANY POEMS.

Song, 238

An incomparable Ode of Malhetbe's, written by him when the Marriage was on foot between Louis XIV and Anne of Auſtria, tranſlated by an Admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry, 239

The laſt Billet, 240

To Laura, in Imitation of Petrarch, ibid.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of ——, upon his diſputing publicly at Chriſt Church, Oxford, 241

A Gentleman to his Wife, 242

The

The Mad Lover, pag. 242
The Soldier's Wedding, a Soliloquy, by Nan Thrafher-well, being Part of a Play, called "The New Troop," 243
The Old Cheese, 244
The Skillet, 246
The Fisherman, 247
A Case of Conscience, 276
The Constable, 250
Little Mouths, 251
Hold fast below, 252
The Beggar Woman, 253
The Vestry, 254
The Monarch, 256
The Incurious, 257
Apple-Pye, 259
The Art of making Puddings, 262
A Panegyric on Beer, to Mr. Carter, Steward to the Lord Carteret, 265
Nero, a Satire, ibid.
Verses to Major Tynte, 266
Ulysses and Tiresias, a Dialogue on Riches, 267
Translation from Tasso, 268
——— from Hesiod, ibid.
Verses left in the King of France's Bed-chamber, after the Death of the Duke De Montmorency, ibid.
Thame and Isis, 269
Of Dreams, ibid.
Verses on waking out of a Dream, ibid.
Extracts from "The Lost Princess," a Play of Lord Blessinton, 270
A merry Letter to a Friend, on Love, Marriage, and a Single Life, occasioned by his Mistress's marrying his Rival, 271
A Pindaric Ode to the Memory of Dr. King, 274
Crapulia, or the Region of the Cropsicks; a Fragment, in the Manner of Rabelais, 278
Four DEDICATIONS, by Dr. KING:
1. To Sir Edmund Warcupp, 288
2. To the Beef-Steak Club, 290
3. To Dr. Knipe, 292
4. To the Duke of Beaufort, 293
Additional Observations, 296
Index to the Notes, 309
Addenda, 313

FINIS.

*Speedily will be publiſhed, by* N. CONANT,

*In One large Octavo Volume,*

MISCELLANIES, BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

*** This collection will conſiſt principally of ſcarce Pamphlets, firſt publiſhed during the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne. Some of them are avowedly the Dean's, though hitherto they have never appeared under his name; and others we have his own Authority for aſcribing to him, either as Suggeſter of the Hints, or as actual Editor. Some valuable Letters are to be inſerted; and a few Miſcellaneous Eſſays, in Proſe and Verſe, which have an immediate Connexion with his Writings. To the whole will be added, Notes on all the preceding Volumes, to which this will form a proper Supplement.